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THE LANTERN

DECEMBER, 1932

==The Lantern==

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By

THE LANTERN

Editorial

COULD we believe a president-elect, a change of party would imply nothing less than a revolution, a revolution where Liberty, Equality, Fraternity would be mere splinters in the new platform. Mince-pie is applesauce for every new cook. So also, the dawn that is to follow the twilight of the gods seems quite pale in comparison with the era of light predicted by an incoming editorial board. No doubt each new editor refrains with difficulty from smiling a bit smugly as she receives the LANTERN from her predecessor—a thin flame, almost extinct, to be cherished and nurtured, and fanned into a blaze.

The present board is no exception; their program of reform includes even the make-up of the LANTERN. The mind may well be the stature of the man, but after all, it is under his hat. The LANTERN has been given new clothes not for novelty's sweet sake, only, but in an attempt to make it more pleasing to the eye. The editors hope, however, that it will not prove to be merely a sugar-coated pill. In the last analysis, we concede that a magazine should perhaps appeal through its content. Consequently, the LANTERN would like to become more comprehensive, to offer its patrons not only stories and poems, but articles as well, informal essays, plays, and personality sketches. Not that it would attempt in any way to become "professional". If so, it could hardly blame the readers of *Harper's* for throwing it into the waste-paper basket unopened. What it wants, on the contrary, is to offer its readers something they cannot get from the magazines they buy at the news-stands. One of the two reasons for the existence of a college literary publication is, as one might say, to reflect the thought of a highly specialized group of people—in this case the Bryn Mawr student. The other is to denote the literary ability of individuals in the group. A college magazine, therefore, provides an opportunity for those who wish to test their skill, and can benefit the contributor as well as the reader.

For many, the word "literary" seems to have alarming implications, not the least of them being a "high-brow" streak. The exact meaning of this term we are somewhat at a loss to

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comprehend, but we have known it to be vaguely associated with obscurity, a quality deplored by none more than we. Yet surely, a piece of writing is not necessarily obscure because it has style. We have not noticed that Lamb or Jane Austen are particularly difficult to understand. Nor does being "literary" imply stiffness and austerity, and bar the door to lightness, jollity and the comic spirit. If being "popular" means giving place, and a large one, to these, then the LANTERN hopes to be very, very "popular".

But if the LANTERN is ambitious, it also recognizes its limitations. It is dependent for its success on something over which it has no control—the student body at large. Less fortunate than the lilies of the field—its very existence is precarious—no amount of toiling and spinning can assure it of glorious raiment. Often lean and shivering, there may well come a time in its career when not a single contribution will rattle between the covers—and what will poor Robin do then, poor thing? A college magazine supported only by its editors has lost its *raison d'être*. Moreover, they cannot create interest out of thin air. Interest on the part of the college as a whole is, it seems to us, an *a priori* condition of the college magazine.

But granted any amount of interest, what is there to guarantee that it may prove fruitful? If enthusiasm were all that mattered, we should bump into a genius on every corner. Bryn Mawr would be a veritable hive of them. And the sad part is that we are not limited by walls of our own making. It is as obvious as it is true that we can write no better than we can write, a fact which is often forgotten. After all, though we may be geniuses, we are undeniably in the bud. Not that a girl still at college is hampered artistically by her lack of experience—that, is a common fallacy—but that, in youth, art is more often merely promise.

Perhaps, then, a college magazine is a lost cause from the start. We have never yet heard of one which was considered successful. Yet it is worth a chance. And if we fail, it will at least be in the cause of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—and mince-pie.

Concerning the Colonel's Dog

NANCY WOODWARD, '35

ALTHOUGH the sunset gun had not yet been heard, it was late afternoon, and the whole post was in a damp and exhausted state. On the porch of the bungalow wherein dwelt the commanding officer of the —th infantry, an interesting scene was in progress. The Colonel, whose linen uniform was somewhat rumpled and limp, was reclining peacefully in a rattan chair. By his side, his striker was doing cheering things with bottles, siphons, and tall glasses. (This, ladies and gentlemen, was in the Good Old Days, and in the Canal Zone to boot.) And, at the Colonel's feet, was sprawled a small wire-haired fox terrier.

The spirit of uniformity in our great army is a wonderful one. Over in places where such things were done, Privates Rooney, Smith, and Johnson were emulating the Colonel's excellent example. Only they had no dog reclining at their feet, and they were pouring their own drinks. Also the feeling of contentment and well being that was at the moment pervading the Colonel was in some measure absent from them. Pay day was distances away . . . looking backward as well as forward. All three had delicately approached their lieutenants once too often on mercenary subjects. And He, alone, who sees to lilies of the field and birds of the air knew with what they were to settle for their thirst. Worse yet, it had been a healthy thirst, the hundredth of its kind in the last week.

From the depths of silence, Rooney spoke. "Did you hear about the Colonel's dog?"

"No, and what of it?" came in gracious response.

"He lost it," replied Rooney, then lapsed again into liquid silence.

Fifteen minutes went by before Smith remarked, "He's found it again."

"If you didn't know he lost it, how do you know it's found?" This from Rooney.

"I saw it with him on Parade this afternoon."

Then Johnson spoke up meditatively. "You know, the Old Man's fond of the beast."

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And Smith, "Well, it's a nice dog. Valuable."
Rooney brightened. "I wonder who found it?"
And all three spoke together.
"Mmmm," they said.

* * *

It was much later when call to quarters sounded, and three privates of the —th rose from a consultation with a Spanish-speaking bartender, to head for barracks. The bartender looked dubiously after them, as from under the swinging door came the rich echo of Rooney's voice in speech seemingly concerned with that quaint and omnipresent "manana" . . . the wonderful Spanish tomorrow that never comes.

* * *

It was late afternoon once more. On the porch of the Colonel's bungalow, were the Colonel and his striker. There were also the rattan chair and the several glasses and bottles of the previous day. But there was no little dog. Wherefore, wrath rode high on the Colonel's brow. He demanded explanations of everyone who could possibly give any, including the Almighty, as to why his much be-adjectived striker couldn't see that his even more definitely described dog wasn't forever lost. Which, considering the fact that it was only the second time in the six months he had owned the dog that the animal had strayed off, was a bit strong. But considering the fact that the Colonel was genuinely fond of his pet, and that he had paid two gold dollars reward to the native who returned it the first time it had been lost, his reactions were clearly understandable.

For two days the whole post was trembling in its boots, and the Colonel, at all times a force to be reckoned with, was a man to be feared. Then, on the second day, just as the Colonel was settling to his dinner, his striker appeared with a blissful smile on his face, and in his wake a private of the regiment leading on a rope a small wire-haired fox-terrier . . . the Colonel's no less.

Words were in order, and after the Colonel had sufficiently welcomed his pet, and heard how it had been found "wandering on the road to town, like it was lost," he sent Private

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Rooney off with the assurance that he was a very good man, an excellent soldier, and worthy of that which he carried in his hand.

That night one bartender, and three privates of the —th might have been seen being hilariously pleased with life by anyone entering the former's place of business in a side street in C—. Debts had been paid by the three, credit restored by the one, and new debts were being rapidly and pleasingly run up.

A month had passed. In the Colonel's back yard was a long rope attached to which was a young and disgruntled dog, a wire-haired fox terrier.

During the month there had been one period of ten days duration when the dog sat peacefully in the yard, not roped. That was near the first of the month, just before and after the Friday on which the men were paid. Then suddenly the dog had disappeared to remain A. W. O. L. for three days. A Private Smith had returned him that time, and the rope in the back yard had become an institution. As a check to the wanderings of the terrier it had served for a week. Then the animal chewed his way free from bondage, to which he returned after three days under supervision of one Private Johnson.

After the last disappearance of the dog the Colonel had been somewhat wroth. In American dollars, gold, the animal had cost him eight dollars for his wanderings (two dollars per return) and in those days an American dollar, gold, was something to be reckoned with. The Colonel wondered whether he should send the beast back home by the next transport.

While his mind was yet in a state of indecision, the Colonel lost his dog for the fifth time.

The striker was pale and trembling as he broke the news. In his hands were the remnants of the rope, and in his voice accents of despair.

"If the Colonel will look . . . he's chewed through the rope again, sir. Teeth like a knife he must have, sir."

The Colonel's language was forcible. He looked. Then silence came upon him. The striker had spoken truly. The break in the strands of the rope, a tough hempen affair. . .

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was almost a clean one. Only teeth like a knife could have achieved it. The Colonel thought.

In four days' time a private of the regiment appeared seeking the Colonel. He led, on a long rope, a disheveled fox terrier, wire-haired. He beamed as the Colonel handed him two dollars, and could not quite understand the expression in that gentleman's eye, as he enquired, "Private Rooney, is it not?"

Indeed it was not until a week later that he understood that expression. But when, one dark night, he, Private Rooney, happened to be passing by the Colonel's back yard, and saw therein, a small wire-haired fox terrier attached firmly to a post by means of a heavy chain, he understood. He understood that it would be well for him not to be haled before his commanding officer for any breach of regulations. He understood even more thoroughly that it would not be well for him to continue on his way to a certain place on a side-street in C——, where even then his comrades Smith and Johnson waited for him, that in point of fact it were better for all three to avoid that particular spot for a long time . . . until the next payday, to be precise. He felt a twinge of pity at the thought of Smith and Johnson waiting there in C——, waiting so confidently for him to appear. Then he turned and went back to barracks.

It is said that there was trouble that night in a saloon in C——. The M. P.'s were very busy, and amongst their victims were two privates of the —th Infantry, who, if they could have been recognized by anyone, would have been seen to resemble closely two friends of Private Rooney.

Strange to relate, after that time there was little trouble on the post concerning the Colonel's dog.

TO MY HEART

NANCY WOODWARD, '35

If you were not made of china, you would not have broken so,

Like a tea-cup on a hearthstone, or a figurine of clay.

But they'll pick you up and mend you so the crack will never
show,

Until you fall to break again, more easily, some day.

Lines to Some Great-Grandmother

ANNE BURNETT, '33

I can forgive you many little things,
Such as this growth of rather stringy hair;
This tendency to weight, that counsels care
Instead of sweet abandon at the springs
Of nectar; and again, a voice that sings
Uncertain alto to another's air.
O great ancestress, even I, your heir,
Can cherish these, your short meanderings
From beauty. But in summer, when the moon
Hammers her silver patterns on the lawn,
And love is imminent,—then all too soon
Your blood runs in my veins, and I must yawn,
While something dreadful in me is inspired
To cry, "It's lovely, but I'm awfully tired."

On Being an Adult

MARGARET KIDDER, '36

ONE of my earliest recollections is of a green and black sign. I think it was in a park where the wind was blowing and the leaves were flying about. On the sign was written: "Adults, 25 cents. Children 10 cents". In that tiresome way of all children, especially those who have just learned to read, I turned and asked the face of that person whose hand I was holding, "What is an adult?" The face, high above me, no doubt belonged to a conscientious and long-suffering person who probably thought: Children are so full of natural innocent curiosity! And who knows? A young inquisitor may be a young genius. Still, the task of satisfying their eager, little minds is certainly a bore.

I drew out the information that mother was an adult; so was papa. No, the two guinea pigs at home were not adults, but Aunt Mamie, and Grandfather, and the policeman were. I was not; but then, I had not expected to be one. That state seemed as far in the golden future as a chocolate ice-cream soda or next Christmas and I was content to remain in a class with the guinea pigs at home. For sometime afterwards, however, when I took my medicine, there arose before me a picture of Aunt Mamie, Grandfather, and the policeman all taking two or three tablespoonfuls instead of one and a half.

The other day it occurred to me that I might now have arrived at that important time of life. All things considered, it was possible, even likely, that I might be grown up. I paid full fare; I was old enough to marry without my parents' consent; and I always took two or three tablespoonfuls of medicine. I had learned not to ask important questions for fear of seeming a fool; so I went to the dictionary and found: "An adult; a person, animal, or plant, grown to full size and strength; one who has reached maturity." This left me in some confusion. I tried to narrow the field a bit. I was not a plant, nor much more of an animal than my neighbor. I hoped and believed that I had grown to my full size and strength. According to the first part of the definition then, I was an adult.

The realization of the fact was a decided shock. I wonder if

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most people have the experience of growing up faster than they can realize. You conceive a certain age to be the limit of maturity; and then, suddenly, without any warning, you reach that age. For a minute, before the world begins to arrange itself again, you are yourself of twelve years ago looking at an old woman of seventeen.

However there are certain advantages which come when you are no longer a child. Your physical self at least, is now your own. You are at complete liberty to catch pneumonia, give yourself indigestion or anything else which you can afford. You can think that your mind is your own and play with your illusions of independence until you eventually come to realize that your mind is the property of every person about whom you have ever felt strongly, of every book you have ever read. Nor is there, I am sure, such a thing as complete independence. You are governed by the fear of death and chicken pox, by the effort not to hurt the people you love or benefit those you hate, and, most terrible of all, the fear of making a fool of yourself, an important step by the way, in the process of becoming an adult. The second is, of course, the realization that if you really had independence, you would not want it.

The advantages though, are balanced by disadvantages. Aside from having to pay full fare wherever you go, you lose a delightful prerogative of slavery, that of unreasoning rebellion. Children are always rebelling—to their great satisfaction. When you are tyrannized over for no comprehensible reason, a revolution is called for. When you can understand and sympathize with the tyranny, your power has departed.

Unhappy adult! No longer can you creep out of bed and listen, quivering with excitement, and terror at the living-room door. You can never again splash ecstatically in the rain without your rubbers, or run away to town to see a censored movie, returning replete and glowing with wickedness. What can a poor adult find to revolt against? Circumstances, the way things are made? What a dreary prospect!

Another drawback to your advanced age is that you can no longer look forward to being "grown up". Now you *are* grown up; or you think you are, which amounts to the same

thing. An adult is an adult, and can grow older and more adult; but he can never, never become "grown up."

When I considered the second part of the dictionary definition, I began to wonder if I had not been a bit premature. An adult—"one who has reached maturity." The dictionary has maturity down in its place also: "The quality of being mature, full development." This makes me doubt whether I am an adult; and then whether anyone is an adult, whether there is such a thing outside of common or civil law. Maturity means full development. I take full development to mean the bringing out as much as possible of all sides of a person. The mature person would have obtained all there is to get out of life. He would have forged ahead in the "pursuit of happiness." I very much doubt if there *is* such a person, someone who has developed every talent which he has to the full, and received value for them. If this is maturity, and if to be an adult is to be in a state of maturity, then an adult is an ideal and supreme being whose name should not be taken in vain on sign-boards and medicine bottles.

SONNET

DOREEN CANADAY, '36

In the hush of softly whispering rain
Borne on feathered wings in quickening flight,
Are peace and beauty. These have softly lain
Within the stealth of mist to my delight,
Thrilling, under a street lamp's glare at night
Blurred in shining pools, to see its rays
Splinter the fog in sparkling shafts of light
That wheel and whirl in multitudinous ways.
Bareheaded now I walk, as one who prays
In the splendor of a dim lit church.
Each small drop glistens when the wind delays
Its wavering swinging flight to earth, in search
Of slender grass blade or some serviceable weed
To hide within, a brilliant jewelled bead.

Resurrexit

NANCY WOODWARD, '35

In three short days the miracle has come,
The promise made so long ago is kept,
The word is now fulfilled by one who slept.
The hours of darkness now are lifted from
The earth. Voices are giv'n to those once dumb
That they might sing aloud, and they who wept
Are comforted. From this our world is swept
All sorrow, and all that was frozen, numb,
Is now unloosed and melted. With this dawn
Came silent thunder, and the first gold rays
Show the fierce guards deserting trust and gone
From where the sleeper lay. The song of praise
Rings high. A blade of grass stands green, alone.
Someone has come and rolled away the stone.

The Sea Beast

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF, '36

IT WAS really a beautiful and terrifying knife. It had one long blade, curved to a sharp point and a shining mother-of-pearl handle. Henrietta looked at it as it stood on its point on the deck of the knockabout. She wished passionately that it were hers or that the family which owned the knockabout and the lovely Sea Beast (that was its name) had the imagination to see how she coveted it. She told herself that it was out of place on a small open boat. A knife with such an air of distinction should not be put about the labors of a common jackknife.

She pulled it out of the deck and held it lovingly in her hand. The steel was still bright, the mother-of-pearl unscratched. But she knew how it would look at the end of the summer. The sharpness of it! She could close her eyes and feel the edge divide the skin and bone of her finger and grate along the bone. She could feel it so plainly that she gasped. And the point that was so useful for punching holes in straps, she could imagine that sticking between her ribs. She shuddered at her imagination and put the Beast down, watching the light slide along the curves of the blade.

It looked like a little sword in the sunlight. Saladin's scimitar, narrowed, shrunken and straightened, was brought to common uses. But tempered and sharpened steel was still worth looking at. It meant a sort of foolish and unyielding courage, even when its highest office was the trimming of rope-ends. She reminded herself dutifully that even the trimming of rope-ends was a higher office than the cutting of throats.

"You know, Henry," said a voice from the cockpit, "you'd be much more comfortable back here than lying on your stomach under the jib, getting yourself and the Sea Beast soaking wet."

"I'm all right, darling." She closed the Beast and put it in her pocket.

The voice continued. "What did you think of Walter? He's rather young and a bore, but so nice and useful to have

about. Good old standby to fall back on. He's been known to have ideas."

Henrietta laughed. "I noticed that. He has ideas enough about you." The boat swung violently into the wind and a cold wave hit Henrietta in the face.

"*What*, for heaven's sake? I haven't had any about him for ages. When I was thirteen I called him the Pirate and made up lovely stories about him with his nice bloodless face, and his shiny grey eyes, and those sharp features. But he's quite disappointing underneath. What did he think about me?"

"Well," said Henrietta, "I think you've made him pretty unhappy one time and another. He doesn't like to talk to me about you. But he shivered when I started the subject. And he wanted to know if it were true that you were very popular at school because he thought that original minds like yours had a hard time at most places. I had to explain that you wore your originality with a difference.

"He doesn't. He thinks it's valuable for its own sake. That little belief has got to be knocked out of him and God knows I've done my best."

"I'm quite ready to believe that. He's much more presentable when you're around. Tries to straighten his shoulders and doesn't explode with fool remarks about communism and free love. Did you know he believed in free love all over the place?"

The girl at the tiller snorted. "I made him shut up about that centuries ago. I won't be seen about with that sort of ass. He used to bleat about being an atheist as if he were the first. He thinks he's Shelley."

"And he's never been out of bounds in his little life. It's rather pathetic."

"I don't think so. I hate that particular pose. These people that have nice ideas out of big books and talk and talk and never do anything out of the ordinary! He hasn't got a thing but a cheap theatrical sense. Everything about him, from his silly name down to his shirt collar, is just part of the picture. I will not listen to him any longer."

A note of pleading came into Henrietta's voice. "He didn't open his head at dinner. And he looked so frozen and white.

Your training is a bit too thorough and ruthless for that sort of a person."

"He's much better as an *objet d'art* than as a talking machine with century before last's records. I may be a cold heartless creature, but all I ask of that boy is to look nice, keep quiet and take me places. I can't get up any enthusiasm for his stale Godwin and his little Utopias. Give me the Sea Beast, darling. I've got to clean my fingernails."

Henrietta leant over the water and a little splash followed. "I'm dreadfully sorry," she said, "but I've knocked it overboard. Silly thing to do, wasn't it?"

Phaeton

MARGARET KIDDER, '36

That day I drove the chariot I could see
The little shining world spread far below;
The towns and temples which I used to know
Lay an unreal and distant tracery,
And I, high, high above them. I could hear
The hoofs ring out along the steely skies;
A shuddering wind blew screaming past my eyes;
And I knew power, and, Oh! a god's own fear.

The end, I had foreseen it. Yet before
The thin air shrieked beneath my fall, until
The angry water rushed far up to kill
I was a god for half an hour or more.
Let this be held in mind by anyone
Who tries to drive the chariot of the sun.

The Crescent Scythe

EVELYN THOMPSON, '35

A reaper comes into the harvest land,
Unhooks his scythe and grasps it for his labor.
As he strides slowly working down the field
The lines once vertical with heavy grain
Fall with a sigh in horizontal brushes.

Once man had stood with spirit and strength alone
And felt the need of equilibrium.
He made this tool to serve his two bare hands.
And there evolved a new form on the earth,
Dynamic unity of man and tool.

Arched to the crescent blade the reaper's form
Closes a circle in its counter-curve,
Not of mere iron strength but of a mind
Exalted in its work and in the sight
Of fields of falling gold and half-moon flashes,
Beyond, the moth-winged mountains and the sky.

The equipoise once there exists no more.
The tool has now outgrown the will of man.
Seized in its iron arms, man's soul is dulled,
His sense blurred in noise and jolting speed.
The mountains which before were hard rock peaks
Are moving waves of a perplexing sea.

Hark, man of infinite capacity,
Leap from the monster's grasp, confront him there,
And stand on bare, pronged legs a giant, too!

“Out of Chaos”

ANNE BURNETT, '33

THE chaos of the depression is almost incomprehensible to those of us who are still living in an environment dominated by order, an order which expresses itself in algebraic equations, in the fairly regular inflections of words, in the forms of literature and music, and in the inevitable progress from semester to semester. In our own experiences, and in those we borrow from newspapers and dinner partners, we see evidence of innumerable inchoate forces which are at play, tending apparently toward destruction. The general opinion seems to be that there is no restraining hand which can stop their acceleration, and that if there is an order, it has shown its inadequacy.

Although we are still comparatively sheltered from this confusion, we should consider the situation in which we are soon to participate. We cannot help recognizing a certain prosperity and a certain enlightenment in things, but the most striking characteristic we see is a lack of definite purpose. The economic system is frightfully haphazard. During the last three years, markets have been overstocked with commodities; intrinsically valuable resources have become liabilities; and improvements in efficiency have served only to make matters worse. Socially our lack of balance is obvious in the glory of criminal records, in sensationalism, and even in the raucous quality of the prevailing sense of humour. Moral consciousness is keen, but people lack the ability to discern morality in the anarchy about them.

On the other hand, we may find many desirable characteristics. The world is full of pleasant, rather civilized people. They have a high degree of skill as craftsmen. In technical matters they can be vigorously scientific, and through the cultivation of a scientific method they have achieved much. But in the anxiety for specialization and artisanship, they seem to be losing a certain transcending insight that makes for artistry.

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Whatever his school, an artist strives to realize in his work some sort of form which will give it significance. If he is a great artist, he will be a great craftsman as well, having at his command the skills which are necessary to bring his ideas to adequate fruition. But his distinction from a talented worker lies in his insistence on the ultimate harmony of the whole. It is this understanding of, this zeal for, the General which is most wanting.

Someone might reply that only in the genius may be found this conjunction of understanding and ability. But the maturing of genius depends largely on the social environment. All art, in the sense of all seeking after form, implies some sort of faith. Whether it be grounded in Descartes' *cogito ergo sum*,—"I think, therefore I am,"—or in a system of metaphysics, the very attempt to find a relationship indicates the concept that there is such a relationship. Society is responsible to a large extent for this belief in the mind of the artist.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that our generation should find a faith on which to build. The distorted tenor of progress has destroyed most of that which we might have held. Psychology has questioned our souls. The Great War has overturned our sense of values with its immensity, and exaggerated the weaknesses of capitalism. The most recent economic disturbance has broken confidence in "common-sense individualism," the underlying philosophy of capitalism.

Nevertheless, those of us who are still in college may find some hope in the dates of our births. We have been born just before or during the Great War, in an age when acceptance is no longer possible. Our parents and the people we admire and imitate have been directly affected by the war, and we ourselves have been growing up in a period of hysterics. Scepticism is natural to us, and on its foundation we may begin to reconstruct. Our greatest opportunity lies in the fact that we have been brought face to face with the need for insight while we are still young enough to acquire the technical knowledge and skill which are necessary to constructive action.

With a disinterested critical method as our tool, we must search for and believe in the indifference and the impartiality of science. With self-discipline and courage, we must keep ourselves alert to the fundamental needs of those about us,

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seeking always to grasp the ultimate significance of each situation. Wisdom, based on understanding, must be the ideal of our effort, with which we may lend order and grace to the formless vitality around us. And the faith which underlies our achievement must proceed from a diligent balancing of the practicability of things as they are against a transcendent ideal of things as they might and should be.

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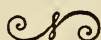
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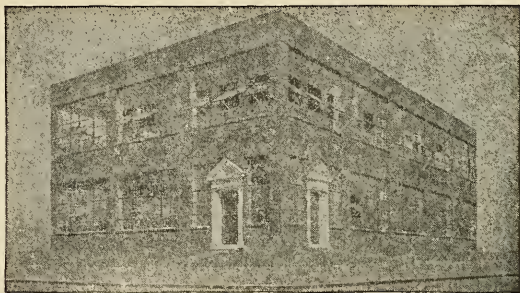
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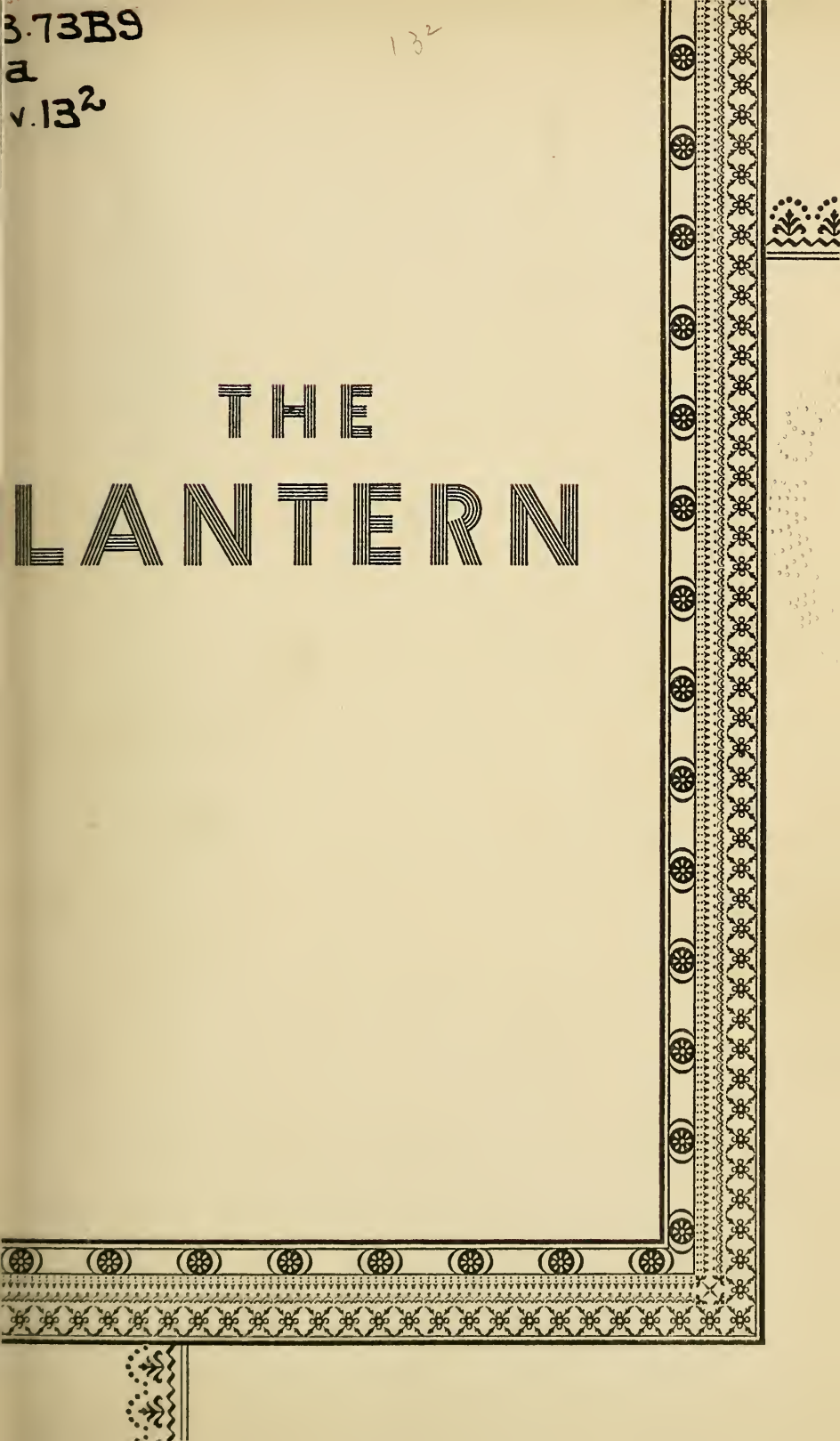
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“Love Thy Neighbor”

ANNE BURNETT, '33

(With apologies to Cooley's Cases on Persons and Domestic Relations)

PAPA FRANZ, grimy Santa Claus that he was, leaned on his doorway in contemplation of the passers-by. A young Italian was lighting the street-lamp respectfully, as a pagan performing a ritual; a cat was bathing itself on the opposite doorstep; and across the way men were shovelling a coal pile into the bakery basement. Papa Franz was at peace with the world. His own basement would soon be filled with a load of coal which some anonymous donor had ordered for his Home for Little Wanderers, and the little wanderers themselves were safely tucked up inside at their afternoon lessons. Tomorrow was to be Christmas, and Franz thought that with an earnest prayer for an early spring, he might spare a little of the coal for a fire in the hall grate, so that the children's holiday would have some recognition. However, the thought that as yet no one had offered a fowl for the Christmas dinner troubled him, and he was forced to stroke his beard for a moment. Not that he wasn't fond of his beard, but it was so beautiful that he felt rather apologetic for calling attention to it.

It always seemed strange to him that whenever he stroked his beard, Mrs. Blaechinska appeared before him. She was the wife of the tailor in the next block, and, like a faithful genius, she understood his wishes long before he told them. Today she came in answer to his summons, ostentatiously on her way to the market with an ample basket under her arm. Her face was gay; the feather in her hat waved graciously to the people in doorways and windows, like the hand of a great Queen on parade before her subjects. Much to the chagrin of Papa Franz, who was wondering how he might tactfully explain his need, Mrs. Blaechinska swept past with only a nod. To be sure, the nod was friendly; but in her preoccupation she denied him the little curtsy and the brief conversation about the weather which had heretofore served

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as a medium for the transfer of the wish. There was something ominous in this, something significant which told Franz that he had lost his power over her, the power which he so dreaded to lose. Even the little wanderers, who had migrated to the window to watch their benefactress pass, felt the evil quality of the situation; and Frieda, the littlest, ran from the room to bury her disappointment in his ill-fated beard, as he climbed the stairs to the study dejectedly.

For a while they all stood together in the study,—the old man and his younglings, solemnly awaiting a doom which was crowding in on them with the evening, until the bright, untidy nurse laughed them to shame as she pulled the window-blinds and set the tongues of the gas-jets wagging.

“Herr Franz,” she giggled, “such a one as you to be here sulking! Law, sir, there’s a great wagon without, and a man wants the key to the coal-hole. ‘Come’, he says, ‘it’s tea-time and we’ve another load to deliver.’ My pardon, sir, but he’s a strong body and like as not to break the cellar window. So, if I had the key, I’d deliver it swift-like.” Her message lifted the gloom, and the flickering conversations of the gas-lamps, greeting each other after a day of seclusion, restored the faith in mankind which Mrs. Blaechinska’s unexplained snub had broken. The children were sent to wash their faces, while the nurse laid the tables for tea and Papa Franz harangued the coal man. Great rumblings and groanings sounded from the basement. Tea was merrier than it had promised to be, and the inconstancy of tailors’ wives seemed less bitter over the toast. Perhaps the rhythm of digestion is stimulated by the rhythm of music; but the food that is consumed to the tune of coal-down-a-chute has the more satisfactory sensation that it will live its transient life in warmth.

After tea, the children were gathered for their prayers. Martin, a quiet tallish boy of eight or so, was sent to the street to replace the lid of the coal hole before some careless person might stumble into it. In spite of the reassurance which comes with tea and winter fuel, Franz was uneasy about the immediate future, and felt that every precaution should be taken to prevent harm. At first, Mrs. Blaechinska’s

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curt nod had disappointed him, but now that night had fallen it was assuming more terrific significance. He began to fear for the safety, as well as for the comfort, of his charges. However, he felt that Martin was a trustworthy boy, who would perform his mission slowly, but faithfully, and soon his light step would be heard on the stairs again.

Martin, who had been born under an unknown star, had but one flaw in his constitution. This was a sort of amnesia in the presence of music. Whenever he heard it, his eyes grew dreamy, and his mind refused to disturb his soul until the wonder had passed. On any other night than this, he might have finished his duty before he began to listen. At least, Franz would have expected that of him. But tonight, when spirits were tampering with the souls of tailors' wives, his behaviour had been affected. As he started down the steps to the street, a curious jingling rang out, a nasal voice struck up a Christmas carol, and he was drawn involuntarily to the corner. The sound was still a square away, and his feet insisted. At the entrance to the parkway, a hurdy-gurdy and its monkey were entertaining the crowds of shoppers and neighborhood gamins. Song after song and antic after antic brought shiny coins from the passers-by and forgetfulness to the heart of the little wanderer. Papa Franz would have grown anxious, but that the prayers for early spring and the vision of a grate fire held his attention as the organ-grinder held Martin's.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Blaechinska chirped through the marketplace. The shop-keepers were her friends and with each she paused to exchange a greeting. Her purse was full, but her thriftiness prompted her to make a thorough review of the stalls before buying. There was, in such a garden of good things, too much variety for her. The cart of a poultry dealer from Marchhaven troubled her. Turkey, of course, should be the fowl for Christmas, but Mr. Blaechinska was fond of duck, and there was a beautiful goose hanging from the rack. The confectioner's, with its Lebkuchen and Marzipan, presented further difficulties. She made her way from stall to stall, basket swinging from her arm, and finger beating time against the back of her hand.

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The vision which she saw before her was a dinner such as had never been equalled. Her husband had given her a week's wages and an afternoon away from the shop, although he was, heaven knew, hard pressed for help and money. Surely such a dispensation should be repaid as brilliantly as possible. Her cousin had but recently come to America with his wife and four Kinder, and was spending the first Christmas in the new land with her. Surely such visitors should be treated well. They had brought with them the family creche from the old country, and it would have been a sacrilege to set a poor feast before the little wooden Christ Child and His pretty Mother. Therefore, Mrs. Blaechinska, seeing that the lamps were being lit and that several of the more impatient shopkeepers were preparing to retreat to the cheer of their own homes, set about her business.

As she left the last doorway, she flushed with remorse. What had she been thinking as she made her tour of the square? Had she, the charitable, the kind, the fortunate Mrs. Blaechinska, forgotten the poor darlings in Papa Franz's Home? How wicked of her, who enjoyed such blessings, to forget the orphans, who were going to have such a meagre time of it, she was sure!

She remembered the disappointment in Papa Franz's face as he stood in his doorway. She remembered that he was stroking his beard, and that, she knew, was a sign that he wanted something. Every time she saw him he was stroking his beard, and every time she saw him he was in want of something. It was annoying, but after all, she realized, his greed was for his poor wanderers and not for himself. She thought that the coal should have satisfied him; but the children wouldn't understand the generosity of that, and to them Christmas really ought to have been marked by some festivity. Tossing her feather, she hurried back to the confectioner's. On the door was a sign, "Closed for Christmas." The poultry man was just hanging his canvases over his wagon. Had he nothing that might do for a dinner for some poor children? He was afraid he had been sold out, but in a moment he appeared from beneath the hangings with two very small and very sad-looking ducks. Had he nothing else?

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No, his store was completely cleaned out. It was a sign to her that the blessed Virgin was displeased with her forgetfulness. Her punishment was the shame of the poor present. Of course, she might give the goose she had bought for her cousins' dinner,—but that was too much to ask.

The grocer, yawning behind his counter, was hardly less wilted than the greens in his window. He suggested sleepily that she take a pumpkin which remained from his window display. That, at least, was a gift one needn't be ashamed of. The old nurse could make the children a pie, and Franz, who had been a fair wood-carver in his day, could make the shell into a goblin for the mantelpiece. Rather more pleased with herself, and less apologetic to the Virgin, Mrs. Blaechinska gathered up her bundles and went out in search of some toys.

As the kindly lady issued from the last empty shop, it was dark. The lamps were burning in the square, and she was weary. She could spend no more time in a futile search. Walking less briskly than before, with an over-full basket of food, she turned the corner into her street. As though he had been sent from heaven, an old balloon man was trudging a head of her. When people are spending their money on dinners and presents, few have pennies to spare on balloonmen. Consequently his store of bubbles was still complete. Like a dancing miracle, twelve of them fluttered above his head. There were twelve little wanderers.

Balloons bobbing above one's head, especially when one's arms are filled with parcels, do not make for an easy journey. Neither do they make for clear vision when the wind blows them blithely about one's eyes. But for her, whatever their disadvantages may have been, they made for a buoyant spirit. The few stragglers not yet in their own houses wondered what the strange bouncing creature might be, or where she had learned to smile so like an elf-woman. One little boy, peering into the darkness for a trace of Santa Claus, called his sister to see the Pincushion Lady flying down the street as she helped to distribute the presents. Another, seeing a dog running giddily in front of her, thought she was the Saint himself with his reindeer, and withdrew hastily lest he be caught prying.

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She had only one house more to pass. Wouldn't Papa Franz hold his sides and laugh to see her? She hoped the little wanderers would not see. . . . What had happened to her? It was dark; there were strange circles bobbing above her; there were rough, hard stones beneath her; and her hatpin was digging into her head unmercifully. Somewhere above voices were crying, a door was slammed, and a bearded head appeared among the balloons.

Papa Franz, hearing the cries of a newsboy, had rushed to find his coal hole blossoming with balloons. To his further amazement he had found Mrs. Blaechinska beneath them lying helplessly on his new winter coal. Her basket lay on top of her feathered hat. A pumpkin was rolling down the pile in pursuit of a Marzipan mouse, and her petticoats had retreated to her knees. It was a task of no small proportions to raise her, for in her fall she had broken the arm which carried the basket.

A haughty Mrs. Blaechinska scolded Papa Franz and brushed her skirts of the Home for Little Wanderers. And a sad Martin sat in the corner while the others gathered about the grate fire after dinner to listen to fairy stories, with a jack-o'-lantern leering from the mantel.

Thus it was that Mrs. Blaechinska lost her love for little wanderers, for she felt insulted as well as injured. And thus it was, perhaps, that the case of *Blaechinska v. The Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers* was instituted.

Sunspeck

GERALDINE RHOADS, '35

Changeling flickering on the wall,
Bouncing impishly to the ceiling,
A sprightly troll on the window ledge
Pirouettes to the floor,
Cuts a capriole to the curtain,
And dangles there.
Frisk flibbertigibbet!

The Root

EVELYN THOMPSON, '35

OUT of doors most people would have passed by the root without remark. Such a thing of nature which in its place is so natural as to be unnoticeable to the average eye, when looked upon alone acquires a stronger reality and essence of its own. As I look at the root now, I do not think of it as having burst from a symmetrical kernel into a twisted mass of tendrils sucking up the juices of the earth, sustaining a tree above it. Nor do I think of the day we first saw it lying there upturned by the edge of the lake and of towing it home, crating it, and declaring it at the customs; it was then a thing of the objective world, even so objective that we could joke about it with the officials, saying it contained no harmful bacteria. Though we had felt an immediate affinity toward it, it was not our own at once. Not until we had brought it home to our studio did it become a thing of our own creation. In this room of terra cotta walls, with Durer engravings and Michel Angelo drawings, with skulls of animals, with a fireplace and long chairs, it lost its place in nature and took a place in the mind.

Our minds that dare plunge into the depths of the root, depths as great as a universe, find in its formless mass whatever shape we wish to impress upon it. It is as malleable in the mind as clay in the hand. It is a blue-white rain cloud changing in shape; it is the polished skeleton of an animal; it is, when upturned, the moving tendrils of a sea monster; it is, when the room is nearly dark and the light from the window strikes on its top, like the foam of the sea; it is, when the firelight is playing across the room, like an answering flame. We can imagine forever . . .

The aesthetic appreciation of any form in nature, especially a root (!) is, I believe, fully attained only by lifting it out of its natural surroundings and seeing it alone, apart from any setting of time or space; or as we did, by putting it in a place such as our studio. Here, where we have collected all the things which mean the most to us, a subjective quality has

grown. Here nothing is related to the world outside the windows where the stonewalls and trees are in their natural order. The root brought into the studio has become a new and supernatural thing; it belongs to us now and not to the world.

Coutances Cathedral

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF, '36

Along the grey cathedral's crumbling wall
Nine kings, the town's once fabled forbears, stand,
Each with the sceptre or the orb in hand.
They have stern faces, they are proud and tall.
It seems as if this moment one would call
Unto another some august command.
They were the fathers of this smiling land
They know their grey cathedral cannot fall.

Their place is safe. The old cathedral spires
Point rigidly to heaven. From about
The eaves each gargoyle on his water spout
Peers down, and in their presence he inquires
Impertinently what their age may be.
They answer not. They are as old as he.

Unsung

BARBARA LEWIS, '35

THE tall thin Prussian-looking gentleman appeared in the ship's bar, clicked his heels, bowed stiffly, and with a disinterested, "you will pardon, please?" sat on the vacant stool next to the girl in black. He had been seen only at meals and taking a few turns around the deck each morning; he had contributed a large amount, the steward had said, to the sailors' fund; the purser had discreetly informed each passenger that he was a famous physician on his way to attend the ex-Kaiser. In appearance and action he seemed to fit in with the word *régime*—pre-war, Prussian, imperial. Impossible to imagine a light conversation with him, as one studied the piercing grey eyes, the knife-like features, the thin, compressed lips, and heard the snap of a low imperious "Kellner!"

The girl in black was very much interested. When he had entered, the noise in the bar had slowly softened and people had drifted off into unfinished sentences, as if they had waited a long time to see if he would come, but had put no definite money on it. He was completely indifferent to them and they were only mildly interested. Slowly little groups picked up tweed coats and books, and putting out their cigarettes went below to dress for dinner. The late afternoon sun slanted through the palms of the garden lounge outside and mellowed the dark mahogany of the far side of the room. Only by an occasional creaking of the woodwork and by the soporific pulsating sound of water passing the bow, was one conscious of the sea. The line of the windows was immovable against the sky.

The girl in black made a faint overture, turning to the German.

"I hear you're a very famous doctor." He barely inclined his head. "So?" Again, "Kellner!" It seemed impossible to continue the conversation in the face of such an uncompromising neckline.

"Well aren't you?" she pursued.

"It is flattering, your curiosity." With each carefully

clipped word he more effectively terminated the whole affair.

"Anyway," the girl ventured, "The purser told me that you were the most famous surgeon in Germany." As she spoke, one pictured him over the operating table, dispassionate, efficient, the lips perhaps a trifle more compressed, the eyes lowered temporarily on a definite object; white mask, rubber gloves, the hushed atmosphere of the operating room. She went on. "I can't help wondering what it must feel like to have the power of life and death in one's hands."

"It is no sensation at all," he answered, and asked the waiter for the bill. The bar was almost empty. She clutched at a floating straw. "Are you coming to the movies tonight? It's *Hell Divers*, a sort of aviation picture." It seemed absurd to mention aviation to him,—conversing with a prima donna about tap dancing. His was a cold efficiency, classifying the reckless valor of the aviator as foolhardiness. He was a man of the old régime who bowed from the waist and drank sherry.

"You see," she explained, "Clark Gable is an ace or something and it all sounds pretty exciting."

He stood up to leave, and one was curious to see if he would afford the girl the intimacy of clicking his heels and bowing to her. He would not go to the movies; aviation, he stated, was of no interest to him. The girl was showing the first signs of being rebuffed.

"Well if momentous things like gay bravado, laughing courage and life and death don't interest you much, I don't suppose a movie about aviation and aces would prove very stimulating."

For the first time during the conversation, he turned and looked directly at her—at her mink coat and her lacquered finger nails, at her somewhat puzzled expression, so very empty and young, and rather sweet.

"I flew second under von Richthoven during the war. Life and death, they are so unimportant when one's own soul is dead." He clicked his heels and bowed, but as he turned to go, the crooked line of his mouth belied his words.

Portrait

JANET MARSHALL, '33

She seizes on her life and makes it play
A game of painted climaxes that rise
And Fall with tragic cadences. The way
She laughs yearns toward another art. Her eyes
Are troubled waters where a question lies
Of hurt and wonder when she hears One say:
"This comes of your attempt to dramatize.
"Look now, what you have shattered with your play."
Trying to lose herself in an embrace
From far she wonders if this thing is art.
Sometimes a mirror thrusts at her, her face,
And it confronts herlike a thing apart.
She twists the incidents of life about
The more because they never quite come out.

Mostly Murmurs

LETA CLEWS, '33

PERHAPS I should walk softly; it is one thing to dissent with a man, and another with a critic. Yet I cannot, even for fame, add my voice to that choir now sounding the praises of *Cavalcade*, were it made up of every critic in New York, which, incidentally, it is, not to mention Philadelphia. Moreover, I cannot even remain a passive listener; there is no one to whom to hand the glove. It is well known that at the close of every performance of Mr. Coward's picture, the entire theatre rises as a man while the British national anthem is played. An American thinking of *America* as *God Save the King!* There is no greater sign of favor.

As Mr. Thurber would say, perhaps it might be better to let the whole matter drop, and take up ice hockey. At the moment however, even a watch dangled on a chain would not distract me; faults, as well as virtues, can cry aloud for utterance. Not that I think anyone could possibly be heard; the critics are screaming Hallelujah at the top of their voices. Quite beautiful, really, such cooperation among those who are usually divided, and so good for the lungs, after a long, hard winter of grumbling. Still, there may be solace in a murmur; so bravely, let us drink another cup of coffee; then on with *Cavalcade*.

As we are informed, in letters a foot high outside the Gaiety Theatre in New York, *Cavalcade* is the "picture of the generation." And so it is. Based on the stage play by Noel Coward, produced last year in London with tremendous success, the photoplay embraces the years from 1900 to 1933. Through the eyes of Robert Marryot and his wife, a typical British family, we live through the major events of those years: the Boer War, the death of Queen Victoria, the sinking of the *Titanic*, and the World War. In a way, then, the picture is a kind of news-reel, as Mr. Coward obviously intended, glorified by the use of thousands of "extras", as in the scene where the men leave for the Boer War; every space at the rail of the battleship is supplied with a waving figure, which has its correspondent in a female form on the wharf. It is

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undoubtedly such scenes as this which are to a certain extent responsible for the terrific enthusiasm evoked by the film. But surely, there is nothing unusual in sheer size. Hollywood, whatever its faults, can never have been said to skimp. Cecil B. de Mille cannot be completely disregarded, and *Ben Hur*, *The Ten Commandments*, *The King of Kings*. As a matter of fact, in *The Sign of the Cross*, which is playing right now, Mr. de Mille's reproduction of a Roman arena is worthy quite as large a gasp as even the station scene in *Cavalcade*.

As for depicting the events of a generation, I can well understand that on the stage the undertaking would deserve a wide-eyed "Tremendous" from every critic in town. But what is more suited to the medium of the movies? Back in 1916, D. W. Griffith attempted nothing less than to trace in a movie of that name, the history of intolerance throughout the ages, contrasting ancient and modern civilizations.

But Mr. Coward is not content, like the camera-man, to stay out of the picture himself. He marches right along with time, and finally, when he sits down in 1933, he has made up his mind about a lot of things. War, he discovers, is a pretty nasty business. Moreover, times are not what they used to be. The Britain that the Marryots drink to on New Year's eve, 1933, is not the Britain of 1900; moth and rust have set in. The young men have become soft (there are lurid illustrations); the women are equally degenerate. In fact, we all have those "twentieth century blues," and Mr. Coward's final word is, that England should return to her pristine state of the good old Victorian days.

Now, nothing is more admirable, especially today, than some one who plants both feet firmly on the ground, and takes an attitude, and it is comforting to know that Mr. Coward feels strongly about something, but I doubt whether his message is of very great importance. That times have changed seems fairly obvious. As for the remedy, "let's put out the lights and go to sleep" seems as good as any. At least, it is more practicable than Mr. Coward's.

I have said that there is nothing unusual in sheer size. What matters in a movie, it seems to me, is the way in which the material, whatever it is, is handled. Mr. Griffith, for in-

stance, in *Intolerance*, of which I have already spoken, deserves great praise because he manipulated a mass of people with amazing skill from the point of view of photography. As a story, however, the picture was a failure. The opposite, one might say, is the case with Frank Lloyd, the director of *Cavalcade*. Most people would grant, if they noticed, that there was no effort made for effective arrangement. But they would hasten to add that this is not the interest of the picture. Whether it should be, or not, I shall not attempt to say; I shall but mention *Potemkin* and *Storm Over Asia*, two of the best products that have come out of Russia so far. What I do say, however, is that, with all the emphasis on subject, such triteness and sentimentality as is served up in *Cavalcade* is double unpalatable. The talents of a very capable as well as beautiful actress, Miss Diana Wynward, are spent in portraying every clichéd emotion of the typical war story. Nothing has been omitted, even to the telegram announcing the son's death, to which there is "no answer". And how often have we seen the little mother, her eyes dewy with tears, wandering aimlessly through a peace celebration? And of course there are the young lovers, unknowingly about to die, who feel that "whatever happens, this moment is ours." This scene, however, contains the one imaginative touch in the whole film; as the couple move away from the boat-rail, we see that they have been standing before a life-preserver, on which is written the name: *Titanic*.

That the film was well-cast is undeniably true, for playing opposite Miss Wynward was Clive Brook, perhaps the one man in Hollywood who could have carried off the part. But though Mr. Brook was English enough (he is so by birth), and certainly a gentleman, he never convinced me for one moment that he was Bob Marryot, loyal subject of her Majesty, going off to the Boer War. I was acutely conscious of the fact that he was acting. Nor did he ever warm up. I suspect that any part quite so completely uncharacterized might well be hopeless. And probably it was; Mr. Brook has always shown himself to be a very excellent actor. Still, he might have grown old a little less amateurishly. The acting honours, without the slightest hesitation, I should give to the

little English boys who portrayed the Marryot young. After hearing their voices, I am afraid that even Jackie Cooper, with all his charm, will never satisfy me again.

Ursula Jeans, recently acclaimed by the critics despite the failure of her new play, was, except for the fact that she was badly made up, quite insignificant. But, again, so was her part; as Fanny, the dancing daughter of Mrs. Marryot's one-time maid, she is the convenient answer to young Joe Marryot's love problem. Ellen Bridges, her mother, was royally overplayed by Una O'Connor. Unfortunately, her husband, portrayed by Herbert Mundin, who would be comic even when asleep, was, for some reason, killed early in the picture. I think it was because he drank. Anyway, just to show how topsy-turvy the world is, his widow makes a lot of money in the saloon business, and, tells Milady, "real cocky-like," that her son had jolly well better *marry* Fanny. How Cook fares we are not told, but I should have loved for once to see wistful Beryl Mercer sitting on top of the world. With the kitchen-folk, it seems to me, Mr. Coward had an opportunity to use his unnatural talent for sparkling dialogue. Such wit as is his is never amiss. Nor is Mr. Coward very attractive in sober weeds. It is hard to believe that the author of *Private Lives* and the current *Design for Living* should, the minute he tries to be serious, lapse into flat, ordinary speech, without a trace of distinction. Yet such is the case in *Cavalcade*. Little Robert's exclamation, as Queen Victoria's funeral cortege passes—"She must have been a very tiny lady"—is the only memorable line.

And still everyone has cried "Gripping," "Titantic," "A superlative achievement". No one, to be sure, in print or directly, to me anyway, has endeavored to be any more specific. Nevertheless, such comments hardly indicate disapproval and I perfectly realize that the picture must have some quality which lays hold on people, and sweeps them along so that nothing else matters. As I have suggested, a sense of grandeur—to me false—given by the picture, is partly responsible. More important than that, however, I think is the simple fact that *Cavalcade* has tremendous sentimental appeal for a large group of people—for every one, in fact, old

enough to have witnessed the events it lays before us. To me, however, Queen Victoria is little more than William the Conqueror. Nor was I old enough at the time, to have any personal interest in the World War. Had I lost a son in it, however, or had my husband "gone over" even for a short time, I should undoubtedly have vibrated to *Cavalcade*, in unison with the six hundred other spectators. And who knows? I might even have dropped a furtive tear for "Auld Lang Syne," instead of cheering for those "Twentieth Century Blues." Oh, there was plenty of music, and shouting. With a mob, and a sentimental interest, what else is needed to feed the emotions? That is considerably more than most films have. *Cavalcade* may be a great picture after all. I shall go on murmuring, however, that a work whose appeal is almost entirely subjective is not a "superlative achievement," that, in my humble opinion, it is little better artistically than a Daily Reminder.

Jeanne d'Arc

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF, '36

Armour of silver, and a milk-white horse
 They gave you, and you found a holy sword.
 Those are a saint's own trappings, and of course
 You were a faithful servant of the Lord.
 But a black charger had become you best,
 And golden mail to dazzle all men's eyes,
 And a great sword that had not taken rest
 And spent a century hidden from the skies.

Queens dress in white and silver, and a king
 Must have a sword with relics in the hilt.
 You needed no saint's bones for pardoning,
 No virgin robes to show you free from guilt.
 Every man through some traditional device,
 Considers fire wickedder than ice.

Justice and Mrs. White

E. E. SMYTH, '33

A SMALL baby, with a look of solemnity and innocence on his dark brown face, lay in a perambulator on Woodlawn Avenue. He was, for the moment, alone in a wide universe; he looked upon it and found it good. This judgment was due rather to the baby's lack of experience, or perhaps to an innate optimism, than to any charm of his surroundings; for Woodlawn Avenue (ironically named, one could not help thinking) was a little one-block street where miserable wooden houses, set immediately behind the sidewalk, ran straggling, where two or three starveling trees were the only greenery, and where children, their hardened young faces smeary and their shapeless clothes hanging loosely on their thin frames, went by, unintelligibly yelling abominable things. The children were mingled black and white. They were the children of the poor, whose sense of beauty, by a merciful provision of nature, atrophies early.

But the baby, if too young for the sense of beauty, was also too young to have lost its source, its germ, the power of enjoyment. He could even look with pleasure at the great hands and face—none too attractive, indeed, to the least prejudiced eye—which were now thrust into his coach. They belonged to Mr. Mudgeon, the white landlord, who lived on the corner in a house slightly more pretentious, though not at all more lovely, than the others. He was called queer by the neighborhood, and justly enough, for though he lived on no emotion but that of enmity, which is ill fare for any organism, yet he seemed to thrive, and almost to be happy. This enmity he meted out with nearly perfect impartiality to all who had to do with him; but the baby's mother, for some reason, had been judged worthy of special notice. She was a docile, cheerful, irresponsible colored woman, as often behind with her rent as his other tenants, but no oftener. It could only have been her very pliability and good humor that singled her out, unless it were her eligible situation as his next-door neighbor.

He now approached the child, moved by some impulse whose intention must remain as obscure as its origin. Probably he did not himself know what he meant to do; but his attitude was threatening. Mrs. White, the young mother, saw as she opened her almost paintless front door the old man bending above the coach and reaching his great hands in toward her pride, her son. With a single screaming bellow she leaped forward, unconsciously holding out before her the closed umbrella which she carried. Mr. Mudgeon's faculties, unblunted by age, were on the contrary sharpened by an increasingly suspicious nature. He leaped even more quickly than she, and, escaping around the coach, ran down the uneven bricks past his own side door and toward the corner. He would have to reach his front door, which faced on the other street, and which he had left open. The pursuit whooped fervently at his heels, and once he was prodded by the sharp tip of the umbrella; but he gained his safety one leap ahead of Mrs. White, and banged the door on her.

The amiable lady could now hardly be recognized, so firm was she in her indignation. Early widowed, she had no close tie save this one infant, this lovable fragment of humanity, this potential man. Her simple heart was deeply maternal, so that the life of these two together had been lovely to see—had anyone cared to see. Now, simple and maternal as an animal, she was implacable. She went howling about the house like an avenging Ethiopian banshee, beating on the doors with rocks and other crude weapons until it seemed they must crack in; she tried the low windows, and from one was only driven away in the nick of time. Discouraged in this attempt, she chose a heavy stone and watched for the old man to show himself at a window. When he was next seen anxiously peering down, she threw the stone so well that, shattering the glass, it almost grazed his head. Mr. Mudgeon now cowered in the middle of his own dirty little bedroom not daring to go near the windows, especially since random shots through the broken window indicated from time that revenge was still hopefully sought. The neighbors congregated in the street, making a wide circle about the corner, and in this circle the enraged mother strode back and forth, maintaining

her watch. Not even the evil small boys of the poor joined in the hostilities, and the onlookers, even in their comments, were fairly impartial, though Mrs. White, as the more heroic party, drew their admiration. But it is unlikely that she would have permitted their active partisanship: like the Lord of the Old Testament, she wanted no help in her vengeance. Thus the corner house continued in a state of siege for two or three hours.

Policemen are seldom seen on Woodlawn Avenue, but one came past, having noticed the crowd from the main thoroughfare a block away. The situation was at last made clear to him—an astonishing fact, considering the vagueness of thought of both the informers and the informed. The actual enlightening was done by demonstration, for Mr. Mudgeon, realizing that authority had arrived, appeared again at the window, and narrowly missed an ignominious fate by another rock.

The officer was long baffled for a course of action. At last he announced the arrest of both the disputants, and proposed to lead away both together. It was soon evident, however, that no single human being could safely do this. Next he determined to arrest Mudgeon first, as seeming to have the weight of public opinion against him. But to this, strangely enough, Mrs. White would not consent. In spite of her usual superstitious awe of the law, she felt that she, the more injured party, deserved its first attention; and the exaltation of her battle required, as its fitting crown, the terrible, the tragic glory of this captivity. The policeman had therefore to arrest Mrs. White. More, he had to arrest the baby, for his mother would not part from him.

The patrol wagon was called, and in two journeys carried the three prisoners to await behind bars their respective fates. The baby stayed in Mrs. White's cell, although the aged jailer, named Flannagan, protested, saying loudly and repeatedly that there should be an order of commitment. For that one night Mrs. White managed well enough, having brought all the apparatus for the baby's care; but it was plain that this could not go on indefinitely.

In the morning the defiant mother and the placid son faced a very convincingly outraged Mr. Mudgeon. He had

passed an uncomfortable but delightfully safe night in his cell; his craft had returned to him, and he showed with pride a deep gash in his cheek, where a piece of glass from the broken window had struck. Assault with intent to kill was his charge, and his evidence was vivid. Mrs. White's heroism began to seem over-enthusiastic in the cold morning light of the court-room—a setting infinitely more drab, more glamourless, than the dirty, emotion-swept slum-street. The magistrate looked at her severely. True, she was a mother; but she belonged to an inferior race, and she had offended against a man of property, a taxpayer.

"Held without bail for the grand jury," said this jurist curtly; and, though he was ordering both parties held, it was at Mrs. White that he glanced sternly over his glasses.

That lady, led back to her cell, grew melancholy and fearful. The emotions of the day before had almost evaporated; she began to think that Mr. Mudgeon had probably had no murderous intention, after all, and she saw quite clearly that, whether she had actually had one or not (a point on which she was uncertain), it could be legally proved that she had. Her small experience of the law gave her no hopes, but only fears, of the mysteries it might bring forth.

She knew she was to be transferred that afternoon to another jail, to wait for the attention of the grand jury. Fortunately she was not taken in the same wagonload as Mr. Mudgeon. Firmly clutching the young child and a good armful of his appurtenances, she was brought in to the second jailer, a rough middle-aged fellow, whose experiences had hardened his nature against possible fraud, and inspired him with a passionate fidelity to the state's rights and his own. These he did not ordinarily distinguish.

"Now," he said, "what ever nonsense is this? No kids in this cooler. Take the brat to the juvenile court, and leave the woman."

"Why, Bobby," said Clancy, who had the two in charge—he was a family man—"yu can see for yourself this little feller can't live without his mother. Not weaned, he ain't."

"I see nothing," answered the jailer, unmoved. "Where's

your order of commitment? You got none. Take the kid away and leave her; or else take the both of 'em."

Mrs. White, wide-eyed with horror, grasped the baby in preparation for a struggle. He began to cry, and the jailer regarded him with increased disfavor.

"You heard me. No kids."

So Mrs. White and her son rode back with Clancy to their previous jail. Here too the jailer was adamant. They had put something over on him once, but it should not happen again. Clancy and his prisoners stood disconsolately in the middle of the police headquarters room next to the courtroom, where officers lounged jovially about and the air was blue with smoke and loud with cries. Men screamed exasperatedly into telephones, and no word was audible that was not shouted. Through this din the puzzled policeman conferred with the sergeant on duty, and with two or three others who showed interest. The sergeant, who worked perpetually at superhuman tension and was perpetually behind in his work, cursed across the big desk; then he reached for a telephone and cursed successively at the jailer called Bobby, at the suspicious executives of two other jails, and at some official of the juvenile court. All refused his proposals with scorn. Finally, he tried the orphans' court, since the baby was half orphaned; but that too failed him.

"Damn you, anyway, Clancy," said the desk sergeant. "Another trick like this and I'll get you demoted."

"What could I do? I gotta leave 'em somewhere. And you can see for yourself—"

"Aw, why doncha take 'em home with you?"

"Me?" cried Clancy, horror-struck. "With a wife and four kids in a six-room house?"

"Listen, you go tell that old loafer, Flannagan, I said he should keep 'em over night, see, and we'll ask the judge in the morning."

Flannagan, thus commanded, grumbled but dared not refuse. The two Whites spent their second night of confinement in a strange and terrible place.

The asking of the "judge" took place in the little ante-room between the courtroom and the headquarters, where

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he took off his coat and hat and put on his official bearing, and where his clerk (who was, of course, his daughter) prepared her notebooks. The magistrate listened impatiently.

"Let her out on bail, then," he said, turning away.

"But judge! How can you get bail off a nigger woman that lives in a rented house? He rented it to her—the old guy did."

"Hasn't she got anything?"

"Nothing but that cursed baby."

"Oh, Lord!" said the magistrate. "*I* don't care what you do with her."

"Well, but, judge, we gotta do something. We can't let her go."

"Take her back home, and tell her she'll be sent up for life if she isn't there when we come for her. Maybe she will be; and if she isn't, what the heck? Nobody cares but the old guy, Mudgeon, and he's too scared to raise a row."

"But, judge—"

"Well, got any other ideas?"

"No—"

The magistrate turned and went out into the court-room, followed by his daughter, who now became his clerk. The desk sergeant and Clancy looked at each other and grinned.

"It's a real cute kid, for a nigger kid," said Clancy. "I don't blame her getting sore at the old guy, if he done what she says."

"You think she'll stick around till the cops come for her?" asked the sergeant.

"Not her," Clancy said, with an appreciative twinkle. "She isn't so dumb."

BOOK REVIEW

ANN VICKERS, *by* SINCLAIR LEWIS

THE problem that Sinclair Lewis discusses in his new book is one that is constantly reappearing: is a woman better fitted for a career or for a home? Mr. Lewis thinks for a home. His heroine, through honesty and determination, through making use of every opportunity, attains the distinction of being one of the most important and beneficent prison reformers in the country; yet, as she reaches the height of her success, she throws it all over for the love of a husband and child. The principles by which she gained her fame—opposition to political graft and pull of any sort—have no weight with her when it is a question of getting her lover out of prison. Her character will fail to arouse sympathy in many, for it is almost completely lacking in an aesthetic side, in a love of art or of beauty that is intangible. She embodies strength, force, common sense; her nature is a material one, and its strength and its weakness as well as its power, springs from its seeking after material things. Ann's weakness is a completely earthy desire for a husband, and it is not an ennobling desire. Under its influence she becomes of a piece with the sordid world she attempted to reform.

The background of the story is for the most part settlement houses and prisons, though before he reaches them, Mr. Lewis has a comprehensive fling at the pre-war women's colleges and at the suffragettes. The chief victims of his indignation are, however, prisons. If his accounts are true, as in a prefatory note he says he believes them to be, they are enough to make "a good man's heart grow sad and sick." He gives a picture of neglect, cruelty, torture even, such as we imagine could exist only in a revolutionary reign of terror. In spite of some obvious white-washing of criminals and blackening of those in authority, in spite of the smacking of cheap propaganda inevitable in such an account, Mr. Lewis creates with the vividness of a nightmare a picture of a life of horror. But a question for consideration presents itself, how much propaganda may a novel contain without disturbing the

advancing order of events? Here there are whole chapters where nothing at all happens to the heroine except that she is disgusted by spectacles of inhumanity far more numerous than is necessary to account for her feeling.

Mr. Lewis's style is, on the whole, simple, direct, and well suited to the exposition of such a person as Ann. He has a fondness for unnecessary facetious touches that usually fall flat—such as Ann's discovery that cleanliness, next to yachting, is the most expensive luxury. But perhaps this is a mannerism too slight to be mentioned.

The other characters in the book are all subordinated to Ann, they exist only as she sees them. For that reason they cannot be complete. As sketches some of them are very fortunate, such as the good Doctor Wormser, or the pert and fickle Jew, Lafe, those people who are not, like the prominent prison and settlement house figures, brought in for effect. It is with the character of Ann that Mr. Lewis shows his full powers. Whether you sympathize with her or not, you cannot help feeling that she arrives by consistent steps to the one place that she is fitted to occupy.

C. B.



Photograph by Wynn Richards

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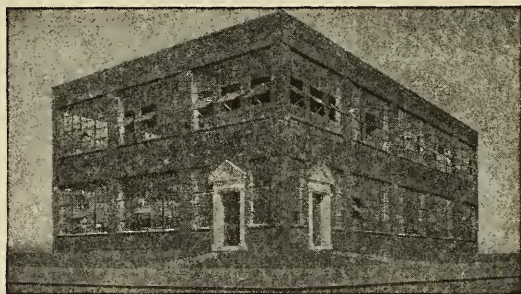
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


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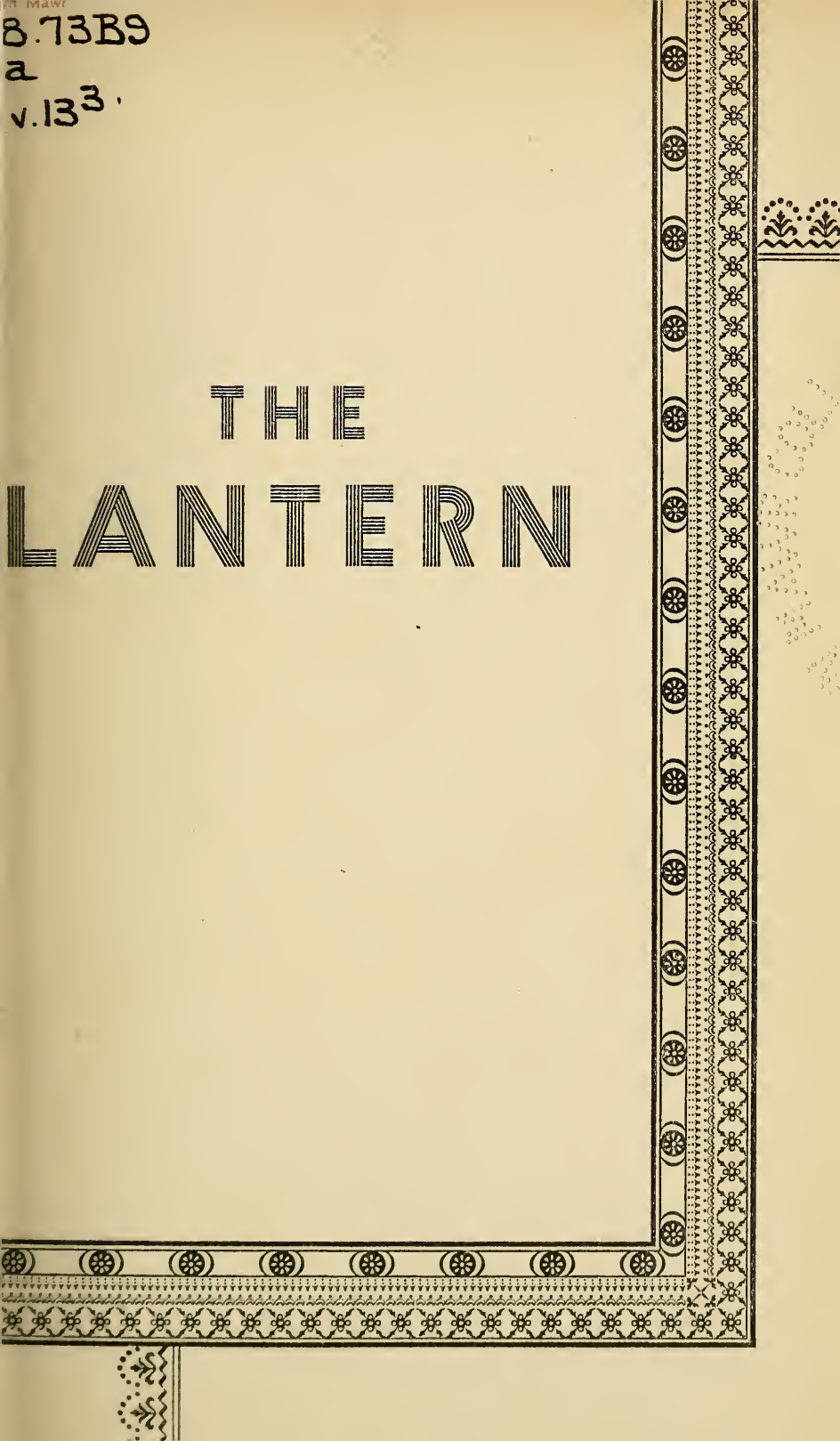


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Spring Comes to Vienna Woods

NANCY WOODWARD

MY ROOM was high above the Birkenhof, looking out over the roll of hill, and the sweep of trees that fringed the forest. I opened the window wide and leaned out over the gravel road where once an emperor had driven in his carriage with six white horses. Almost, one could hear his postillions' horn sounding up the winding driveway.

Under the birch trees below, the promenade was assembling. Snatches of talk came up to my window:—Madame Reutner scolding someone for not speaking French; a babble of apology, then the unintelligible murmur of Hungarian again. It was Hedy, then, and Ilona. None but those two dared do what they pleased and, by some god of luck, escape serious consequences. Leaning still further out of the window, I waved to them. Hedy shouted up to me, "Kommst du nicht?" and I, with a tone of bravado, replied that I was doing my typing. (The typewriter had come from America, and after much difficulty I had achieved permission to use it—since "maman" must have intended me to make practical use of it, or she would never have sent it so far, at such a cost. But I could type only when no one was there to be disturbed.)

The promenade was winding its way up the hill into the woods. Hedy and Ilona would have to run. I cried after them, "Wohin gehen Sie, heut'?" and Hedy called back that they went to the meadow to pick flowers for the Lady Altar.

Left alone at my window, I looked again into the Birkenhof. Should I type or make up the composition I should have done in Study? The lacy tops of the birches made a gentle susurration, an audible representation of the softness of the day. Somewhere in the woods a cuckoo called. I thought again of the emperor's horn. He would come, in his Tyrol costume, driving the white horses himself, gazing happily over the apple orchard he had given, seeing the woods as they were today, silver and tender green with the life and warmth of spring. He would turn the carriage cleverly on the curve in

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the great avenue; gravel would spurt white from the grinding wheels. Then he would stand at the entry, an old man with a kind face and a bunch of lilies in his hand and say, "The violets are blooming in the woods today; one hopes they do not put my lilies to shame on the altar."

The cuckoo called again. I could hear voices as the promenade returned. Quickly I ran paper into the typewriter and commenced to write.

Metaphysics

ANNE BURNETT

God is for me
That granary
Wherein
All loveliness, all sin,
All quiet evenings comforted by rain,
All desperation, and all hope again,
Wait on the earth;
That vault of birth
That prompts new utterance, new awe
For ageless and unchanging law;
That sanctuary of repose
Wherein each ragged atom knows
The peace of its eternity,
Awaiting renascence. For me
God is that granary.

Caviar to the Captain

LETA CLEWS

CHARACTER—ISABEL HARDING

PLACE: *Baden-Baden, Germany.*

TIME: *The present.*

SCENE: *The scene represents an attractive (?) hotel bed-room. Against the left wall (stage left) is a dainty bed, cream-colored, facing the opposite wall. Next to it, a night table on which are a lamp, a glass, and several medicine bottles, and on the lower shelf a telephone. Drawn next to the bed is a chair, and on it are a manicuring set and a vanity-case. A dressing-table with pink curtains covering the bottom part, stands in the corner opposite the bed. Beside it downstage, a door. A rocking-chair, its cushions of pink and green flowers, a table, another chair, and a gray carpet complete the furnishings. The room is bright and cheerful. The window would be in the wall next the audience.*

When the curtain rises, Isabel is sitting in bed propped up by many pillows. She is about twenty-two, very pretty, with fluffy blonde hair, cut in a long bob. She wears a green satin wrapper with ostrich feathers around the neck. She seems restless underneath the silk counterpane, and puts down her book petulantly. She reaches over and turns on the lamp, although it is broad daylight. Then tries again to read but not for long. Isabel turns out the light, glances at her watch, looks disconsolately about the room, then raising herself apparently with effort, makes some attempt to flatten the mound of pillows behind her. She sinks back and closes her eyes. The sound of something heavy being drawn across the floor of the next room is heard. Isabel opens her eyes, then slips further down among the pillows. A rattling sound. Isabel sits up, and reaching over with difficulty, pulls the telephone from underneath the table.

ISABEL: Hello. Give me the office, please . . . Hello, this is Miss Harding. There's an awful racket going on in the next room. I've been trying to sleep for hours. It's really very annoying when I'm so ill. I'd send my nurse, but

she's out for her afternoon walk . . . What? You're very sorry? Well, will you please do something about it . . . What? . . . No, no. I didn't say there was a man in my room (*Meanwhile there has been a terrific sound of tearing boards, as if a crate were being opened*). No, he's in the *next* room. There, listen to that (*she holds the receiver in the air for a minute*). Hello . . . What? . . . Well, *get* the manager, for Heaven's sake (*a pause*) . . . Hello . . . This is Miss Harding. There's an aw— . . . I'm in Room 25 . . . Room *twen-ty-five* . . . Next to *whom*? . . . You don't mean Captain Piffenbacher? . . . But are you sure it's the one who rescued all those men in the submarine? . . . They're giving a party for him tonight? . . . Well, how long is he going to stay? . . . Tomorrow, so soon? . . . Oh, no I didn't want anything—that is to say, I thought I'd like some ice-water, but I've changed my mind . . . I may order some refreshments later . . . Thank you (*She puts the telephone back, and gazes at the wall with interest. The noise stops. Isabel looks at her watch, then with great determination, carefully pulls one foot from under the bed-clothes, and then the other, which is swathed in bandages to above the ankle. But even this much effort causes her to wince. She tries wriggling her foot, and lets out a gasp of pain. Gingerly, she gets back underneath the covers. She looks around exasperatedly and seeing nothing but her manicure set takes that up crossly and starts doing her nails. Suddenly her eye lights on the book she's been reading: "The Great Hotel Robbery." She looks from it to the wall and back again, as the rustling sound of tissue paper starts.*

ISABEL (*raising her voice to the empty air*): Come in . . . Why, who are you? . . . What do you want? (*In a frightened voice, as she pushes back the cuticle of her thumb-nail*) . . . But I haven't any pearls . . . You can see for yourself. Oh, if I had a man to protect me! (*Isabel glues her ear to the wall. The rustling continues*) . . . Oh, oh! (*Almost a scream, Proudly, as she snips off a particularly large hang-nail*). Very well. You

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have what you came for. Take the pearls, and get out (*Triumphantly, Isabel listens at the wall again; there is no sound. Quickly, she takes up her vanity-case and powders her nose. Suddenly, a thud is heard as of a boot being thrown on the floor.*)

ISABEL (*desperately, and still louder*): I said get out . . . Why are you standing there, looking at me so strangely? (*Isabel looks at her watch, quickly swallows some medicine, and continues*) . . . Don't you dare come near me . . . Take your hands off me, you filthy beast . . . (*In a tone of pleading, as Isabel takes up the buffer*). Oh, please, I'll give you anything, anything. Take my diamond brooch . . . Oh, if I had a gentleman to protect me . . . You can't do this to me (*a second time, as the rustling continues*). You can't do this to me. I'll scream, if you don't let me go . . . Yes I will. (*Yelling*). Help, help! (*There is another thud from the next room, as a second boot hits the floor. Isabel sinks back on the pillows, exhausted. Listlessly she takes up the phone once more*). Hello. Dining-room service, please. Hello. Will you please send up a bottle of champagne . . . Are you sure you have that now? A bottle of champagne. Thank you. And oh, you might send some caviar for one—some ca-vi-ar- along with it. (*She closes her eyes. Everything is silent, except for the sound of a door closing in the adjoining room. Then, on the door of Isabel's room come three discreet knocks.*)

(*Curtain*)

The Hill King's Daughter

CATHERINE BREDT

Childe Hugh came riding from the sea,
Men sang his praise right loudly,
And plumes of green and crimson fair
Crested his helmet proudly.

Full blithely pranced his good grey steed,
And blithe the knight was singing,
And blithely yet the sweet sun shone,
Though sad adventure bringing.

Anon upon a hill he spied
A maid with scarlet mantle;
Her bonny hair was falling free,
And fair was she and gentle.

"O tie your steed in yon green mead,
And come up to the mountain,
And lay your head upon my knee
Beside the foaming fountain."

He's tied his steed in yon green mead,
And gone up to the mountain;
But no fair maiden can he see
Beside the foaming fountain.

The gladsome sun had hid his face,
And colder it was growing;
And chilly from the mountain glens
The bitter wind was blowing.

Childe Hugh rode slowly on his way;
The path grew steep and steeper.
"Now Christ, the good shepherd," quoth he,
Must be this night my keeper."

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Then high against a cold, grey rock
He saw the maiden leaning,
Her scarlet mantle rent in twain,
Her hair the wind entwining.

"O haste thee, haste, Childe Hugh," she cried,
"The wind it bloweth stronger.
My scarlet mantle's rent in twain,
And I can bide no longer."

He hastens on his weary steed,
And comes without delaying,
But there is nought but cold grey mist
Where late the maid was staying.

The cold black rain came pouring down,
The black cold wind howled stranger;
And cold and black the darkness hid
The chasm's sudden danger.

He wandered all that weary night;
In vain, in vain he sought her.
Alas, death is the price he pays
Who seeks the hill-king's daughter.

Penalty for Desertion

NANCY WOODWARD

And you—what do you know of why my heart is sore,
And if it is?—

Because you smile no more

Should I be sad?

Because you loved me once

Have I been glad?

You have no way of knowing—so I smile

And let you wonder if our little while

Meant anything to me—or less, or more.

The Skeleton In His Closet

ANNE BURNETT

YOU can't kid me," said Peggy. "That guy ain't ever bought no step-ins for a dame." Peggy had spoken, and everybody but the new secretary realized that there was nothing more to be said. Elsa, the new girl, went on.

"You never can tell about these pious-looking gents!"

"You're new here," said Peggy. "I ain't been doin' claims for that guy for three years, without findin' out that he's the real thing he looks like."

"Oh, yeah?" Elsa struck out her jaw toward the mirror, drew her lower lip tight over the teeth, and smoothed her lipstick. "Well, of course, just because he don't get out of breath when you're around him, don't prove anything."

Peggy looked scornfully down the ridge of her nose into her compact. She had been born Shanty Irish and knew instinctively the whole technique of disdain.

"Yeah?" she asked.

"Well,—I bet you a dollar to a coke that there's life in the old boy. Just give me a chance at him!"

"Yeah!" said Peggy, and finished the conversation.

Elsa pulled on her hat and slammed shut the cover of her desk. Peggy waited to be the last woman out of the office.

Tommy, the subject of the dispute, was Mr. Edwards, the Claims Superintendent, a meek, little, round man of fifty or so. His position in the concern was like that of the Lord Privy Seal in the English cabinet,—a niche without direct constitutional duties attendant on it, to which the Government might nominate a person of few specifically executive qualifications, but much general usefulness. In this case, the Assistant Claims Superintendent performed the duties of his superior, and Mr. Edwards held office by virtue of the fact that his sister had married the Government.

The Superintendentship was no sinecure, and Mr. Edwards was the only really indispensable member of the company, except the office boy. All nervous ladies over forty were consigned to him, to pour out the first incoherent rush of their woes in filing petitions for claims. The Assistant could depend

on him to listen in so sympathetic, yet so impersonal a way, that in the second telling of the tragedy to the Petitions Clerk, who had the authority to do something about it, the claim was always reduced to the least sum compatible with decent sorrow. To put it crudely, Mr. Edwards had saved the company some fifty thousand dollars during his term of office.

Another of his virtues was his appearance. In spite of his *embonpoint*, the impression he gave was one of asceticism,—a mild, tolerant asceticism which inspired confidence. Consequently he was used as the official representative of the company at Rotary luncheons, at civic demonstrations, and in all circumstances in which respectability might be personified to advantage.

But hidden under his bourgeois front cowered the poetic soul of Thomas Edwards. Far back in his ancestry there had been a Renaissance rake who spelled his name with an extra "E," and wrote Euphuistic verses. Three and a half centuries had not quite succeeded in burying the Euphuism, although the rakishness had been purged and idealized by a Metaphysical divine on his mother's side. And occasionally Edwards was aroused to pride and horror by an irresistible impulse to make a pretty figure of speech. Only by the most strenuous cultivation of gentility had he kept the outside world from suspecting his secret.

He was glad that the office girls suspected nothing, because of the dignity which he felt necessary to maintain in their presence. As yet none of them dreamed of his having had a more carnal desire than a taste for roast beef, well done, and with gravy. He had once heard that he was known affectionately as "Tommy" by some of the older clerks, but the disclosure had merely served to illustrate the trust they had in him.

Miss Gavin was waiting for the elevator when he closed the door of the outer office.

"Good evening, Miss Peggy."

"Good evening, Mr. Edwards."

There was a silence until the grill of the elevator closed behind them. Peggy had an unusual look of interest in her

eye as she leaned against the wall of the car. Something Elsa had said made her wonder about the little man opposite her.

"Oh, Mr. Edwards, I forgot to ask your O. K. on the Moore settlement. I'm taking it down to the Post Office now, to get it in the Air Mail. Is that all right?"

"Certainly, Miss Gavin, certainly. The Assistant showed it to me this morning." He smiled and looked at the floor, until it occurred to him that he, too, was going to the Post Office. "By the way, Miss Peggy, I'm going to town myself, and will be glad to take it down, if it will save you a trip."

Peggy started to thank him, but checked herself with a new inspiration. "That's awfully nice of you, Mr. Edwards, but I've gotta go downtown anyway . . . You couldn't take me, could you?"

It was more than he had expected, but there was nothing for a gentleman to do under the circumstances but to acquiesce as gracefully as possible. He was obviously flustered, both by the boldness of her request and by the thought of driving an attractive young person to town. As far as he knew no woman had ever ridden in his car.

On the whole, the trip began auspiciously. There was less trouble about seeing a girl into an automobile than he had expected, and Miss Gavin showed her sensibility by being perfectly silent until they crossed the bridge over the river. A traffic tie-up made them halt for a few minutes in the center of the bridge, and Mr. Edwards felt his eyes being drawn involuntarily to the sunset and the parkway along the bank. There was a long silence. He had forgotten that anyone else was in the car. Peggy looked down at the river with a bored expression. She had been completely right about Mr. Edward's character. She had never known a man to be so absolutely preoccupied before. She really didn't see much point in attempting a conversation, but she felt like talking.

"It's a pretty sunset, isn't it, Mr. Edwards?"

He jerked back to the need of the moment. "Yes, it certainly is."

"I suppose we'll be having winter in a week or two."

"Yes, I wouldn't be surprised." His voice trailed off as he turned to look out of the window on his side of the car.

Peggy sighed and looked at the river again from her window.

"The days are getting awful short now, aren't they?"

"Excuse me, what did you say, Miss Gavin?" She repeated the question. He nodded impersonally. Her fingers drummed against the window-ledge, as she tried to think of something else to say.

"I don't know what it is, but I always feel kind of funny when the sun goes down like that,—with it shining in all the windows of the Democrat Tower, like it was a fire."

The remark caught his attention and he turned. "That's a very poetical way of putting it, Miss Peggy."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. But I do like poetry, don't you?"

He nodded again. Peggy thought that she saw a light of interest in his eye, although it was slight. She continued,

"I don't know much about it, but I always used to think maybe I could write a poem some day. Take the way the trees look like skeletons,—somebody could write a poem about that, if they had been good in English at school, maybe."

He nodded vigorously. He was not so impressed with her poetic spirit, as he was with the simile she had just hinted at. That caught his imagination. He forgot that she was one of the office girls, and not simply a disembodied romantic soul, as he pursued the image.

"Trees like skeletons. Or more lacy than that. Sometimes I think that trees against a sunset look like harlots in black lace underthings, the kind you see in shop windows, waiting for their lovers, the winter winds. "You could make a poem of that." Then he paled and choked, realizing that more than a poem would be made of *that*.

It was almost a year before Mr. Edwards dared to speak to Miss Gavin again with any sense of dignity. And it was more than a year before he could pass a window full of lingerie, or look at trees against an autumn sunset, without blushing. To be sure, Peggy had acted nobly under the circumstances. She might have misunderstood his remark in such a way as to have made things unpleasant for him. He almost expected her to.

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She might have used it to blackmail him; or she might have spread the story through the whole office. But she said and did nothing at all about it. Her Irish background prompted her to realize that mystery was a useful weapon with which to maintain her autocratic position in the office.

Summer Nights

DOREEN CANADAY

NIGHT settles quickly on the moors. As soon as the last splendor of sunset flame died and became part of the pile of smouldering purple clouds, a heavy mist rose from the river and spread swiftly over the marshy land. In the moment's stillness that comes only at dawn and at dusk, the water rippled coolly over smooth stones, singing softly to itself. The willows, listening to the river's song, dripped long leafy branches into the water and let them trail gently down with the current. In the deep pools the water swirled and eddied, and fish were motionless, their silver scales gleaming like polished pebbles. Tiny mice scampered through the grass, and the wet blades tickled their backs; they made little burrows of grass, snuggled into them and were still. Presently the moon rose, a great round orange lantern hanging in the sky, behind the willows. Gold light shimmered on the river and whirled in patterns with the water as it curled around the stones.

There was an old arched, stone bridge over the river. As the moon swung higher into the sky it disclosed a little man sitting on the bridge, swinging his feet over the river. He leaned back on his hands and stared up at the moon out of a small pointed face. Then he sat up and rubbed his hands together. He was clad in short brown leather jerkin, green knee-breeches and high boots. On his head was a small wisp of a green hat, which was perched so carelessly that it looked like a leaf from a beech tree fallen on his head when he was asleep. His stubbly hair and beard were of a reddish color. The little man stood staring down into the water until he saw the moon's shimmering shadow staring up at him. Then he ran across the bridge and down to a large flat stone on the bank. He squatted, putting his face close to the water and whistled a low, trilling call that skipped along the water and ran lightly under the bridge. Sitting back on the rock he waited. Presently there came ripples and big bubbles slowly up stream against the current. There in the gold of the moon's reflection appeared a large wise-eyed, old, old turtle who

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blinked the water from his eyes and blew gold bubbles that rose and sailed down-stream very slowly. The little man spoke softly to him and called him Goruk. The turtle paddled to the rock and clambered onto it. The flood of moonlight on his glistening, broad wet back showed the polished green and brown shell in gold outline. The little man took from his pocket a worn leather strap, leaped on the turtle's back and whistled again. The turtle slithered off into the water. A trail of big gold bubbles followed them under the bridge.

“On summer nights when the moon is high
I see the stream flow, golden, by;
And I know by the gold-flecked curling foam
That the troll and his turtle are swimming home.”

To Everyone that was Ever Brave

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF

I watch you passing through unhappy years
And sigh because my heart is not the kind
To follow the stern orders of my mind.
I am a prey to foolishness and fears
Cowardly actions and dull weary tears.
I linger many frightened miles behind
The battles of lost armies, for I find
I have no courage when the combat nears.

Oh noble gentlemen who love to die
With useless courage on the hopeless field,
I shudder at your false-triumphant cry,
Just as I turn and serve the victors, then
I wave farewell to you who did not yield.
Good-bye forever to you, gentlemen.



Posed by Miss Peggy Tobin

Photograph by Waxman Studios

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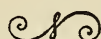
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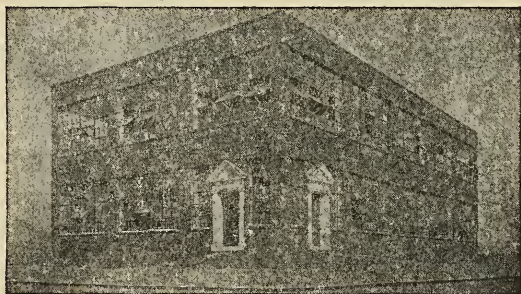
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
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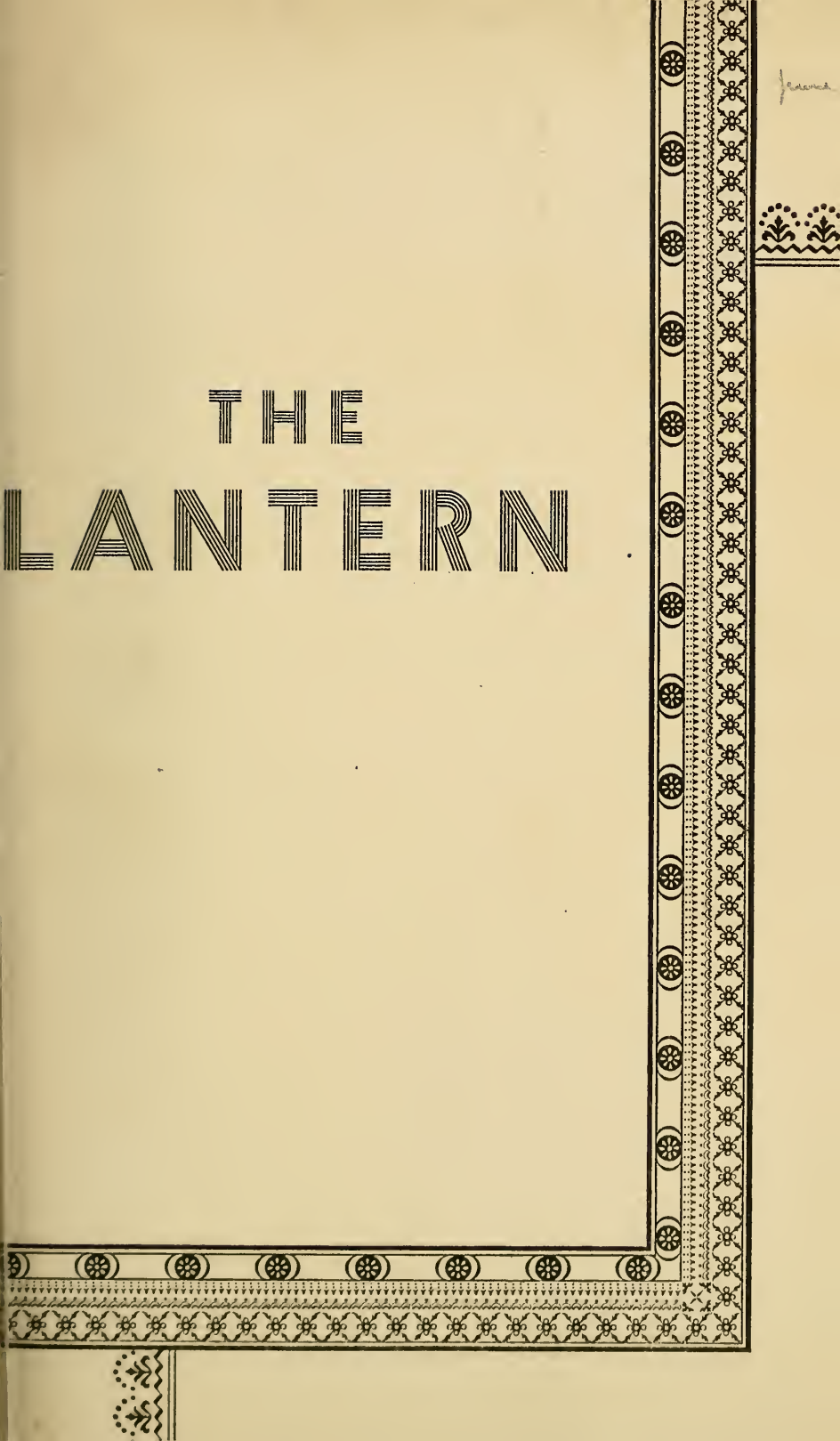
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ANNE HOLLOWAY

Business Manager

POLLY SCHWABLE

Assistant Manager

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Olim

A SYMBOLIC PLAY IN ONE ACT

MOLLIE NICHOLS

THE SCENE: *At any time in the living room of a cottage. Center a long table with lamp, up right corner a grandfather clock that ticks noisily all the way through. Beside it a small table on which lies the only book in the room. The right side center is a long window with white curtains and sunshine and flowers beyond, the up left wall is a fireplace with a mantel and the family portrait above it. The whole is very heavily carpeted and gives the air of having been and intending to be the same forever. There is the outside entrance down left and one to the garden back center. An old woman is stitting in a rocking chair to the right of the table and there is an empty one to the left of the table. A straight chair to the left of the fireplace where a young girl is sitting and on the other side of the mantel a similar chair with a pile of unfinished carpentering beside it. The girl has at her right a pile of unfinished needlework. She is tall thin and quite pale but with a quick smile and bright eyes. As the curtain rises she is doing some sort of embroidery, the old mother rocks back and forth and the clock ticks.*

Presently the girl puts down her work surreptitiously and keeping her eye on her mother's back, sneaks across the room and takes the book from the table by the clock. Just as she is getting back to her chair her mother speaks without turning or apparently having seen a thing—

MOTHER:

Come here with it, my child, I now recall
I didn't finish all there was to read.

GIRL (*disappointed and frustrated*):

But Mother—

MOTHER:

Come! Some time you'll have a chance
But now your stitching has the greater need.
(*She takes the book without getting up and opens it without reading or stopping her knitting*).

THE LANTERN

GIRL:

Sometimes I wish the room were full of books
So I could read them too, and get to know—
Oh, everything. But as it is the one
We have is yours and I can only sew.

MOTHER:

You're lucky, Mary, so few girls your age
Can boast a home and careful parents too,
Here, dry your eyes and start your work again
And show us both tonight what you can do.

GIRL:

But I don't want to sew!

MOTHER:

What!

GIRL:

Can't you see
I'm sick of thread and needles, sick to death.
I hate this room where all we do is sit
And hear the clock tick on; where every breath
Is like the next. I want to read and learn
And be excited when the dragon dies
Or hear the story of the stars and feel
Their distance—

MOTHER:

No child, knowledge just defies
The deference that young must feel for old,
(*and then in one of those despicable martyrlike tones*)
But take the book—

GIRL:

You know I can't when you
Put on that air!
(*This receives no response so she stands a minute irresolute
and then gives up*)

Well—Work again, I guess.
(*She goes and sits and starts sewing once more*).
Embroidery—what use—

MOTHER:

I must confess
You're not quite grateful.

THE LANTERN

(Mary has heard this sort of thing before, she starts sewing hard and her mother puts down the book and resumes her knitting. In a minute the girl's eyes are wandering again. She gets up a second time, coming to the outside door down left. She puts her hand on the knob irresolutely, then stoops and looks through the keyhole.)

Well, what is it now?

GIRL:

Oh nothing—

MOTHER:

Nothing, nothing

(more softly and even stopping her rocking)

Tell me, dear.

GIRL:

(coming to table center)

I want to travel

(her mother sighs and rocks again)

MOTHER:

That's a rich man's sport.

Besides if you came back to us—

GIRL:

(hopeful that this is her chance)

I would!

MOTHER:

You'd have forgotten everything we taught.

GIRL:

(going back to the door)

But think of all those people leading lives

I've never dreamed of. They must laugh and cry

Like characters in books, only more real.

I'd be so happy if I thought that I

Might join them.

(She puts her hand on the door knob again but looks back and sees her mother still rocking)

No—Some future day perhaps.

(she stands dreaming until there comes this cheerful reminder.)

MOTHER:

Your work, dear—

THE LANTERN.

GIRL:

Oh, I can't.

MOTHER:

Now Mary stop!

You've dawdled long enough, you're wasting time.

GIRL:

(with increasing excitement)

Well then I want to waste time 'til I drop—

If I could once get through that door—

MOTHER:

You can!

GIRL:

But you and father'd never take me in

Again. And I can't do a single thing

That people want *(more reflective.)* But maybe I
could win

My way alone.

(She is fast making up her mind to take the fatal step.)

It would be fun to go

And with the others, watch the sun's bright gold

Slip into silver night. We'd never sew

But laugh, then cry, then smile, as we grew old.

MOTHER:

(coming over to her)

We need you more than they do, Mary dear.

GIRL:

But you've had me so long, mama; each year

I've tried to leave but couldn't. Now I know

I have to live out there. So let me start

With you and father wishing for it—

MOTHER:

No!

GIRL:

(This was her last plea. The answer makes up her mind to leave and she has no more compunction)

I couldn't stay now if the gates of Hell

Were in my path. Good-bye!

(She jerks open the door and her father is standing there ready to come in).

THE LANTERN

MOTHER:

Stop, Mary!

FATHER:

Well—

What seems to be the matter?

GIRL:

(all the wind out of her sails)

Nothing.

FATHER:

Good.

My slippers child?

(Mother goes back to her rocking. Girl brings slippers to her father who also starts to rock and then she sits aimlessly in the empty chair downstage of the fireplace, brooding.)

MOTHER:

(assumed patience)

Now, Mary, not that chair!

You know it's been your brother's thirty years.

GIRL:

(getting up wearily)

And empty fifteen of them since he left.

(She looks at the door where he made his exit and wishes she'd gone with him).

He won't come back.

(Her parents stop rocking for just a second.)

FATHER:

(somewhat reproving)

Of course he will, my dear.

(and they start rocking again. Mary goes to the window right and leans out. She's still rebellious although not actively so)

GIRL:

I wish I'd gone with him then, long ago.

It was a day like this, when lilacs throw

Their fragrance in your face. And breezes tug

Your skirts. And sunshine's touch is like a drug

That warms your skin and tangles up your hair

And makes you go and go, no matter where.

I wonder if you'd tire of it soon

THE LANTERN

To be as free as air and half as light,
With no companions but the sun and moon—
You'd laugh all day and maybe dream all night.
NO—in the end it would be just the same;
For one gets bored with any single tone.
If there were just one person I could claim;
Instead of walking through it all alone.

(She stays looking out the window while the rocking and ticking go on).

FATHER:

(As a matter of course)

Well, Mary, tell me what you've done today.
Have you just look'd and smil'd and smil'd and
look'd

Or were you busy while I was away?

GIRL:

(turning suddenly with her inspiration)

Yes, father, I've decided I can write,
And tell the other people how I feel

(she starts to take paper and pencil from the table but father is there first)

I'll make them stop and stare and—

FATHER:

Not tonight!

I'd like to see your sewing—something real.

GIRL:

(still enthusiastic)

No, father, please—

FATHER:

Mary, I've never known

You like this.

GIRL:

(to herself, getting her embroidery)

No! I guess I'll stay alone—

(she brings her work back to her father and shows it to him leaning over his shoulder with her back to the door from the garden. In this comes a young man in gardener's clothes. He seems all the time to be in a dream in which he and Mary alone figure. She feels his presence suddenly, turns

THE LANTERN

quickly, gasps—takes a few steps toward him and then stops. From now on these two talk together and obviously do not hear a word the parents are saying.)

GIRL:

(recovering her breath but still enchanted)

Who are you?

YOUNG MAN:

Now you ask I cannot think

(he laughs)

I saw you from the garden—

GIRL:

When the trees

Were telling wicked stories?

YOUNG MAN:

Laughing too!

(They both understand and are amused for no apparent cause)

GIRL:

(coming a step nearer)

I wish I'd seen you—

MOTHER:

(they've both stopped rocking)

Mary, will you please

Explain yourself?

FATHER:

My child, are you insane?

Come over here and introduce the man.

GIRL:

(still completely entranced)

I've seen you somewhere.

YOUNG MAN:

Do you ever dream?

GIRL:

But I could look forever. Can you read?

And joke with people and make stories seem

As real as life?

YOUNG MAN:

If that is what you need.

GIRL:

How wonderful.

THE LANTERN

FATHER:

How wonderful indeed!

(It has been growing dusk since the boy came in and this gives the now worried parent a suggestion for a way of distracting his daughter once more.)

Oh Mary child, it's time to light the light!

MOTHER:

She doesn't hear us. Do you think this might
Be all—like John—she'll vanish—

FATHER:

No, I don't!

We've got to try to keep her so she won't.

MOTHER:

Now Mary come, you're work is over there.

FATHER:

(as a great concession)

And you can have both yours and brother's chair.

(There is no response except that Mary takes another step toward the door.)

MOTHER:

(in real terror)

She's going!

FATHER:

No she can't!

YOUNG MAN:

Then will you come?

GIRL:

Of course I will—

MOTHER:

You won't!

FATHER:

You're leaving home!

GIRL:

(looking out)

It's dark now isn't it? I'm scared, I guess—

YOUNG MAN:

Here, take my hand. You're happy though?

GIRL:

Oh yes!

I've never been before. Where shall we go?

YOUNG MAN:

Oh, just somewhere together—I don't know.
(They exit while Mother and Father gasp fruitlessly and then resign themselves to fate. Father goes over and closes the door, straightens the now neglected sewing, kisses his wife on the forehead and they both go back to rocking as the lights dim out.)

CURTAIN

Mont' Albano

ELIZABETH M. MORROW

Not to the God of the Christians,
Not to the gods of Rome,
I pray to the gods that are buried deep
In the richness of blackened loam.
I pray to the gods of the hearthstone,
To the hairy herdsman's guide,
To the little brown men of the dale and fen
Who dance at the river's side.

Give me no ripe Benedictine,
Nor the sweet fruit of Bacchus' vine,
But fill up my cup with the heavy milk
From the udders of fertile kine.
I drink to the little dark gods
That have wisdom older than man,
Who have lain in the rounded breasts of the hills
Since the rocks and waters began.

THE LANTERN

Five Sonnets

FROM A SERIES, *THE PILLARS OF HERCULES*

CLARA FRANCES GRANT

STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR

Blackness is vanished and the low-hung stars are gone
All in a breath. For here no flush of grey
In the east gives slow forewarning of the dawn;
There is hardly time for a sigh between darkness and day.
Day is born in the fog. The first awake
Are African hills, sand-brown along the sea.
Then with a fire so fierce that the mist must break
The sun flames up. The peaks of Spain shake free
Their purple-furrowed sides, and the clouds, uncurled,
Are all aflame and smoky in the straits.
This is the threshold of a just-remembered world,
These are not rocks, but the pillars of her gates.
Sailing into the morning and into the past,
Who dares to say that empires do not last?

ALGIERS

White, white-hot in the smoke of desert dust
Algiers lies like a lizard on the dune,
Unstartled, stirring only when she must
Take breath to last the torpid afternoon.
These sand cliffs are an outpost of old France—
Villas and gardens glistening, and a view
Almost beyond the ocean—if expanse
Can have an end in mist—where blue meets blue;
And in the heart of this the Arab town,
Above whose alleys toppling houses meet,
Where banners of Mahomet are borne down
The cobbled, odorous, filth-encumbered street,
Where Fear walks crying "Let me be alone!"
Armed with a half-moon knife and a flying stone.

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RAGUSA, DALMATIA

In the grey-green shadow of the mountain side,
Against the cobalt sea, Ragusa dreams
Away each golden day, lulled by the tide.
Some lingering splendor of old Venice gleams
In her white streets, as if the unwilling ghost
Of royal purple years would not depart.
The monks among their vineyards—gardens lost
Deep in the shade of a dim cloister's heart—
Have learned serenity behind these walls,
Stone upon massive stone, that guard the hill.
Between the cypresses striped moonlight falls,
And save for singing waves the world is still.
Seasons change here, and day pursues the night,
But Ragusa dreams and does not heed their flight.

MT. PARNASSOS, GREECE

The hills are hung with rose in the early dawn,
And mist coils off the shore to the beckoning sea;
Edges are soft before the dew is gone,
And the fields are a silver-shimmering mystery.
But the peaks sharpen and the grass and dust grow grey,
And the olive trees are grey with a ripple of green,
And the dry white flame of a long mid-summer's day
Burns high. But up above the steep ravine,
Climbing as the sun goes, into the blue air,
I reach the four winds' meeting-place, and here,
In bars of green and amber with the bare
Thirst-driven look of a dry year,
Around me and beyond me lies the whole of Greece
Rocked in the blue arms of encircling seas.

ISTANBUL

By the swift-foaming Bosphorus, Istanbul
Pierces the sky with her million minarets,
Remembers her old glory and the fire now cool,
And wonders bitterly why the world forgets
That twice she was that world's imperial throne.

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In the early evening when the city fades to grey,
When sky and smoke from anchored ships are one,
Then the last gold streamer of the dying day
Is her diadem and she is queen again;
The pearls and the gold and the crimson come to life,
Her streets are loud with the iron tramp of men
Who have conquered worlds, and with trumpet-calls of strife.
But the day has died and the phantasy is air,
And Istanbul is kneeling in evening prayer.

Te Deum Gratiamur

MARIA M. COXE

Dear God, I thank Thee, because Thou hast made me know
It is Thy will that henceforth I should go
Singing to all men that Thou hast made Life fair;
How, veiled in the pain of Thy face hanging there,
Shines, like the sun of winter through the snow,
The Peace and Gladness that are Thine to show
To those who know.

Dear God, I thank Thee that Thou hast made me see
Through all the years that were and are to be
That bright intensity of springing Life
Shines through the blood that flows from thorns of strife,
Making the struggle worth the Agony;
For this deep secret Thou hast shown to me—
This Torch of Promise from the glowing Rood,
The Life that flowed from Thy pierced side, with blood
Washing Mankind with Thine Eternity
Of the Life-Spirit—"Life, even in Death, is good!"

“A Servant When He Reigneth”

ELLEN NICHOLS

A SMALL, mouse-like woman opened the study door. “A person named Ashley to see you, Mr. Botsford. I think he come about that shofer’s job.” The young man seated at the roll-top desk looked up from some papers spread out before him.

“Thank you, Mrs. Greene. I’ll be right there.”

Mr. Botsford was, to all appearances, completely undistinguished. His voice was thin and high-pitched, the sort whose accents threatened tears. His hair was sandy and far from plentiful; the ghost of a mustache darkened his upper lip. Any spark of light that might emanate from his pale, gray eyes would be obscured by a pair of spectacles. When he stood up, the clothes on his spare frame were recognizable as the kind which one sees occasionally in the shops, and wonders to whose uninspired senses the making, the selling, or the wearing of them could give pleasure. His movements were nervous and indecisive, and a worried frown seldom left his brow. We have said that he was undistinguished in appearance; what saved him from being so in fact was the possession of the roomy, old-fashioned house he inhabited, and of a modest fortune—an heritage to which he seemed absolutely indifferent. Nothing in his dress or manner of living suggested that he had resources other than the salary paid him by the Citizens’ Savings Bank—paid more out of respect to his father’s memory than to his own ability. The Botsfords’ had always the gift of providing handsomely for themselves, and then taking great pride in concealing their affluence. In the case of this Mr. Botsford, the last of the line, it was not so much pride as forgetfulness. He was “not a bad” young man: he was kind and inoffensive. He simply impressed one with the feeling that it would be hard to justify his existence on either utilitarian or aesthetic grounds.

He moved toward the door with an air of assurance, but quailing within. He was no hand at this sort of thing—hiring servants. His father had engaged Mrs. Greene and the gardener, and their quiet, faithful service had made further

dealings unnecessary. For a moment Mr. Botsford cursed the rash transaction that had placed him in need of a chauffeur. Two weeks before, a Botsford uncle had died, leaving among his effects a Pierce Arrow touring-car of ancient design, but in a good state of preservation. His widow, contemplating the solace of an extended trip abroad, wished to dispose of the automobile. Mr. Botsford had never enjoyed the possession of such a vehicle, and an unaccountable enthusiasm stirred him all at once to the point of rescuing it from the clutches of a second-hand dealer. It was not until his aunt's "hired man" had driven the Pierce Arrow into the space cleared for it in the old Botsford barn, and gone away, that the new owner realized the necessity of finding a chauffeur of his own, if the car were ever to be brought out of the barn. For certainly, Mr. Botsford could not drive it himself: traffic bewildered him, sudden emergencies were apt to paralyze him. The thought of the terrifying energy of an automobile given into his uncertain keeping made him tremble. There was nothing to do but advertise in the newspapers; and this was the first response.

Mr. Botsford encountered Ashley in the hall, and stood transfixed. The man was a giant: Mr. Botsford came scarcely to his shoulder, and was forced to stare at his coat front while they conversed. Ashley's massive figure seemed ready to burst asunder the seams of his livery, and from out his imperturbable countenance, two glassy eyes looked steadily down at the top of Mr. Botsford's head.

Mr. Botsford found his tongue with difficulty.

"Ah—Mr. Ashley, I believe?

"Yessir!"

Mr. Botsford gulped. When Ashley spoke, the very timbers of the house shook at his voice.

"Uh—you know anything about Pierce Arrows?"

"Yessir!"

"I want someone to take care of my car. It's a Pierce Arrow—not a very new model, I'm afraid—steering-wheel on the wrong side, and all. I hope you won't mind that."

Ashley's features did not relax. "No sir!"

"You see, this car belonged to my uncle. I don't drive, myself. Uh—it's out in the barn now. I presume you know

just what to do?"

"Yessir!"

Mr. Botsford paused uncertainly. He couldn't be doing this the right way; there must be a great many questions he should have asked before he got this far. It was plain that Ashley considered himself hired. Mr. Botsford fought off the conviction that it was Ashley, and not himself, who was conducting the interview, by asking the first question that came into his head.

"Are you married?"

"No sir!" shouted Ashley indignantly.

Mr. Botsford winced. It would have made Ashley a bit less formidable if some human weakness of that sort could be found in him.

"Have you references?"

"Yessir!" Ashley produced a sheaf of papers from his pocket. Mr. Botsford sorted them with shaking hands and scanned them uncomprehendingly. He must conclude the interview somehow; he felt that he was being surrounded and suffocated by Ashley's overpowering presence. He had a foolish idea that at any moment Ashley might start roaring at him; without a doubt, Ashley could make as much noise as a dozen ordinary men.

"Well, Mr. Ashley," he stammered, "I think you'll do nicely. I really shan't be using the car very often, you know—just to business, and so forth. I dare say Mrs. Greene will find it convenient for shopping. How would, say, fifty dollars a week suit you?"

"Fif—!" Ashley stared, then checked himself rapidly. "That will be very good, sir!"

When Ashley had gone, Mr. Botsford sank into a chair and wiped his forehead. Mrs. Greene appeared out of the shadows of the back hall, a candid eavesdropper.

"My Guy, sir!" she gasped, uttering her favorite oath. "Are you really going to pay that chump fifty a week to drive you to work and back? He don't deserve half of it!"

"I know," said Mr. Botsford weakly. "I can't think what made me say that. But he looks like a good man, Mrs. Greene. And you'll be glad to use the car, won't you?"

"Mr. Botsford," said Mrs. Greene solemnly. "It's not my place to lecture—but don't you let that Ashley scare you."

"Scare me—huh! What makes you think I'm scared?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, I'm sure, sir." Mrs. Greene retreated to the kitchen.

* * * * *

Ashley proved to be a model of efficiency. He performed his tasks only too well, with the air of a man of vast abilities consigned to a role shamefully beneath his merit. Mr. Botsford, riding to and from the bank with Ashley's great back shutting out the view of the street, came to the realization that the Pierce Arrow was as much too small for Ashley's dignity as it was too large for his own purposes. Ashley never smiled, never frowned, never spoke to anyone unless directly addressed; and Mr. Botsford was in much too great awe of him to open conversation unless it was absolutely necessary. Ashley, his employer feared, was bored. In order to provide a slight change in the routine, Mr. Botsford sometimes invited certain friends of the family for drives in the country, hoping that the beauties of nature would take Ashley by surprise. They never did. In various subtle ways Ashley conveyed to Mr. Botsford the fact that he despised the whole business—the clumsy, out-moded car, the uneventful trips to the bank and the grocery-store, and Mr. Botsford himself. Especially, Mr. Botsford. Mrs. Greene had been right—he *was* afraid of Ashley, and had been from the first—afraid not to hire him—afraid to call him plain "Ashley" without the "Mr."—afraid to reduce his wages—afraid to maintain any independent judgments in the face of Ashley's decisions. And Ashley knew it.

There was, for instance, the matter of Locust Avenue. Locust Avenue was the most direct route to the bank, yet Ashley studiously avoided it. Instead, he took a roundabout course through Ford Place and Water Street, a section of the city which Mr. Botsford did not like. For a time, Mr. Botsford refrained from commenting on this peculiarity; but one day, when he was in a hurry, he asked Ashley to drive down Locust Avenue. Ashley politely refused—not in so many words, of course—but he said that with such a big, awkward

machine as this, they were certain to get tied up in the heavy traffic on Locust Avenue, and the other route was really quicker. Mr. Botsford subsided, annoyed and mystified.

He did not know just how the conviction came to him that Ashley was not "on the square." Perhaps it was the Locust Avenue incident: Ashley had certainly lied about that. And why did Ashley keep this job, if it was so repugnant to him? Of course, there was his pay-check; no sensible man would throw that away without a thought. Mr. Botsford regretted that pay-check again and again: it was the money which kept Ashley from severing their uncomfortable relationship of his own accord, and making way for a more engaging successor—Mr. Botsford was convinced of this. But there must be some other reason . . . some under-handed enterprise from which this connection with a respectable man like Mr. Botsford would serve to avert suspicion. With increasing frequency, Mr. Botsford fancied that he caught a furtive expression on Ashley's usually impassive face. Ashley was hiding something: Mr. Botsford was ready to stake his fortune on it. He had it—Ashley was a gangster!

His awe of Ashley's great size and loud voice, now combined with the belief that Ashley was a rascal, produced a very real terror in Mr. Botsford's breast; he felt like a rat in a trap, and he had no hope that Ashley would treat him mercifully when his time came. At the same time, there arose in him a dull, resentful anger, which, to his surprise, occasionally threatened to overcome the terror. The damned insolence of the fellow!—bringing his tainted person to a decent man's door, and making use of his employer to further his nefarious schemes! So Ashley thought he didn't know about the Locust Avenue business, eh? Well, he did! Ashley wanted to go through Ford Place and Water Street because that was his "hang-out;" no doubt he had numerous cronies lurking in the doorways of the pawn-shops and old saloons, ready to exchange signals. He didn't want to go through Locust Avenue, because there were too many policemen there, who might recognize him. No—that wasn't it—for Ashley had a singularly wide acquaintance with policemen, it seemed; numbers of them grinned at him openly. Still, Mr. Botsford had noticed that

Ashley answered them guardedly, and once he actually saw Ashley's ears redden when a policeman outside the bank hailed him. *That* was certainly queer!

He considered asking for police protection—but what grounds for suspicion could he offer, which would impress the officers of the law, so long accustomed to the complaints of timid citizens? He might acquire an automatic pistol, or a police whistle—but he couldn't fire the pistol, and a police whistle, even if he could get possession of one (which he doubted), would probably be of no use on Ford Place or Water Street, where he expected to need it; he did not remember ever having seen a policeman in that neighborhood. No, he was helpless—that was the plain truth of it. Life, for Mr. Botsford was becoming one long nightmare diversified by imaginary machine-gun shootings and midnight kidnappings.

* * * * *

It was Ashley's afternoon off, and Mr. Botsford was making some business calls down-town. As he came out of an office-building, his eye was caught by the sight of a large man standing in the doorway of a women's clothing store. It was Ashley, looking bigger than ever in a tan tweed suit, a stiff straw hat and a bright necktie; it was Ashley, *and he was standing on Locust Avenue*. More than that, he was talking to a girl—a pretty girl. Once, Mr. Botsford might have been glad of that—the more softening influences to which Ashley could be subjected, the better. But he was wiser now. The girl was much prettier than any of the young ladies of Mr. Botsford's acquaintance: he decided at once that she was dangerous. She was Ashley's—what-do-you-call-it?—"moll. There were paper cuff-protectors on her sleeves; Mr. Botsford divined that she was a clerk in the women's clothing store. He was already late for his next appointment, so he was forced to hurry on without further examination of this interesting scene; but he thought he saw one reason why Ashley had feelings about Locust Avenue—although it did not explain his avoidance of it.

The girl across the street was saying to Ashley:

"Listen, Joe—what about that guy you shofer for? Where does he work? I never see you come down the street here,

THE LANTERN

and most all the cars line up for the traffic light, one time or another. Don't he have an office, or something like that?"

Ashley considered. "Well, you see, Pat, he's one of these rich guys—wealthy sportsmen they call 'em—country clubs and all that. He don't come to work more than once or twice a week—just to keep up appearances, see—and when he does, I get the traffic lights just right up by the square, and come swingin' down so smooth you wouldn't notice me. Swell engine, that Pierce Arrow."

"What does it look like?" she asked.

"Oh—a maroon tonneau—sort of chromium finish. Ver-ry swank, I might say. It's great driving it—does ninety per on a smooth road."

"Oh!" breathed Pat. "It must be an elegant job, shofering for him, or you wouldn't've left the force to do it—I know that. But you said he had other cars—a blue roadster—Rolls Royce or something."

"Yes," said Ashley carefully, "that's one of 'em—a blue Rolls."

Pat's eyes glowed; she lowered her voice to a whisper.

"Does he use it all the time? Don't he ever let you take it by yourself—sometimes when he's at the country club? Couldn't you take me for a ride in it some Thursday afternoon when I'm off? O Joe, I'd just die for a ride in a blue Rolls!"

Ashley shifted his feet uncomfortably. "Well, you see, Pat, this guy is very swell—ver-ry swell indeed—and I don't know—as I'd want to ask him, you see—"

"Has he got a girl of his own to use it?"

"Oh no,—he ain't got a girl!"

"Oh, he ain't!—too swell for that, too, I suppose. Well listen here, Joe Ashley. It's some shofer that claims to be driving half a dozen cars, and don't even show up with one of 'em. It's my opinion you'd do well to go back to the force—if they'd take you."

Slam!—the screen door banged to behind her.

"But listen, Pat, this guy I work for—" Ashley's voice, with a note of humility and pleading in it which would have

delighted Mr. Botsford's ear, trailed off dismally. He sauntered slowly down the street.

* * * * *

Returning from the bank late one afternoon, Mr. Botsford was considering Ashley's unresponsive bulk, in the seat ahead. Ever since the episode of the girl, Mr. Botsford had been speculating even more wildly about Ashley's private life. There was nothing intrinsically menacing in the situation; but when Ashley had said he was not married, Mr. Botsford had assumed that he was as innocent of feminine connections as himself. Ashley involved with a girl—not a wife—was a more sinister Ashley, for Mr. Botsford felt that the girl must be thoroughly abandoned to consort with such company, and he had lived long enough to know that You Never Can Tell About Women.

A month had now passed since Ashley had taken on the aspect of a gangster, and so far, he had done nothing desperate; he was simply more overbearing, if possible. But Mr. Botsford did not despair; patience, he guessed, was as valuable an attribute in the underworld as elsewhere, and Ashley would show his true colors in good time. At the sound of every blow-out and backfire of automobiles on Ford Place and Water Street, Mr. Botsford's heart rose up and stuck in his throat, while cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. Ashley, solid as a mountain, appeared never to notice these disturbances.

Water Street was baking in the hot sun, and it looked deserted and dead. Hardly anyone was going either in or out of the shops—all of them doubtless sinks of corruption. The Pierce Arrow bobbed along over the holes in the pavement, with the peculiar shrill refrain its engine had recently adopted. Suddenly, two men darted out from a side street. To Mr. Botsford's horror, they leapt upon the running-board of the Pierce Arrow, and one of them pressed something to Ashley's side.

"All right, brother," he said, "step on it for all she's worth!"

The car throbbed and roared to Ashley's frantic acceleration. Mr. Botsford, crouching in the back seat, was suddenly swept into raging fury. So this was Ashley's game, was it?—pre-

tending to be held up by two of his own accomplices! He leaned forward.

"Ashley!" he cried, forgetting the "Mr." He was almost sobbing with rage. "Ashley! stop this car! Stop it immediately, I tell you!"

A large hand covered most of Mr. Botsford's face. It belonged to the gentleman who had climbed in on Mr. Botsford's right. But the captive managed to wriggle free for a moment.

"Ashley—" he sputtered—"Ashley—you stop this car or you are discharged. Do you hear me, Ashley?—*Discharged!*"

"My God, sir!" croaked Ashley. The Pierce Arrow careered on up the street.

"Shut up and let 'er go!" commanded Ashley's guardian angel. "Come on—come on—faster!"

All at once, from a block or so behind them, there came to Mr. Botsford's unbelieving ears the shrill blast of a police whistle. A policeman—on Water Street! Ashley groaned aloud—it could not be with relief! There was an answering blast ahead; at the next corner, a motorcycle-policeman was swinging his machine about, preparatory to bringing up with the Pierce Arrow. Mr. Botsford could just see this phenomenon over his companion's hand, which was taking such unpleasant liberties with his face. The two men saw it, too. In a flash, they had vaulted over the doors and were dashing across the street. Something clattered to the road; it was the weapon that had got taxi-service out of Ashley. As Ashley slammed on the brakes and brought the car to an abrupt stop, Mr. Botsford observed that the object was not a pistol, but a piece of lead pipe.

Mr. Botsford and Ashley were both out of the car in a trice, but the chase, now joined by a policeman on foot, had disappeared around a corner. Mr. Botsford was panting, but he surveyed Ashley with some deliberation. Ashley's face was gray, his eyes were bulging, and his knees could not support him; he sank to the running-board.

"What's the meaning of this? Ashley, are you a gangster?"

"A gang—a *gangster!* sir?" Ashley's mouth hung open, and his teeth were chattering.

Mr. Botsford perceived that the man's consternation was genuine.

"No matter, Ashley," he remarked hastily. So those men had really meant business, then! Shots echoed from a distance. Ashley was staring fascinatedly in the direction whence the men had disappeared.

For some strange reason, the image of the policeman in front of the bank came to Mr. Botsford's mind, and a sudden inspiration.

"Ashley," he asked, "are you a policeman?"

Ashley turned to him with a start.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "I was on the force once—yes."

"Why did you leave it?"

"Why sir, you see it's rough work—er, that is—I've always been quite a hand with cars, sir—you see—"

"I see," said Mr. Botsford. Sudden, incredulous joy enveloped him. It was all clear as though in a revelation. Ashley had been on the force, and Ashley had been discharged. Unbelievable—but there it was, written all over the man's huge, quivering face, sounding in his choked, subdued voice. Sometime, when the public safety had been endangered—when perhaps the lives of little children had been at stake (Mr. Botsford's lungs swelled with emotion—he dared not contemplate the further possible consequences of Ashley's shameful conduct)—Ashley *had run away*—he had deserted his duty! Never had Mr. Botsford tasted so sweet a moment as this. Ashley was no gangster at all, he was an unsuccessful policeman; he was more of a coward than Mr. Botsford himself! And now the fellow was making excuses:

"You see, sir, I wasn't well—the beats are quite long—"

"I understand perfectly," replied Mr. Botsford in a delicate tone." And now, Ashley, we'll drive to the police-station. They may want some—ah—particulars about this affair." He cleared his throat with precision. "And hereafter, Ashley, we'll go by way of Locust Avenue, if you don't mind. I can't say that I care for this part of town."

"Yes, sir," said Ashley.

An Actor

BETTY BOCK

"Good-bye, Old Laz," he cried, and flung a foot
Across the horse's back, who waited there,
Patient beneath his quivering master's hand,
As a flyer might who sought the word whose sound
Would send him up into the darkening sky
To fence with death. "I'm coming back home soon,
When Hamlet has died as he will, as he must, in the play.
Damn Shakespeare! Why must I die on the stage—yet
Before a breathless crowd—how glorious!
How little like the soft, slow-creeping death
That catches sick men in their narrow beds,
Lying between white sheets."

"But, Massa Booth,
I's goin' North to see my daughter, Cindy Ann.
She sent for me last week."

"You're going, too?"

And I'll be left alone. Aye there's the rub—
Alone, who should have millions at my feet,
Alone, and wondering in the dark of hate
Why I am only I, and that great beast
Is president, and rules the death of men,
And takes my slaves from me, and all I have
To burn them in the scorching flame of pity,
Of heartache for his fellowmen! Of heartache?
Of malice toward the owner of old Laz,
Of malice toward our southern grace and pride,
That lives and dies with glory that his hard,
Self-righteous soul can never know.
To die on the stage, and dying kill the foe,
And bring my South her old, glad days once more—
Booth! the martyr, hero, actor, saint!
Old Laz could never go away again."

On Patience

GERTA FRANCHOT

PATIENCE in its true form is rare; but when possessed, it is life giving and life sustaining. It stands alone among the virtues, for they wax and wane, are killed and are born again, while it grows steadily like a mountain within us. Patience is not acquired over night, nor does it enter the soul as a gleaming brand shot from the hand of the Lord; rather is it a slowly increasing coloration of mind and body, permeating like a dye to every centimeter of our being.

Often with lassitude, sickness, or great shock, patience seems to follow; but that is not the true kind, which is a growth, not a degeneration, and which is rather metabolism than decay. Moreover, one cannot doubt but that moments of great insight are accompanied by patience; but those moments are too close to the divine, too rare and instantaneous, and the patience derived from them is as fleeting as the vision. Rather do I mean by patience that quiet quality which becomes a part of our life every day, which tempers every action, governing and controlling the heat of the blood and the dynamic electricity of the mind. I say tempers, not freezes; and controls, not deadens. Just as the wild horse must not be killed in the taming, so the spirit in man which will ever lead him careering must not be smothered and dulled. This force inside us which seems merely to goad the body and mind to new excesses, which seems to be as destructive as a great free waterfall rushing into the valley and destroying the orchards, is as precious to man as sunlight, as burning and as vital. But it must be manipulated. That is the function of patience.

Perhaps it would be well to discover exactly what patience is, how it grows, and what has made it grow. Let us first look on the impatient man: He is the violent one, who will ever be acting and never calmly regarding the fruits of his action; he sees not the continuity of his living and the line stretching from point to point, but rather has his eye fixed always on the next point and his senses tense for the jump. Aware of

only one moment at a time, he has a fine intolerance for the past, and finds it hard to wait for the future. He neither links up the different sections of his own life, nor his life with that of others; He seems to have failed to learn how, even partially to free himself from the intensity of the moment.

Patience may grow anywhere; those who have suffered the adversities of the world, often possess it; but there are many who have suffered as much and still lack it. Old people who are resigned may appear to have it, likewise the young who lack inward force. But both resignation and sloth are negative, hope-denying; while patience is a breathing, well-ordered expectation. It grows to its fullest extent when, after all difficulties, successes and failures have been faced, after much wild "leaping from crag to crag" has been accomplished, finally, the leaper has begun to observe his leaping, the crags, and all other leapers. For consciousness, ever awakening, is essential to patience.

Now just as there are many degrees of sleep, so are there degrees of awareness. There are those persons who are aware of a little and, because of it, are more impatient than ever; there are those who are conscious to a very full degree, yet, who, through some terrible twist in their natures, see all bad and no good, see only degeneration and decay instead of the slowly, swelling stream of existence. For them there is no peace. The cause of this state of awareness and despair forever baffles us. What is it that they lack? Why, when they have so great insight do they not possess that final intuition which would give them patience? For an answer, we must turn to those rare persons who do possess it, and try to discover the secret of their great fortune.

Strange as it may seem to many, there are a few persons who have achieved awakening with balance. They have felt the forces of destruction at work in themselves as well as in the world, and yet they have a conviction that these forces are opposed by those just as great on the side of creation and continuation. These people are not optimists in the narrow sense of the word; they are not deliberately blinding themselves to certain aspects of living. They try rather, to see as much as possible, they are fully alive and eager to experience

all things, continually searching for new phenomena. But they are always balancing up one experience against another; although they enter each moment with the intensity it demands, yet, they are forever aware of the connection of that moment with all others, and of its importance only as it is part of a whole. This undertone of contemplation, and of constructive contemplation, is as essential to true awareness, as awareness is to patience. But there is another ingredient of patience without which contemplation leads to despair, chaos and pain. And this is a certain faith that the forces in the universe are acting essentially for the good, for creation, for continuation. It is this conviction of the inevitability of continuity, which gives courage to probe further and further into the rules and patterns of the universe; it is this faith which gives courage to weigh all things in balance. Above all this faith is the integrating element of patience, which can only grow inside us when nourished by that strength.

Thus we see that the truly patient man has an awareness based on experience, that in his mind contemplation is ever beating out its undertone and that he is blessed and enriched by a faith in the continuity of the life force operating toward creation.

How does this patience manifest itself, and what is the mark of the patient man? First of all, he has control. He makes real in his actions of every day his inner conviction of balance. He expresses in what he does the sense of order he has gleaned from experiencing, observing, and contemplating. The patient one has tolerance; and he has the strength which grows out of wisdom. His wisdom lies not in the mere building up of knowledge inside his mind, but rather in the manipulation of his own life energy with regard to that knowledge.

Above all, the patient man has peace. It is a peace which makes itself felt, which colors all he does and says, which is an infinite consolation to those around him. It is not the peace we seek in death, and which we mean when we say God, but it is a peace won through living and which will sustain living. Thus patience performs its great function. He who possesses it has more than all the jewels in the world together, or all the gold.

Abracadabra

GERALDINE RHOADS

Music in the misty meadow
Mocking with its slender strain
Braggarts from the nearby hedgerow,
All that pert plump-breasted train.

Willow wraith and veiling gust
Fleeting in the dawn,
Tenuous and starry dust
On the shadowed lawn.

Flute on high their faery whimsy,
Trip adown the phantom aisles,
Gathering up the fan-folds flimsy
Of the fog with witching smiles.

When a strumpet morning breeze
Fills them with alarm,
Turning pixyish levees,
Into vanished charm.

False Perspective

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF

When the people I love press on me, till my face is twisted and
bends

Into little lines of fury, and my finger-bones tug at my hair,
One power loosens my muscles and saves me from dark
despair,

The glorious distant demeanor of those who are not my friends.

The tall, thin, savage women with dark and flashing eyes

In white cadaverous faces, disdainfully walking alone,

Whom I pass on the streets in the morning—Oh mournful
faces of stone,

You are my hidden comfort; I believe you are just and wise.

The lovely faces of strangers! I know that the laughing boy

Who runs in the road beyond me will never return again.

His beauty that passes so swiftly, his laughter that does not
remain,

Leave nothing of sorrow behind them to temper an instant of
joy.

It is hard to believe in the people with whom I work and play.

I know too much of their flippant ways, their quarrels
sudden and grim.

They pound on me time after time till my edges grow blurred
and dim.

I believe in the beautiful strangers I pass in the streets every
day.

These deathless appearing creatures have nothing to do with
my life.

They are symbols of magical living that I shall not ever see.

The sons and daughters of heaven, whose like I shall never be,
Come bearing their silent message to quicken my heart for
strife.

The Bag

(Adapted from the story of that name by H. H. Munroe.)

SALLIE JONES

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PAMELA WAINWRIGHT—*A lovely English girl of about twenty-one, niece of Mrs. Hoopington.*

HERBERT PARKER—*A combination butler and stud groom.*

MRS. AGATHA HOOPINGTON—*An elderly English Diana. Enthusiastic but impecunious.*

VLADIMIR TAMBOV—*A young Russian about twenty-two.*

MAJOR HENRY JAMES PALLANBY—*M. F. H. of the Pexdale Hounds.*

The time is November of 1932. The scene is laid in the living-room of Mrs. Hoopington's country house in Lancashire, England. In arrangement and decoration it resembles both a natural history museum, and the tack room of an extensive stable. There is a door that opens onto a platform from which three steps descend to the level of the room, a contrivance calculated to catapult all visitors into the room, and put them immediately at ease. There is one large French window back left, and back right is a large wood fireplace in which a fire blazes merrily. The stage right is lined with books of all sorts, chiefly stud books with bright red covers. The bookcases rise only about eight feet from the floor, for there is a railed balcony above them that looks down on the living-room. Every available wall space is occupied by prints of hunting scenes, by pictures of hunters and steeplechasers, and by mounted heads of elk, deer and moose, and foxes' masks. The greatest taxidermist's triumph is to be found occupying the space between the book shelves and the balcony,—an enormous antlered head that regards the scene with the gaze of a monarch.

The furniture consists of large comfortable leather armchairs placed about at random. A large mahogany table stands in the center of the room and is covered with sporting magazines. There is a lounge pushed up against the book cases, and in front of the fire a rather strange looking man servant is commissioning a

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tea table rather inexpertly. He wears boots, breeches, stock and Tattersall—his coat is hung over the arm of a nearby chair. In one of the chairs by the table is sprawled an attractive, if uncoordinated girl of about twenty-one, dressed in muddy hunting clothes. One filthy boot dangles over the arm of the chair, and there is some dirt here and there on her not unlovely face.

PAMELA (*scratching a match for her cigarette on the mahogany table*): I don't know what ails the mare—she stopped cold on me three times today—dreadful mess once—

PARKER: That mare has too much sense for this hunt. She's not going to risk her neck over five bars when hounds aren't running—

PAMELA: Maybe so—don't blame her. Certainly was a sad day—wretchedly thin field, and as usual, no fox—

PARKER (*leaves tea table, and comes over to Pamela—perches on chair arm opposite her*): Not even a whimper?

PAMELA: All coverts blank—except one where hounds found Sir Reginald Squires looking for his horse.

PARKER: Did he give you a good run?

PAMELA: No! The Major called the pack off—guess he's saving Reggie for farmer's day.

PARKER: By the way—what do you say to entering your colt in the Milbrook Plate on Farmer's Day?

PAMELA: Not a chance—we're too broke to enter the goat race—

PARKER: That's just it—entrance fee's off—the colt is going as sweet as sugar, and Jim will ride for a winning percentage—

PAMELA: Great! Let's pray fervently he wins. Then we will at least have a saleable bit of plate.

PARKER: Never mind—a good fencer is good money, I always say

PAMELA: Again maybe—but you can't feed one horse to another. I wish Aunt Agatha would get on faster with the Major. We need him in the family before the first of next month.

PARKER: The Major's like a good hunter—takes a long time to warm him up, but he's a great stayer.

PAMELA: Well, here's hoping dear aunty goes clean. Poor

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old Parker, who'll pay you if she comes down?

PARKER (*returns to tea, after clapping Pamela reassuringly on the back*): I don't know—but I don't care. I've been in this family since his honor your father broke his first colt, and I haven't starved yet.

PAMELA: That's encouraging. What time is our prospective baronet, uncle, saviour, and master coming to tea?

PARKER (*still puttering*): About five, your aunt says.

(*at this point Mrs. Hoopington bounces through the door—she wears a side saddle habit, and is very good looking in a weatherbeaten sort of way; her handsome face is leathery from all the weather she has faced.*)

MRS. H.: Parker—Sir Lindsay's gone lame again. (*Pats Pamela on head*) Hello, Pam—wasn't it a wretched day's sport? Poor Major—feels rotten about it. Parker, for heaven's sake, go change. You can't serve tea in boots.

PAMELA: The field gets worse every meet. Your Major apparently can't get on with anyone, except you. The farmers are all wiring up, too—

MRS. H.: They don't understand the Major. He means well, but he can't act it—gentle as a lamb to his horses—

PAMELA (*munching sandwiches which she got up to get*): Must be nice for them—

MRS. H. (*also hovering over tea table*): No need to be nasty. Given decent sport the hunt would go beautifully.

PAMELA: I'll run out and buy a dozen foxes.

MRS. H. (*triumphantly*): No need for that either—Smithers has seen a fox in our nut copse, and the Major is drawing tomorrow.

PAMELA: A timely fox wouldn't hurt your campaign any, would it? I'm all for it—where'd you buy the fox?

MRS. H.: Pamela, don't be vulgar—and I don't know what you're talking about anyway—

PAMELA: Come off, Aunt. We've both got horses to feed—and Parker.

PARKER (*on way out*): Thank you, madam.

MRS. H. (*laughing*): Well, Pam, my dear, I don't know what you expect to feed with your young Russian who is out banging about in the woods.

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PAMELA: Oh, my God! Vladimir! I'd forgotten all about him.

MRS. H.: He's probably got into some sort of trouble by now. Really dear, why didn't you bring a couple of decent hunting men down with you—

PAMELA: Instead of my shooting Cossack? I wish I had, but he looked too lovely in his white tie at the Barclay, and I got all excited.

MRS. H.: Like you did when you bought the lame hunter champion?

PAMELA: Not exactly. No! Vladimir was the first man I could remember who didn't comment on what dandy biceps I had for holding a heady mare. He found a new interest—

MRS. H.: He lacks vitality—would never hold up—

PAMELA: It's not important how well he holds up as long as he amuses me. And he began beautifully—

MRS. H.: But Pamela, dear. The man is a fool. He knows nothing about horses.

PAMELA: But he shoots!

MRS. H.: Indeed he does—proudly exhibited a woodpecker yesterday.

PAMELA: I explained to him about that,—you know—"dear Vladimir, I'm so proud of you, but there are some things and some birds that are beneath your dignity as a sportsman."

MRS. H.: And as he is only nineteen, his dignity is a sure thing to appeal to—

PAMELA: Oh, yes! He was horrified—explained how in Russia they went in for mixed bags.

MRS. H.: Wolves—and here and there a Soviet—

PAMELA: Precisely. He's terribly upset about not riding—said he didn't realize English people never took off their boots.

MRS. H.: He must find us a little stupid, then.

PAMELA: On the contrary, he loves us—so we're both a success.

MRS. H.: Well, receive him when he comes in, and see what feathered friends he's demolished today. I must dress.

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PAMELA: Why? The Major'll be in pink, won't he?

MRS. H.: Yes, you needn't bother to change—but I look a bit frayed.

PAMELA: You look swell—but then a little homey atmosphere always helps.

MRS. H.: You're being obnoxious—

PAMELA (*as there is sound of outer door slamming, and the clump of boots*): Here comes Vladimir, the dear boy.

MRS. H.: I'm off—be bright to the Major.

(*She departs, but as she opens the door Vladimir bursts in with full shooting paraphernalia—muddy, but radiant and lugging a full game bag. They collide.*)

VLADIMIR: Oh, I'm so very sorry. Please excuse me—but I do want to show you what I shot.

MRS. H.: Quite all right, dear boy. Show it to Pamela. She knows all about relative values. (*Exit Mrs. H.*)

VLADIMIR: Pamela, my dearest. You will be so proud—guess what I shot for your table?

PAMELA (*hopefully*): Pheasants, wood-cocks, rabbits?

VLADIMIR: No, a large brownish beast. I don't know what you call it in English—has a darkish tail—

(*Pamela changes from a happy to an unhappy state with surprising rapidity.*)

PAMELA: Does it live in a tree and eat nuts?

VLADIMIR (*joyfully*): Oh, no—not a biyelka—

PAMELA: Does it swim and eat fish?

VLADIMIR (*busy with straps of his game bag*): No, it lives in the woods, and eats rabbits and chickens.

PAMELA (*literally collapses in a chair*): Good God! You've shot the fox. How dandy!

VLADIMIR (*mystified*): But why not—they aren't domesticated, are they?

PAMELA: Worse than that. Around here they're holy, sacred, and inviolable. He dies who so much as throws a stone at one.

VLADIMIR: Like the white elephants of India?

PAMELA: I guess so—but this is really tragic—no one must ever find out, or you're done for. Dear God!—where did you get him?

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VLADIMIR: In the nut copse—very difficult shot.

PAMELA: Worse and worse—you've ruined everything. They were going to start him tomorrow—the only fox in the country—and you shot him!—

VLADIMIR (*baffled but conciliatory*): I'll gladly pay whoever owned him, and they can get another—surely—

PAMELA: You're an utter fool! Foxes don't grow on trees
But we've got to hide this one.

VLADIMIR: I'll take it out—

PAMELA: Oh, no, you won't. Parker will see you and want to inspect your sport.

VLADIMIR (*looking helpless*): But where?

PAMELA (*suddenly thinks of balcony*): Up there! That's my corridor, and no one will see it. (*No action*) Hurry, you idiot! My aunt and the Major will be here any minute. I heard his horse.

(*Vladimir takes careful aim for the balcony, and throws the bag, but the strap catches on an antler of the stuffed head beneath the rail, and the bag hangs neatly suspended.*)

VLADIMIR (*starting to climb after it*): Oh, my—it's stuck—

PAMELA (*at sound of approaching voices*): So are we—get down, for heaven's sake—look collected, and don't look at the beast—

(*Mr. H. and Major Pallanby enter—she is in a tea gown, and he in pink. He is middle-aged, wiry, but not unpleasant looking—typical Jorrocks. Pamela and Vladimir look miserable and suspicious.*)

MRS. H.: The Major is drawing our coverts tomorrow. Smithers is confident we'll show him some sport.

MAJOR P.: I hope so, I hope so. Your man tells me he's seen a dog-fox three times this week—

(*Pamela has taken refuge in puttering about the tea things. Parker enters, and says "Hello" to the Major, who returns his greeting cordially, and tea is served, Mrs. H. moving over to preside.*)

MRS. H.: Tea, Major? No, I'm sure you'd prefer brandy and soda. Parker, look after the Major.

PAMELA (*nervously pacing about*): No tea for me, thanks—

VLADIMIR (*even more so*): Nor for me, thank you very much.

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MAJOR P.: I won't know what to reward you with—if we break our succession of blank days with your fox—

MRS. H.: I'll almost guarantee you will. I'm so thrilled over it.

MAJOR P.: Damn—you know I can't wait. I've heard of so many tenant foxes, but once out with hounds and there isn't a trace of them. I'm relying on you, though.

MRS. H.: Oh, we shan't disappoint you—

MAJOR P.: I'm sure a fox was shot or trapped over at Lady Widdin's woods the very day we drew them.

MRS. H.: Major, if anyone tried that game in my woods they'd meet a sudden and violent death.

MAJOR P.: Too good for them—anyone that shoots a fox is a public enemy, and should be hung. I mean it—ought to be a Council ordinance.

MRS. H.: They were hung years ago—and a just punishment. Think of vandals—

MAJOR P.: It's anti-British—damned near as bad as murder. Shooting a fox is almost treason—it's unforgivable.

MRS. H.: Indeed, I agree absolutely. (*Pause*) Vladimir, what did you shoot today?

VLADIMIR (*starting badly*): Nothing—that is—nothing worth speaking of.

MRS. H.: I wish you would find something worth speaking of—everyone seems to have lost his tongue.

MAJOR P.: When did Smithers last see that fox?

MRS. H.: Yesterday morning—a fine dog-fox with a dark brush.

MAJOR P. (*warmly*): Aha, we'll have a good gallop after that brush tomorrow. (*Rises from sofa, and begins to wander about the dangerous end of the room.*) You know, Mrs. H.—I never come here that I don't admire your trophies—Those were the hunting days.

PAMELA (*leaping into action*): The ones down at the other end are infinitely more appealing—I especially love that one. (*Major doesn't show much interest in head indicated.*)

MAJOR P.: And the king of them all is this big fellow (*looks at fatal clock*) Hello! What's the big fellow picked up grazing about the house?

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PAMELA (*a last desperate effort*): Come, Major, you're ignoring me—and I have a very special elk I love very dearly, and I want you to meet him so much—(*Pamela's archness fails, too—no one is diverted*).

MRS. H.: What on earth is hanging there? (*Goes over*) Why, it's your game bag, Vladimir—whatever have you got in it?

PAMELA: Oh, a couple of rabbits and a pheasant. Pretty scant day for him. Do send Parker for more tea, Aunt.

(*Mrs. H. is momentarily distracted, but not so the Major, who climbs up on the sofa, and tries to dislodge the game-bag.*)

MAJOR P.: By Gad—a pretty warm scent.

PAMELA: Do come down, Major—you'll hurt yourself—that sofa is very unsteady.

MAJOR P. (*continues to angle*): I won't fall—time hasn't come when I can't stay astride a sofa—

PAMELA: Aren't you just about ready for another brandy and soda? Perhaps you'd better pour it—no one can ever mix a drink but oneself—don't you think?

MRS. H.: Do it for him, Pam. I'm sure he'll rely on you.

(*Parker enters and begins to clear the table, which all have forgotten. Pamela miserably mixes a drink.*)

MAJOR P.: Doesn't carry the scent of anything shot on the wing. Come on, lad, what have you bagged?

VLADIMIR: A big sort of bird. Pamela tells me I should have left it alone—a pet or something. Of course I didn't know it—so very sorry—

(*Mrs. H. and the Major are both scrutinizing the bag, and the same idea occurs simultaneously to them both.*)

MRS. H.: You've shot the fox!

MAJOR P.: You damned idiot—you've killed our fox!

PAMELA: Oh, My God!

VLADIMIR: I'm so sorry—

PARKER (*suddenly interested*): What bloody scoundrel shot a fox?

MRS. H.: Parker, please! It's impossible! No one with any gentleman's instincts would shoot a fox! it's—It's—It's simply not done!

MAJOR P. (*beside himself*): It's the damnedest thing that's

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ever happened to me—to shoot a fox—my fox—it's criminal. I'll have you arrested—you ought to be—you'd kill anything—

VLADIMIR (*rising miserably*): I—I beg your pardon—it was a mistake. I did not recognize it as a fox—

MAJOR P. (*shrilly*): Didn't know, didn't know—I don't believe it—any sane man knows a fox. You did it on purpose!

MRS. H.: I'm so humiliated. I'm ruined—on my property. We'll never live it down—soon the whole county will know it—

PAMELA: Oh, for God's sake—come off. He didn't know it was a fox. He's as much of a sportsman as you are, only he doesn't stamp about so.

MAJOR P. (*stamping furiously*): Who's stamping about? Isn't it the damndest luck—one fox in the country, and your fool friends shoot it. (*At Mrs. H.*) I thought you had more sense.

VLADIMIR: I repeat—it was a mistake—I beg forgiveness!

MAJOR P.: Oh, God—Oh, God,—he shoots a fox and then asks to be forgiven as if he'd done nothing—

(*Mrs. H. is in loud tears, and Parker simply snorts and stamps*).

PAMELA: You're all being stupid. It's very sad, but we might as well face it—someone else would have shot it if he hadn't.

MAJOR P.: What's the use of trying to find sport for people who let others crash about shooting up everything. Might as well run a hunt in London—

MRS. H.: I'll make it up—we'll import some fox.

MAJOR P. (*sighting phone*): Make it up, nothing. I'm through, through, do you hear? Master your hunt—Hal none of you are sportsmen—either shoot or let your friends do it!

PAMELA: Come, come, Major, forget it!

MRS. H.: Don't be trivial,—it's a terrible disgrace—but dear Major, don't think of giving us up—we need you so—

MAJOR P.: Don't think of it!!! I wouldn't be master of these unsporting lunatics another minute. I've known it all along—old England's dead—so is hunting—just

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people (*points furiously at the unhappy Vladimir*) left.
VLADIMIR (*to Parker, who has been listening open-mouthed*):

I think I had better pack, and leave immediately.

PARKER: And a good thing, too!

PAMELA: Don't leave on such a sour note, Vladimir.

VLADIMIR (*with dignity*): I do not understand—apparently my mistake is very great—that of ever coming here was greater.

MAJOR P.: You're damned right—you live in a city—you should stay there—and shoot pigeons. But stay here and do it—I don't care—I'm resigning. (*Seizes phone*).

MRS. H. (*tearfully*): You mustn't—the hunt would collapse. I'll never hunt again if you give it up.
(*She moves to stop him, but he waves his free arm about so wildly that she retreats.*)

MAJOR P.: Give me the Pexdale Hunt—Yes, you fool, the hunt—no—not the stables—the club—

PAMELA: Now, really—don't you think all this a little foolish?

MRS. H.: Oh, dear, he mustn't do it. Please, Major—oh, dear—Oh! Damn!

MAJOR P.: Pexdale Hunt—this you Lewis? I'm resigning, you hear? What do you mean, who the hell is it! Pall-anby, and I'm through with you worthless hackmen, and you can tell your damned directors that I hope the farmers wire up the whole damned clubhouse. (*Slams receiver up*).

PARKER (*filling up silence*): Shall I remove—it?

MAJOR P.: I want to see it—a shot fox—pretty business.
(*Parker climbs up on the back of the couch, and gets the bag after some exertion; there is a fascinated silence broken only by a loud nasal blast from Mrs. H.*)

PAMELA: Give it to me—you'll all have apoplexy if you so much as look at it—

MRS. H.: I never want to see a fox again.

MAJOR P.: Guns shouldn't be allowed in peace time—they are dangerous—just look at this incident—

PARKER: Right you are, sir—Never should have let him out alone. (*Pamela has been busy with the straps of the game*

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bag and finally opens it. She pulls out nothing less than a very fat and innocent groundhog.)

PAMELA (*roaring*): It's a groundhog!

MAJOR P.: Good God! It can't be—

MRS. H.: It is, though. Oh, how terrible!

VLADIMIR: I'm so sorry—is that much worse?

(Pamela, Mrs. H., Parker, and the Major all look at one another speechless, and then all of a sudden burst into a great roar of laughter.)

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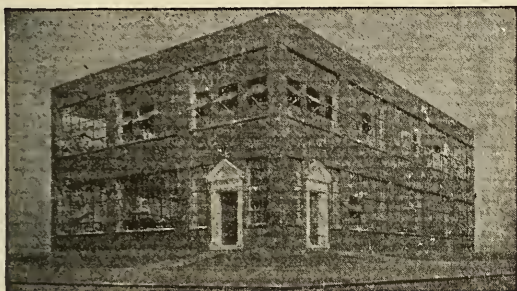
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
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Evening At Home

MARGARET KIDDER

IT was earlier than usual when Beeta sat down on the top of the bus, with her school books sprawling in her lap. The street lamps were not yet lighted. With the long stretch of the park under her eyes, she could realize the evening as a whole, unbroken by roofs and walls. The wind was cool on her face, and the sky was high and light with thin smears of purple cloud. The ragged park trees swayed and bent, waving their tops. Small shapes of automobiles skimmed up and down on the road below them. Across the park, buildings and thin, firm towers stood up, almost black against a wind stained sky. Down among the trees one little ball of light gleamed and shimmered like a drop of water.

Suddenly her mood leapt and sang with the wind. All things seemed new and bare, fresh swept like the clean spring air and tossing trees. She felt full of power to accomplish. What? She did not know. What did it matter? The bus took on sudden speed and thundered down the avenue. The wind rushed at her face and drove back her hair. She felt submerged, lost, a part of the wind and the wild, darkening sky, carried away by a fierce, inarticulate gladness. Life was wonderfully simple and exciting.

Beeta was already inside the hall before she reached the front door. She knew so well what it would be like that the picture formed in her mind, more real than the dark hallway

itself. It smelt of coats and furniture polish, and there was the shiny hat stand and the dim, bumpy mirror. Was she herself a real part of it all? Was she really walking home from school, as she had done a hundred times before, along the grey sidewalk, past houses which never changed? She seemed to watch herself, unreal from a distance. Miss Beatrice Berridge is coming home from school. She walks up the brown steps and throws her hat and coat and books on a chair. Something is going to happen. Something must happen.

There was a letter for her on the table. Beeta recognized the large, curly handwriting and picked it up without enthusiasm. From Warren of course.

On the second floor there was an atmosphere of excitement. Beeta's father and mother were going out to dinner. They rarely dined out and there was a good deal of bustle and running to and fro. Above it all Beeta could hear her mother's high, nervous voice telling the maid about supper and the children's bed time. "Why does she make so much fuss?" thought Beeta. "They might be going away for a month." Then, "Mother," she called, "Mother!" Beeta's mother came out of her room. She was just dressed and Beeta wished she wouldn't wear that lace scarf over her arms. "Beeta, I'm so glad you're home. You give the children their supper now, and I want you all in bed before I get back."

Beeta's mother hurried downstairs. She was always in a hurry. She had so much to do. "Walter!" she called to her husband, "Walter, do hurry. We're late already." Beeta's father came down the stairs, a little cross, but big and strange in his dress suit. The children were all in the hall to say good-bye. Beeta's mother couldn't find her purse. "It's all right," said Beeta's father, "I have plenty of money." Then she remembered the roast for tomorrow and rushed down to the kitchen to see the cook about it. "Hurry! Hurry, you'll be late!" cried the children in an agony of impatience for them to go. At last they were leaving. "Remember! A glass of milk for Milly before she goes to bed," cried mother at the door. The children looked at each other. Relief spread

in their faces. The house seemed free and empty, almost strange. The father and mother were gone. They could do anything. "Hooray!" cried Beeta, and took hold of Ansie's hands and whirled her round and round. "Let's have supper."

After supper Beeta took her books up to her room. "Beet-ee," called Milly, "Will you make me some paper dolls?"

"Can't. I've got a test tomorrow," said Beeta. She looked at Janie and Ansie already tracing Egyptian designs for history class. "You've got to be in bed by nine," she said. "So hurry up."

Beeta's room was long and narrow, at the very top of the house. The cretonne curtains at the window were subdued and darkened by the dust of the city. She threw her books on the bed. Queer how uninteresting text books were. They promised nothing. They had no fascination like stacks of bright-colored novels in a book store, or even her own small library ranged in a line along the windowsill.

She picked up Warren's letter from the bed, stiff white boarding school paper. It was too early to begin studying. The letter was six pages long. She read it conscientiously. It was a dull letter, even for so dull a boy as Warren Smith. How could he think that she wanted to know everything he had been doing at school, his views on the tariff, prohibition and disarmament? She was interested in those things, of course. She was intelligent, of course. Warren said that she was the most intelligent girl he knew. But she did not want those things from him. Why couldn't he understand? What did she want? She could not exactly say. The letters the other girls had at school, fluttering sheets of paper which they handed around, giggling, beginnings and endings of letters which sent them into whoops of hysterical laughter? Dear Beeta. Yours, Warren. Tariff. Prohibition. She crumpled the letter in her hand and threw it on the floor.

Footsteps came rapidly up the stairs. Who could it be?

"Beety," said a voice. It was Janie. "Yay-us," said Beeta ungraciously.

"Can you hear my spelling?"

"No. I'm studying. Go away."

"Beety," came the voice again.

"What do you want?"

"Beety, you got a letter from Warren."

"Yes. I got it," snapped Beeta. "I've read it. Now go on down and go to bed."

The footsteps died away down the stairs. Beeta turned off the light and leaned out over the windowsill. The night air was soft, curving against her. The street was almost quiet on warm nights. That was, the ordinary daytime noises ceased, and the night sounds were sharp and distinct against the stillness.

The windows across the street leapt into life. They were orange, quivering with light and shadow. Beeta liked to watch them. Tonight they were open, curtains shifting in the light breeze. Figures passed and repassed before them.

The windows on the top floor were small and square. They had short curtains, gold in the daylight, which waved out into the night. A man and a girl lived there. Beeta often saw them eating their supper in front of the window with the gold curtains. Tonight their shapes were dim against the faint yellow light. Soon they came to the window and leaned out. The girl's face gleamed white and her hair surrounded it with darkness. The man put his arm around her and leaned his head on her shoulder.

Beeta laid her head on her arms. She felt absolutely alone in the warm night, made of lamplight and shadow. A longing seized her, a slow feeling of want and sadness. Music was playing behind one of the windows. Why was she here? What would happen? This was life, sad and aching. She wanted to weep, but the tears would not come. She was sixteen. What had she done? Nothing. Nothing ever happens. What she wanted to have happen she did not know. A terrible sense of desolation came over her. It was horrible, sixteen years. But what did it matter? "I have discovered the secret. Nothing matters. Things will go on like this, and I shall lean across the windowsill into the evening, wanting and wanting. I shall grow old. But it makes no difference." The throbbing of the music across the street caught

at something inside her. It was so sad, so terribly sad. "I could cry now if I wanted to."

The lower window blackened and was gone. The man and the girl moved inside and disappeared. The music stopped. Beeta shivered. It was growing colder. She went back into her room. "Tomorrow there is a history test and I have done no studying. What can I do? Is this me getting undressed alone in my room, and going to bed?"

Far out on the river, a boat whistle pierced the night with pain and terror, and footsteps on the pavement dropped into the silence like stones falling into a deep well.

Respite

PENELOPE HUNTER

HE will come no more. I have said it a thousand times,
Yet I wait and listen and feel the evening
Pressing about me, suffocating in its emptiness.

Waiting, waiting, for the familiar step
And the strong, clear voice, and the fleeting smile
Like sun on an April day.

His return was my only reward. All I desired
Was to work and work, if at length, we might find respite
together.

So my days were filled with working, but at night came peace
And the strengthening clasp of arms and a stillness that was
never empty.

Now my days are filled with working and worrying,
Night brings no peace. Only a sense of incompleteness and
unfulfilled desires

Which crowd about me, looming on every side.
And the stillness is the stillness of death.
He will come no more.

An Old Musician and His Wife

EVELYN THOMPSON

THE earthen woman is peeling apples onto a calico tablecloth. After the long dark stairs I find her inside the door, as always, creating her own little rustling music, while in the next room her husband is playing the fiddle. Her face is like the apples, and her hands are furrowed like withered leaves. A Dutch interior comes to life as she sits in the little room among crowded things: dried corn, dark pictures, shelves of crockery. The light from the window strikes only the knife as she cuts; it flashes when the peelings drop like strings of sausages into her lap. She smiles to me under her parted hair and goes on cutting to the singing of the violin.

I wait with a loud-beating heart before opening the big door into my master's studio. Cautiously I intrude into his world to find a great barren room vibrant with music. From him, as he stands in the middle of the room, music spreads out acquiring its own mysterious momentum as it fills the world. For so it seems to do; he quivering in the throes of his creative powers on the pinnacle of one mountain, I standing afar off on my other mountain hearing the echoes.

The last note dies. His face relapses from its ecstasy into its funny little bull-dog shape. I become aware of his flat nose and of the highlight on his bulging forehead, as he unhitches his spectacles, letting them dangle from one ear,

An Old Musician and His Wife

then wipes his hot fat hand against his limp coat to welcome me. The last note has ceased, but instead of a rigid silence before our greetings, a sound, another echo, comes from beyond the closed windows in the street below. He squints towards the window in an attitude of listening. At the same instant the door opens quietly, and the wife comes across the room, beckoning us to the window.

"Joffre," she whispers with a little pouting action of her lips and chin. We tiptoe to the window as though we were tiptoeing toward a grave. I notice in their faces a glow of excitement, such as I have often noticed in them before, in him while he played, in her while she listened; but never have I seen that radiance caused by anything outside of their own little domain. I once saw my master at a concert where, with a stiff collar sticking into his short neck, he looked miserable. I knew perfectly well no emotion could circulate inside that collar. I met his wife on the street once, too, on the way to my lesson. She was dressed like all the provincial women who were out marketing, in a full black skirt and shawl, with a big basket on her arm. I could see by her worried steps that her heart was at home in the little room near her husband, looking forward to the meal when he would be sitting opposite her, smiling at her between spoonfuls.

We peer out of the window streaked with silver rain. We look down and see a thousand people on the edges of the street, quiet under the black draped lamps. The thud of a drum approaches; a thousand heads turn; a thousand pair of eyes rest on the first man, and on the second, on the deputies, on the president, on the princes, on the ambassadors, on the bishops, on the generals, on the riderless horse with the black and gold starred robe. In the distance above the rattle of spurred feet, whispers the music, the fifes, the horns; then more loudly the funeral march pierces the grey morning. The wet street shines; the brass shines; the flags pass under and away down the furrow of streets. Music dies out; only the scuffling of feet.

I glance a moment at the faces of the two old people beside me, whose tender skin lined with emotion responds

again, not in its usual quiet indoor way, but aroused by a great gust from outside. The old musician knows that there, below him in the street, something as great as his own creations is going on. A parade is passing, a parade long and straight, embracing the world, just as his music embraced the world. His hand seizes his wife's hand, something soft grasped in iron excitement. Tears are rolling down the furrows of her face.

Long after all the music and crowds are gone they still stand there,—the inflexibility of old age. They have been drawn beyond the safety of their little world; a tremor of patriotism, a tremor of death has disturbed them, still disturbs them.

Sonnet

GERTA FRANCHOT

I KNOW at last your keen and buoyant mind,
A knife-edge, slowly sharpened by grave tools,
Piercing, with serious joy, the known, to find
A clue to what has baffled more than fools.
I know your fine intensity, your will to guess
And feel the right, though conscious of the thrust
Of irony behind all eagerness—
The sneering demon that denies all trust.
These things I know; but even more I sense
The thoughts that have been spoken from the eyes;
From silences born out of diffidence
I feel the tenderness restraint implies.
If this is true, then I am strangely blest,
To know so much of you and not the rest.

Dreamer's Haven

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY MARIA M. COXE

CHARACTERS

In order of appearance

JUDITH PAGE, *the present owner of Dreamer's Haven.*

(Blond, pretty, capable, twenty-one.)

LOUISE, *Judith's maid.*

(Typical privileged family servant; between forty-five and fifty.)

STEPHEN MONROE, *Judith's fiancé; a lawyer.*

(Twenty-five, good-looking, efficient.)

HENRY GRAY

(A typical business-man of fifty.)

AMY GRAY, *Henry's sister.*

(A faded woman of forty-five; she enters in black clothes, of old-fashioned cut, which accentuate the paleness of her thin, sallow face; she moves nervously—a fidgety woman with a high, whining voice, who gives one the impression that she is always glancing over her shoulder.)

DIANA MATTHEWS, *a successful actress.*

(A beautiful woman, who has been able to subtract at least six from her forty-one years.)

HELEN MATTHEWS, *Diana's daughter.*

(An attractive brunette of eighteen; a young edition of her mother.)

LEONARD WARREN, *Judith's uncle on her mother's side.*

(He carries his forty-seven years well. He is tall, lean, and browned by much work in warm climates. His face is clear-cut in line, and rather cold in expression—a man who keeps his thoughts to himself.)

SCENE: The garden of Dreamer's Haven, Judith Page's Long Island estate.

TIME: The Present; a summer afternoon and evening.

(The Curtain rises on the garden of Judith Page's Long Island estate, R. C. a stone bench, backed by a heavy box hedge. At R. a corner of the house juts out, and a long window, on the second story, opens onto a balcony running the length of the house. This window is closed, and hung with white muslin curtains, flanked by heavy, dark portieres. The house is at least a generation old, and is surrounded by dark old elms and cedars. The garden shows signs of having been very recently rescued from long neglect. Two tea-tables are set out to R. and L. of the stone bench, the one to its R. almost touching it, the other at a little distance, and farther downstage. Another, smaller bench upstage L. of the door of the house.

JUDITH is standing at the L. corner of the stone bench. LOUISE is putting the last touches to the tea things at the table down L.)

JUDITH—That finishes everything, I think. We've done pretty well in two days.

LOUISE—Not bad, Miss.....the old place looks liveable again, anyway,.....but you should ha' seen it in your mother's time.....

JUDITH—But not a thing's been moved.....

LOUISE (*crossing to R. table*)—Sure, Miss, it's not changing things about that matters.....You can't shut up a house for twenty years an' come back to find it the same.

JUDITH—But Mother's agent kept the house always ready to reopen at a moment's notice.

LOUISE—You know the garden seems just the same as the last time I saw it.....the night your father.....died in it. It's the house that's different.....the feel of the place.....as though the life went out of it then, and nothing could ever bring it back.

STEPHEN (*off-stage R.*)—Judith.....Judith.

Dreamer's Haven

JUDITH—It's Mr. Monroe already.....Go send him down, Louise.....

STEPHEN (*entering R.*)—What a deserted hole this is..... couldn't find a soul in the house. (*He crosses and kisses JUDITH.*)

JUDITH—Sorry the bell's not been fixed yet. (*To LOUISE*) You'd better stay in the hall.....Show them their rooms and send them out here as soon as they're ready. (*To STEPHEN, as LOUISE goes off R.*) I want them to see me for the first time *here*.

STEPHEN—"X marks the spot" and all that, eh? Criminal's reaction to victim's daughter at scene of crime.....

JUDITH—Stephen, you promised you'd take this seriously....

STEPHEN—So far as our future depends on it, yes! But don't you see how absurd it is to drag a lot of people back to the scene of a twenty-year-old murder and expect their sleeping consciences to wake up and sing out, "I did it!" They're all too old to have consciences anyhow.

JUDITH—When you're old enough to have one, you can give your opinion. Until then, you can help me find my father's murderer.

STEPHEN—D'you seriously expect four people who lived through the grilling of an inquest at the time to be in the least affected by your little hoax now? Besides, it was never proved to be murder.....

JUDITH—Try shooting yourself under the right shoulder-blade, and you'll realize that the pistol found in my father's hand was put there after he was killed. Geoffrey Page was shot from some point behind and above him....

STEPHEN—But suppose it *was* murder. None of these people you're bringing down here could have had any possible motive.....that was shown at the time.

JUDITH—That's what we're here to find out.

STEPHEN—It's nonsense, Judith! D'you suppose they'd let themselves be persuaded into coming down here now, if.....

JUDITH—The murderer wouldn't dare to stay away. Each one knows the others are to be here.....(*slowly*) to

bury the past and celebrate the future of Dreamer's Haven
.....(*smiling*) *our* future, Stephen.

STEPHEN—Rather a bad omen to start our future on, I must say. (*Looking about disapprovingly.*) You know I liked the old place the first time you showed it to me.... but after this damned business.....

JUDITH—Please, Stephen. It'll be over by tomorrow morning. Remember our promise to mother.....it's the least we can do.....

STEPHEN—Judith, your fathr's death shattered the rest of your mother's life. For God's sake don't let an hysterical woman's last demands wreck ours!

JUDITH—You needn't be afraid, Stephen. Nothing can do that. It was for both our sakes that mother made me promise not to marry you till we'd made this last attempt to clear up the mystery of my father's death.

LOUISE (*entering R.*)—Miss Gray and Mr. Gray have arrived, Miss Judith. They'll be down directly.

JUDITH—Thank you. (*LOUISE goes off R.*)—Henry Gray is the man in whose company my father had invested two-thirds of his money the very day of his death. It's since made our fortune, but no one could have foreseen that at the time.

STEPHEN—His sister was here that night too?

JUDITH—Yes. They say she behaved rather queerly at the inquest.....Hysterics, and attempts to incriminate everyone in the house.

STEPHEN—By the way, you've never told me the precise reason for all these people being here then.

JUDITH—It was a little house-party in honour of Diana Matthews.....she'd had her twenty-first birthday and opened in her first star part the week before.....I've forgotten the name of the play.

STEPHEN—Was your Uncle Leonard just down for the party?

JUDITH—No. He'd been down for a week before. Mother was his favorite sister, and he stayed here often when he was in the United States. As a matter of fact, it was

he who suggested the party.....he was rather keen on Di Matthews at the time.

STEPHEN—D'you know if they've met since? I think you told me he left for South America soon after the..... business here.

JUDITH—He sailed two days after the inquest. The house-party was to have been a sort of good-bye party for him too.

HENRY (*entering R., followed by AMY*)—Miss Page? (*As JUDITH comes forward to greet him.*) So glad to meet you at last. I'd have taken an opportunity of knowing you before, but your mother wouldn't hear of it.....

JUDITH—I know, Mr. Gray. Poor mother refused to see any of you but Uncle Leonard after..... July 24th, 1913.

HENRY—So we were *all* ostracised? Well, this little party of yours is a good sign of changing times, I hope. This is my sister, Amy. We were both good friends of your father's, and I hope this generation will be the same to us.

JUDITH (*smiling*)—I think you can count on that, Mr. Gray. This is Stephen Monroe,.....my fiancé.

HENRY—Glad to know you, Mr. Monroe. I hope you see to it that this old place comes into its own. It saw more than its share of good times in the old days.

AMY—Henry! How can you be so heartless! After what happened.....(*with a look of horror at the bench*) there!

HENRY—Don't be ridiculous, Amy. We're here to forget all that.....What happened twenty years ago can't have much effect on us now.....

AMY—You think not?

JUDITH—Why should it, Miss Gray? Our generation has itself to take care of. It can't afford to let itself be haunted by the ghosts of the Past.

AMY (*seizing JUDITH's arm*)—You've seen it, too?

JUDITH—Seen what? (*As AMY continues to stare at her without speaking.*) I've only seen a lovely old house being wasted because my mother couldn't bear to live in it after what happened.

AMY—She had good reason to feel as she did. *She* knew.

HENRY—None of that nonsense, Amy. You promised you'd drop all that if you came down here.....

AMY (*turning on him*)—What do you know about it? You've never thought of it all these years.....

HENRY—Thank God I'm not afflicted with a morbid imagination. If I had been, Geoffrey Page's daughter wouldn't have me to thank for an income of ten thousand a year.

AMY—Perhaps she'll not thank you for it when all's known.

JUDITH—Why, what d'you mean, Miss Gray? I'm sure Mother and I have always been grateful to your brother.....

AMY—The ghosts of the Past may grow too strong for us, Miss Page!

LOUISE (*entering R.*)—Mrs. Matthews and her daughter are here, Miss.

DIANA (*entering R., followed by HELEN*)—Ah, it's good to see the old place alive again, Miss Page! It was very good of you to think of your mother's old friend, my dear.

JUDITH—I feel very honoured that you should have come. I was afraid you might have forgotten, after so long.....

DIANA—One never forgets where one has been completely happy. (*Looking about the place.*) I was very glad to hear you meant to open the old house.....Your father and mother loved this place.

JUDITH—I believe I shall, too. You remember Mr. and Miss Gray.....

HENRY—I don't think Di could forget us, though its fifteen years since we've seen each other, except across footlights. They've left little mark on you, Di.

DIANA—So you've learned to pay compliments at last, Henry? (*To her daughter, who has been looking about with much interest.*) Helen, this is the pillar of Wall Street who was one of my first stage-door Johnnies. This is my daughter, Henry.

HENRY—There's no doubt of that. If your talent is as like your mother's as your face, you'll have nothing to worry about.

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HELEN—Thanks. I'm afraid I'm doomed to be the stupid daughter of a famous mother, Mr. Gray.

DIANA (*to JUDITH*)—Helen drove me down, and begged to be allowed to meet you and to look about the old place.

HELEN (*to JUDITH*)—Mother's told me so much about it. But it's even more fascinating than I'd expected. I should think you'd never want to leave it.....

JUDITH—I hope I shall never want to.....after tonight.

AMY—After tonight.....Perhaps we shall pray God we never see it again.

HENRY—Amy!

DIANA—Why, Amy, what in the world do you mean by that?

AMY—Not all of us see the same things, nor are in touch with the spirits of places....

HELEN (*puzzled, but fascinated*)—"The spirits of places"! This house must have one if all Mother says is true..... a beautiful one.

JUDITH (*quickly*)—Won't you stay, and.....help us to recreate that spirit?

HELEN (*really wanting to accept*)—Oh, I couldn't sponge on your hospitality.....

JUDITH—Who should be more welcome than the daughter of my Mother's best friend? You must stay.

DIANA—It would save the trip down again on Sunday.

HELEN—All right, I will (*to JUDITH*) if you're sure it won't be putting you out too much.

JUDITH—Not in the least. We've opened the whole house.

LOUISE (*entering R.*)—Mr. Warren's come, Miss.

LEONARD (*entering R.; LOUISE goes off R.*)—Hello, Judy. (*He kisses her lightly on the forehead.*) So you've got me down here.....always could wrap me 'round your little finger, couldn't you, youngster?

JUDITH (*smiling up at him*)—Hope I shall always be able to, Uncle Len.....But are you sure curiosity hadn't more to do with your coming than I?

HENRY (*crossing to shake hands with LEONARD*)—Well, Leonard, you old war-horse. What's happened to you in the past ten years?

LEONARD—Well, I've retired now.

JUDITH—He means he's been champing at the bit up on his farm for the past year, trying to decide which end of the earth he'll rush off to next.

LEONARD (*to STEPHEN, who is down left, with DIANA and HELEN*)—Hello, Stephen. How's the legal profession these days? (*As STEPHEN turns, LEONARD catches sight of HELEN*)—Why.....Diana!

DIANA—Diana's daughter, Helen.....Past and Present: not a very flattering picture, is it, Leonard?

LEONARD—Let me look at you, Di.....No, you've not changed.....only mellowed. (*To HELEN*) But it's uncanny.....like suddenly jumping back twenty years. You're your mother's image.....as I last saw her.

AMY (*softly*)—We can never escape them.....always they pursue us.....one day they will catch up with us, when we don't expect it.

HENRY—Amy!

DIANA—What do you mean?

AMY—The ghosts of what we have been.....and might have been.

LEONARD (*smiling rather cynically*)—Creative Evolution.

STEPHEN—Ah.....Bergson.

LEONARD—Yes. "Man's path through life is strewn with the murdered corpses of the things he might have been." (*LOUISE enters R. with tea things.*) And here's tea..... just in time. I'm starved.

JUDITH (*sitting in upstage chair of table to R. of stone bench, facing the audience; DIANA sits at her R.; LEONARD at her L.; for the moment, HELEN wanders up and stands between JUDITH and LEONARD; AMY and HENRY sit to L. and R. of the other table, STEPHEN between them, facing audience*)—We'll soon take care of that, Uncle Leonard. Louise knows your weakness for muffins.

(*After seeing that both tables are served, LOUISE goes off R.*)

DIANA (*smiling at him*)—Is that the *only* weakness you've ever let a woman know, Leonard?

Dreamer's Haven

LEONARD—I think you may remember I never believed in weaknesses, Diana.

DIANA (*meaningly*)—Yes, you did.....as things to be crushed out.....annihilated.....utterly destroyed. (LEONARD turns away from her to offer tea to her daughter.)

HENRY—I like tea, you know. So often clears the air.

HELEN (*to JUDITH*)—Tell me about the old place, Miss Page. It's like a bit of mother's generation completely untouchedlike a lovely period water-colour.

JUDITH—Mother would have liked that. It was she who gave the house its name.

HELEN (*sitting on the stone bench; we see her between JUDITH and LEONARD, who has pushed his chair back a little from the table*)—"Dreamer's Haven.".....No wonder she left it when her dream was shattered.

AMY (*she had risen to her feet as HELEN sat on the bench, and now stands pointing, motionless as a wax figure. Her voice is low, tense, metallic*)—She's sitting there, nowwhere I found him.....where he'll always bewith the bloodstain over his heart.

HENRY—Amy! Sit down!

AMY (*turning on him*)—How do you know.....you didn't see him then, with that look on his face.....the smile on his lips and the living horror standing in his eyes. (*Crossing quickly to the other table; to LEONARD*) But you saw it! (*To DIANA*) And you! (*A sudden change; her voice lowered almost to a whisper*) Yet you went away.....and forgot. (*Drawing herself up, exultantly*).....I never forgot.....How could I?.....I knew Geoffrey Page as you never knew him.....I understand!

(A clock is heard, striking six. JUDITH has risen to her feet during AMY's outburst. Now she looks at her across the table.)

JUDITH—That clock struck twelve within a few moments of my father's death.

DIANA (*as though suddenly remembering*)—That's true! (*Then calmly, looking steadily at LEONARD*) I was in the

library with Leonard. We heard the clock strike, and a moment later the sound of a shot. We thought we must have dreamed it, but a few moments after we heard some one run downstairs, so we came out and met Amy in the hall.

AMY—I heard the shot in my room, and ran across the hall to a window overlooking the garden. Geoffrey was lying there.....I thought he moved once.....I ran down and met you.....

DIANA—And we went out together. Yes, I remember.

AMY—I lifted him up, and his blood ran down over my armthe gun dropped from his hand.....

STEPHEN—Then it wasn't gripped tightly!

JUDITH (*taking a paper bundle from the shelf of the tea-table, she slips out of it an old-fashioned revolver; holding it out to AMY*)—Is this the same revolver, Miss Gray?

(AMY takes it without hesitation, examines it, and hands it back.)

AMY—The same. I picked it up that night.

STEPHEN—Were there finger-prints?

JUDITH—They didn't use finger-printing so much twenty years ago, and too many people had handled it before the police came to be able to use such a method in any case. Time and dust have destroyed all value in *that* evidence now.

HENRY (*rising stiffly*)—I thought we all came down here to bury the Past. Seems to me it's getting up and knocking us in the eye.

JUDITH—You're quite right. I'll give that to Uncle Leonardto dispose of as he thinks best. (*Holding out pistol.*)

LEONARD (*he hesitates a moment, then stretches out a hand for it. Looking it over, smiling rather bitterly*)—I'll take it back to the farm. It might look well among my war relics. (*He puts it into his pocket.*)

AMY—How can you take it like that.....the weapon that killed your sister's husband!

LEONARD (*rising*)—Sentimentality, my dear Amy, is a weakness. As Diana has said, I have always considered weak-

nesses as defects of character to be stamped out as early as possible.

AMY (*tense again*)—But you can't stamp out the Past like that.....it's always with us.....the unbidden guest, disguised as the Present. The Present is the Past in fashionable clothes.

LEONARD—When the Present appears so, it is also to be destroyed.

HENRY—You're getting too deep for me. I'm going up and change for dinner. (*He crosses R. Turning back from the door*) Coming, Amy?

(*The curtain falls to denote the passage of about five hours.*)

(The curtain rises again on the same scene, lighted from the open doorway at R. and a lamp on the table downstage L., on which coffee things are strewn. The other table has been removed. The sound of a Victrola drifts from the house. A figure in an old-fashioned black evening dress kneels beside the bench, C., its head on its arms, motionless; it is AMY.)

The music stops, and STEPHEN and HELEN enter R., and stand for a moment in the doorway. HELEN carries the silver evening bag. Both are smoking.)

HELEN—There's something about the house tonight..... perhaps it's only the stillness.....it's as though one shouldn't breathe in it.

STEPHEN—Nerves, I'm afraid. Not a very cheery afternoon we had.

HELEN—Strange, Miss Gray's bursting out that way. What d'you make of it?

STEPHEN—Impressionable woman who never got over the one exciting moment in her life.....

HELEN—Have you any notion what Geoffrey Page was like?

STEPHEN—Handsome and very brilliant, they say. He was an artist.

HENRY (*entering R.*)—Gloomy old place at night, isn't it?

HELEN—The house, yes. It's rather lovely out here.

HENRY—Think I'll take a turn to the end of the rose walk. Anyone join me?

STEPHEN—We're just going in to try cheering up the house with another record. Where's Judith?

HENRY—With her uncle and Diana, over her father's water-colours. (*Catching sight of the kneeling figure*) Hello, what's this? (*He crosses up to her*) Amy.....what the devil are you doing out here?

AMY (*without moving*)—Go away!

HENRY—What's the matter with you?

AMY—Nothing.....Go away.....Leave me here in peace.

HENRY—I'll do nothing of the kind. You're coming with me for a walk 'round the garden.

AMY (*looking up*)—There's no use looking in the garden. It's all here.

HELEN—What's here?

AMY—The ghost of all this house has known.

HENRY—We've had about enough of that for one day. Amy, for God's sake drop this nonsense! What's happened here is done and over with. Geoffrey Page has been in his grave twenty years.....

AMY (*rising*)—When a man dies, his spirit lives in the memory of those who loved him.....and in the place he loved. (*Breaking into the strange, tensely excited mood again*) Can't you see what you're doing, all of you..... prying into the catacombs of a dead man's thoughts and loves and hates.....You think you're burying the Past. All you're doing is raising the living spirits of memories and associations. Be careful they're not stronger than you think. (*She goes off L.*)

HENRY (*amazed*)—Amy!.....(*He follows her.*)

HELEN—Cheery sort of person to have about the house.

JUDITH (*off R.*)—Stephen! (*Entering R.*) Oh, there you are. I wondered why the Vic had stopped.

HELEN—We came out for a bit of air. I wonder if the old house resents anything so modern as a Victrola!

STEPHEN—Sign of the new regime. Shall we try it again?

DIANA (*appearing in the doorway*)—Helen, come into the studio for a moment. Leonard wants to compare you with my portrait at twenty-one.

JUDITH—But the portrait never was finished.

Dreamer's Haven

DIANA—The face was completed the day.....the 24th of July, 1913.

HELEN—I should love to see it. (*To STEPHEN*) We'll save the dance till later. (*She and DIANA go off R.*)

STEPHEN (*with meaning*)—What time is it?

JUDITH—A quarter to twelve.

STEPHEN—Judith, d'you feel it's right to go through with this?

JUDITH—You're not getting cold feet, *now*?

STEPHEN—No; but it all seems so useless. Perhaps Miss Gray's right: we should let dead memories rest..... The most it can do is ruin the happiness of more people. From all I've seen, Dreamer's Haven has taken toll enough already.

JUDITH—It will take more if we let it keep its memories, Stephen. I want to rob it of all the horrible secrets it has held for twenty years. (*LEONARD appears in the doorway*) There shall be no more nightmares at Dreamer's Haven after tonight.

LEONARD (*he is the only one of the three men not wearing evening dress; he wears the same suit in which he appeared in the earlier scene*)—Good resolution, Judy. Let's hope it's not so easily broken as most.

JUDITH—Hello, Uncle. Come tell Stephen I'm doing the right thing in opening the old place again. This afternoon's got rather on his nerves.

STEPHEN—Sometimes one can't help it. It seems not all of the older generation have learned to control theirs.

LEONARD—Amy Gray was always a bit queer. Perhaps it might have been better if your father had taken more interest in her, Judith. (*He sighs*) But then again..... it might have made no difference.....

JUDITH—Did he.....know she cared about him?

LEONARD—No one knew till.....that night. Then all she'd smothered up to that time came to the surface like..... Ætna in full blast. The top blew off, and.....the pieces are still coming down.

STEPHEN—Do you think it was wise—this notion of having you all down here.....

LEONARD—What does it matter? Four middle-aged people more or less burnt out, brought down to.....what is it, Judy?.....lift the curse of our generation from you youngsters?

JUDITH—Something like that. Stephen, why don't you bring the Vic out and have that dance with Helen here?

STEPHEN (*looking at her*)—I understand.

JUDITH (*a warning hand on his arm*)—Tell Louise to bring out fresh coffee. (*He goes.*)

LEONARD—Drinking up the last ashes of the Past, eh, Judy? You know, you and Stephen deserve to be happy here.

JUDITH—Why.....more than Mother and Dad?

LEONARD—Laws of proportion and balance, I suppose—your happiness to pay for your mother's lack of it.

JUDITH—What do you mean, Uncle?

LEONARD—So she never told you?.....She must have had her reasons.....

JUDITH—Told me what?

LEONARD—What happened that night of July 24th may have saved your mother from worse unhappiness, Judith. (*She stares at him.*) Never mind.....we're laying ghosts, not raising them, tonight. (*Turning away.*) Memory's a weakness that should be overcome before one reaches my age.

HENRY (*entering hastily, from L.*)—Look here, have you seen Amy anywhere?

JUDITH—No. I thought she was with you.

(LOUISE enters R., crosses to the table, with the coffee-tray, and goes out again at R.)

HENRY—I lost her somewhere in the turnings of the rose walk.

(STEPHEN and HELEN enter R. with the Vic, HELEN humming a waltz. They put the Vic on the little bench to upstage L. of the door, turn it on, and start dancing, down R.)

LEONARD (*pouring a cup*)—Coffee?

HENRY (*sitting to R. of table*)—Thanks.....Just what I need.

Dreamer's Haven

(DIANA comes to the door, R.)

JUDITH—By the way, Mr. Gray.....where were you that night at twelve o'clock?

LEONARD—Still probing, Judy?

HENRY—Well, you see, I was rather "accessory *after* the fact" as it were. I was with your mother in the studio—looking at Di's portrait—when we heard the shot. Your mother fainted, and by the time I'd brought her 'round the first excitement was over.

HELEN—Let's stop for a bit. I think I'd like some coffee. (*She crosses to the stone bench, C., and drops onto it, facing R., while STEPHEN stops and shuts the Victrola. LEONARD crosses R. to DIANA with coffee, which she refuses, and he sets the cup down on the bench where the Vic has been.*)

JUDITH (*as HENRY crosses with coffee for HELEN, and sits beside her on the bench, facing L.*)—Then.....you didn't see my father.....in the garden?

HENRY—No. They'd brought him into the hall by the time I came down.

STEPHEN—Shall I take the Vic in, Judith?

JUDITH—You might as well.....unless Helen will want it later?

HELEN—I think I've had about enough, thanks.

(*She returns to conversation with HENRY. STEPHEN goes into the house with the Vic, passing LEONARD and DIANA, who are standing in the doorway. JUDITH remains at the table, sipping coffee.*)

DIANA—Who would have thought twenty years ago that we'd meet again on this threshold, Leonard?

LEONARD—You least of all, I should guess.

DIANA—I wonder what it would have been like if things hadn't.....stopped as they did.

LEONARD (*JUDITH is watching them*)—Worse than has turned out.....for some.

DIANA—It gives one a queer feeling, sometimes.....

LEONARD—What, precisely?

DIANA—The knowledge of having been saved from oneself.

LEONARD—Careful, Diana.

DIANA—I owe you a great deal, Leonard, I know that now.

.....I suppose.....I ought to be grateful to you.

LEONARD—Hardly. I wasn't thinking of your future that night.....I owe you something, too.....

DIANA—That was more for my own sake than yours.....

(During this last speech, AMY has appeared from L. She speaks in a high, level voice, standing just upstage of JUDITH'S chair.)

AMY—There they are.....as they were that night.....in the doorway.....watching.....while I held him in my arms.....

(JUDITH rises, HELEN and HENRY look up, startled. DIANA and LEONARD move to center, as though instinctively drawing away from the door.)

DIANA (*her voice trembling a little; she moves toward AMY, so that we see the center bench between DIANA and LEONARD, who is also a little downstage of DIANA*)—Amy, for God's sake stop reconstructing everything that happened that night!

(The clock begins to strike twelve; all except HENRY, who is watching AMY, and LEONARD, who is watching DIANA, look back toward the house, startled. JUDITH leans forward a little, expectantly. Suddenly, a bright light appears in the window on the second floor, silhouetting behind the white curtains the figure of a man holding a revolver.

HELEN screams and drops her bag. HENRY, attracted by its fall from watching AMY, stoops to pick it up. DIANA, who had turned toward the bench on HELEN'S exclamation, suddenly throws herself toward them.)

DIANA—(*a hand on HENRY'S shoulder; speaking toward the lighted window*)—Geoffrey, look out! Leonard, for God's sake don't shoot!

(As though touched off irresistibly by her words, LEONARD whirls on the bench, whipping out of his pocket the pistol JUDITH had given him that afternoon. He pulls the trigger, and we hear the click of the hammer on an empty chamber.)

Dreamer's Haven

DIANA—(*in a tense whisper; her eyes still on the lighted window*)—My God, Leonard! Come down! Quick! Put that in his hand! You've got to get away!

JUDITH (*in horrified amazement*)—Uncle Leonard!

(The gun drops from his hand, and it is as though the sound brought him and DIANA to their senses. They stare at each other without moving. AMY suddenly breaks into hysterical weeping.)

JUDITH (*putting AMY into a chair beside the coffee table*)—Henry! (*He rises hastily, crosses, and tries to soothe AMY.*) All right, Stephen.

(The second story window opens, and STEPHEN steps out onto the balcony. HELEN rises, and stares in amazement at her mother.)

JUDITH (*crossing to LEONARD*)—So it was you.

LEONARD—Yes.....For your mother's sake, and (*looking at DIANA*).....a little for hers.

DIANA (*softly*)—It's true, Judith. I'm really the one who's responsible.....

LEONARD—Try to believe I.....did it for the best.

JUDITH—Oh, my God!

AMY (*still sobbing brokenly*)—I told you to let the Past keep its memories.....Always it is stronger than we know.....

JUDITH—I too.....did it for the best.

LEONARD—We can never tell whether an act will ultimately be for the best or not. Our acts are not mortal things that are born and die in their own short moment of commission, but live on in their consequences, whose destination we can never see. Perhaps they go on.....forever.

STEPHEN (*gently*)—Creative Evolution again.

Curtain

The River

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF

NOW, when the tarnished moon plunges to darkened
waters,
Now, when the howling ships cry aloud in the smoke,
When distant blinking lights open from daylight sleeping,
Red as the Cyclops' socket that was empty when he awoke,

I watch the twisted river and hide my mouth with my hand,
And tell myself quiet tales about silver waters that run
From green and marble mountains into white resplendent sand
That fringes a clean dark sea, flashing under the sun.

This is a villainous stream that glows like an evil serpent,
Whose writhings perplex the eyes, whose screamings never
cease.

But somewhere beneath its surface, in the quiet heart of the
current,
Is a refuge of silent oblivion where the rocks are weighted
with peace.

And if the way is too long to the silver and shining waters,
The sailor comforts his heart with the image of things beneath:
The sweet black loss of thought, the first surcease of struggle,
The last mad leap of the heart, the final surrender of breath.

Editorial

OF REPRESENTATION

TO any publication whose editors continue the same for a length of time there are bound to cling traditions of liberality, of snobbishness, of dependability, at least, of some definite character. It depends for its existence on that part of the public which is in sympathy with its point of view and with its standards. Change in its editorship is looked for with expectancy and curiosity to know what new policy the newcomer will introduce.

But a college magazine differs from other newspapers and magazines in the following respect: that its editorial board is constantly changing so that it is completely renewed every four years. Under this condition it is impossible for such a magazine to fix and maintain a policy. Beyond the fact that each new board wishes to publish a more interesting paper than any previous board has done and endeavours to maintain the highest possible literary merit according to its judgment, there can be no definite standards attached to a college magazine. It should, therefore, have a unique advantage, that of flexibility. In it, as in no other kind of paper, it should be possible for anyone—no matter what her interests—to express her ideas and to find ideas that interest her.

This latent breadth of interest is what we feel most important for everyone to realize. When this is once understood, the corollary will naturally follow: that such a maga-

zine depends for its vitality on representing the tastes and ideas of all kinds of students. We repeat that what makes it different from all others is its adaptability, the fact that it can represent widely differing people. It serves no purpose at all if it contains only the work of the editorial board and a few besides who are interested. Limited thus, it becomes unutterably provincial. Even a specialized magazine, such as a journal of philology or chemistry or whatever subject, which is quite uninteresting to very many people, is of importance to its limited public just because of the new ideas expressed in it by new authorities in its field. Of the contributors to a college magazine no one claims to be an authority. But whatever ideas one may have in a particular field may at this time, as at no other, have the opportunity of coming under the observation of people concerned in quite different branches of study.

Of the potential number of contributors, indeed, of the actual number, only a few will choose writing as a profession. Some will be economists, some scientists, some philosophers, and so on. As such, when they have something to say, they must say it in a specialized paper to a limited public. Those interested in writing and in literary subjects will also be limited, though not so strictly, in the matter of a medium of expression. We do not wish this to be a magazine for only the few who may adopt writing as a profession. We wish it to be, as we have explained why it should be, representative of the interests of the whole college.

In a system of education like this which tends to concentrate each person's attention on one subject, it is not easy to gain a general knowledge of a wide range of subjects. Perhaps it is too much to expect that after at most three or three and a half years of study one should have ideas or have made discoveries in one subject of sufficient importance to warrant their being presented to the world. But they are being presented, not to the world, but to the college, to a group of people who have all made about the same progress in different directions. If then, a student of economics, for example, were to write a clear, intelligent account of some

problem in her field, it may come to the notice of a student of art or literature as possibly no newspaper article on the subject, and she may obtain knowledge of affairs of which otherwise she would have had no notion. It is always desirable to know what other people are doing, and, if possible, why. The student in economics might suddenly discover a taste for music if some characteristics of a school or of a composer were pointed out to her. Naturally something more than an encyclopedia account is necessary, but if one's own views or tastes are included, a personality will show itself that gives the necessary individuality.

To stimulate interest in this way—as well as to provide an outlet for purely original writing—is what any college magazine at its best should do. It is the hard task of the editorial board to decide whether articles fulfill these standards. We can do no more than hope that our judgment represents that of the college as a whole, and that the extent of our task will grow and grow. It depends on each person whether the magazine is worthless and dead, or whether the possibilities, opened by its flexible direction, are followed up to make it a paper of keen interest to every one.

Questions and Comments

THE purpose of this section of THE LANTERN is to provide for the expression and discussion, in the form of short articles, of various questions and ideas. We hope it will be a useful addition and that it may be a means of awakening interest in all kinds of subjects. We realize that writing a paper of four or five printed pages is a matter requiring a great deal of time. The previous lack of opportunity for the many busy people, not principally concerned in writing, to contribute their ideas to the magazine, is hereby acknowledged and, as we hope, remedied.

YOUTH AND RESPONSIBILITY

THE evident importance of the questions about to be asked was emphasized by an incident which occurred as I finished my first discussion of it. A lady of about forty, who entered the room as I was about to leave, was asked the question, to which she answered, or rather did not answer, but added strength to the original demand by her evasion: "Oh, youth! It doesn't realize its responsibility in the least, but some day young people will realize that the future of the country depends on them." If these were not her exact words, they still contain her meaning.

Her attitude toward youth and its share in public life is that of too many others: youth, carefree and protected, sits

back unaware of its responsibility as the coming rulers of the nation. To be just this is not altogether true. There are just as many who say to young people that the time is past when they were sheltered, that they can no longer merely observe, but must actually take part in solving the political and economic problems of the country. And thus we come to the question. It is all very well to say that youth must take its share of the burden, but how will it do so? Is it possible to give it an active share of the responsibility said to belong to it, or is there any aim, any interest, the pursuit of which might contribute to overcoming public difficulties, and that might unite young citizens into a group whose word and opinion should carry weight?

Germany, Italy, and Russia have done this, but in a way quite unsuited to America. These countries have united their youth by a purely emotional incentive—in Germany and Italy, by a hysterical, mystic patriotism; in Russia, by an exalted spirit of comradeship. I am sure that the number of educated people in this country would make absurd such phenomena as the great mass meetings of the German Jugend, for example. But is there any means of incorporating into the system of government the ideas and energy of young Americans? It is unbelievable that they all at about the age of thirty-five or so should suddenly wake up one morning with ability developed overnight to hold office and give opinions.

Carlyle complained that youth between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five had its light hidden under a bushel. His complaint is still justifiable. The most serious obstacle in the way of removing it is the fact that relatively few people derive from their education any conception of what problems the country is facing. I know students of the arts who have not learned to understand the terminology of newspaper reports. Provisions for educating them to take at least an active interest, if not an active part, in public life are measures that will tend toward recognition in the future of the value of the ideas and work of youth. But they do not solve the question for the present. What concrete form is the responsibility devolving on youth to take?

A CASE FOR PROSE OR POETRY?

IT would be foolhardy to try in this small space to remove Robert Frost from the honourable position he now holds among poets. But still, I think, one may question his claim. When he first began to write, it was not to Americans, but to English that he was forced to turn for a publisher. First opinions, it is true, are very often wrong, but with the advantage of a point of view unprejudiced by the popular success or failure of the writer in question, they may also contain a great deal of the true final estimate of him.

Frost's chief claim to being a poet is his realism, his closeness to the soil, his keen power of observation. Realism in itself is surely not sufficient to make a writer a poet. You may say that he has more than this, that, for example, his poem of the woman who from loneliness and the influence of madness that overshadowed her youth is about to lose her own reason, that this poem embodies for every one and for always the emotion of loneliness. But a novelist can give quite as moving a picture of loneliness. Hardy does it more than once. The mayor of Casterbridge represents the loneliness of a passing generation, just as strong a feeling as that evoked by Frost's woman in the bleak New England hills. Frost's poetry is no more elevated than Hardy's prose; he purposely simplifies it to reproduce as nearly as possible what the woman herself might say. I think it is this attempt to be absolutely true to life that prevents him from being a poet. He could never have written lines like these of Coleridge:

"And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon."

because he could never detach himself sufficiently from reality to forget that the moon has no shadow. His way of intensifying his description is to impart emotion or thought to his trees, brooks, and flowers, the black sin of "pathetic fallacy."

A Case for Prose or Poetry?

Take these from his lines on trees:

“They are that that talks of going,
But never gets away,
And that talks no less for knowing
As it grows wiser and older
That now it means to stay.”

If that is what you want in poetry, Frost will satisfy you completely. He will give you no philosophy, for he has none beyond love of earth for its own sake. He will give you sentimentality; he will give you horror; the story of the naturalist who was mutilated in a machine accident has both. He will also give you great dramatic power. And this virtue of his, combined with his other characteristics, makes me wonder if after all his field is not prose narrative, novel or short story, and not poetry at all. If he set out to write prose, perhaps he would not feel it necessary to grow sentimental and give impossible emotions to inanimate objects. And, on the other hand, his ability to observe and describe such sensations as his fatigue after picking apples, with great sensitivity, would make a novel unusual and lively.

Book Reviews

ANTHONY ADVERSE

BY HERVEY ALLEN

“I HAVE just finished the first three hundred pages of *Anthony Adverse*.....” After listening patiently for many weeks to the ecstatic comments which seem inevitably to follow this conversational gambit, the somewhat cynical recipient of so much premature enthusiasm is likely to wonder two things: first, if all, or any, of these excited people are going to maintain their interest through the next nine hundred pages; and secondly, what there is about this book which can arouse such widespread and fervent admiration.

They say, those who have succumbed to its undeniable magnetism, that it is swift, absorbing, thrilling, sweeping them away on the high tide of romantic adventure into an unfamiliar setting and epoch, and never once relaxing its insistent claim on their attention. At the same time the wealth of philosophical reflections and implications, and the slow unfolding of Anthony's character, give significance to what would otherwise be a mere stringing together of unco-ordinated events. If one ventures an unfavorable criticism of the book, its defenders are wont to rise in their wrath and smite down the unbeliever with arguments distinguished more by their sincerity than their accuracy of critical analysis. Surely any book which can command such staunch champions is worthy of deliberate consideration.

The author who undertakes the writing of a period novel is faced at once with a problem which never troubles those

who deal only with the present and the immediate past. In order to re-create with fidelity and conviction the material and spiritual essence of a bygone era, he must steep himself so thoroughly in its literary, historical, artistic, philosophical and religious aspects that they seem to him more real than those of the time in which he chances to live. At the same time he cannot depend too much on atmosphere and glamour and romantic incident; for there is always the necessity, in a good novel, of pointing a moral as well as adorning a tale. Still another difficulty—the period should not be depicted in terms too realistic and prosaic to come within the usually narrow limits of the reader's previous conception of the era in question.

Mr. Allen has, it is evident, done an impressive amount of research in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; he has succeeded in presenting us with a picture at all times accurate in every detail, for the most part executed with a sensitive sureness of delineation which achieves at its best a moving, rare and memorable beauty. On the other hand, his approach seems always to be an objective one. He is forever the modern looking backward down the centuries, and it is apparently impossible for him to attain that self-less identification with the spirit of a past epoch which is so exquisitely displayed by George Moore in his *Heloise and Abélard*. While he maintains with a nice skill the proper balance between the illusory legend and the ineluctable fact, between the thoughtful and the romantic elements of his vast array of material, Allen impresses one as never for an instant losing his twentieth century point of view; and therefore cannot demonstrate with sufficient force any real affinity with the past of which he writes.

Though we lament the sense of unreality which the adoption, by an author, of an attitude of aloof detachment cannot fail to bring to a novel, we can appreciate the intellectual courage of the man who undertakes a work of the magnitude of *Anthony Adverse*. That a book twelve hundred pages in length maintained for months its position as a best-seller should indicate that it has a certain appeal to the public at large. It is a veritable encyclopedia of novels, an Omnibus

of mystery, adventure and romance, with a deep under-current of mystical symbolism; in it all possible experiences come to the most fortunate of all impossible men, until the reader is deluged by the richness of description and incident, and the clarity of scene and emotion is blurred by constant repetition.

To a reading public weary of threading the unwholesome mazes of perverted and disordered minds *Anthony Adverse* offers a channel of escape from the complexities of the contemporary world. Here is Dumas in the modern manner—thrills, intrigues, hazards and pleasures, a canvas covering both continents, vivid events proceeding in splendidly kaleidoscopic fashion; all the ingredients for success linked by one unifying element, the figure of Anthony himself. It is a debateable question whether Anthony is of sufficiently great stature to live on after his story has been read and forgotten. We suggested, in regard to Mr. Allen's attitude towards his period, that he adopted an objective point of view: in the matter of his hero he has been to an equal degree subjective. *Anthony Adverse* is from first to last the expression of *his* philosophy and *his* personality, clothed in the pleasant garb of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and while Hervey Allen has an extraordinarily intelligent, active, and energetic mind, his Anthony is something less than human. His genius falls so far short of that human universality which makes Tolstoi's *War and Peace* a masterpiece and a classic that a comparison is almost unfair.

Anthony Adverse is a magnificent experiment—and a superb failure. Whether it is merely an isolated nine days' wonder and literary freak, or a significant indication of the trend which the modern novel is going to take in the future, is yet to be revealed. At present it stands alone, a splendid tribute to the audacity of its author. Mr. Allen can write, and write well; his style is fluent and lucid, his feeling for all kinds of beauty—in people and in nature—is sensitive and graphically expressed, and he has an admirable gift for narrative. With all these talents, it is a pity that he could not have attained a greater degree of success. The book is undeniably good—but it lacks the divine spark necessary for the achievement of greatness.

ELIZABETH KENT.



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“The Stricter Mould”

A Study of Jane Austen

Based on Her Letters

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF

JANE AUSTEN'S letters show us a person who believed in forms, forms of dress, language, behaviour and emotion. By far the greater number of those she wrote to her sister Cassandra are so beautifully illustrative of this that they are quite dull. This effect of dullness is not lessened by the fact that most of her letters to Cassandra were about people and places they both knew. This means that there was no necessity for description of the characters mentioned. The few who were not known to Cassandra were easily indicated by a comparison with those who were. And because the letters were written to Cassandra, and during short periods of separation, it was unnecessary for Jane to talk about her state of mind, or explain her convictions on any subject. Cassandra knew all that already. And all of her letters to her sister involving the emotions of either of them have been destroyed, with the exception of the three written at the time of the death of her sister-in-law Elizabeth.

But still, from her letters to Cassandra we learn a great deal about this formal restraint of Jane's which we may suppose to have been partly due to her influence. In the first

letter of hers which we have she speaks of her flirtation with Tom Lefroy. "Imagine to yourself everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together." But she soon covers her tracks, careful that Cassandra should have no wrong impressions. "He is a very gentlemanlike, good-looking, pleasant young man, I assure you. But as to our ever having met except at the last three balls, I cannot say much; for he is so excessively laughed at over me in Ashe that he is ashamed of coming to Steventon, and ran away when we called on Mrs. Lefroy a few days ago."

In those two sentences is the entire outward picture of a relationship. But Jane's feelings, and, except by implication, his, are left out altogether. It is as if she were writing about another twenty-one-year-old girl, whom she had seen at the balls and at Tom Lefroy's mother's house.

But all too often even the outer appearance of a relationship is left out. The moving purpose of Jane's letters to Cassandra was to keep her informed of what was going on at Godmersham while Cassandra was at Steventon, or in London when she was at Chawton. A second purpose, whenever Jane was in a larger town than her sister, was to keep her informed of the styles, and here again her constant reference to what was "being worn" shows how completely she fell in with custom. She went against it only when her conviction of what was fitting and proper was too strong for her. In one letter she speaks of a "sprig" she had been instructed to get for a bonnet of Cassandra's. She worries about whether to get flowers, or fruit, which had recently come in, and disposes of the subject by remarking, "I cannot decide on the fruit until I have heard from you again. Besides, I cannot help thinking it is more natural to have flowers grow out of the head than fruit. What do you think on that subject?"

There is a group of letters left which shows very clearly Jane's belief that there was the proper way to take any given emotional situation, in this case, a death in the family. While to us, in an age of uncontrol, her belief in form in other matters is very refreshing, the ideas expressed in these three letters are more than a little disconcerting. Cassandra was

staying at Godmersham with Edward's family at the time his wife died, and Jane's first letter to her is written in pure sympathy for Edward and the others in the house. It shows an apparent practical dependence on the idea of God, which may be due to more than the conventional phraseology of the period. "May the Almighty sustain you all, and keep you, my dearest Cassandra, quite well,—but for the present I daresay you are equal to everything." The idea seems to be that the Almighty will not intervene "for the present," but only if it becomes absolutely necessary. The whole letter is more definitely foreign to our way of thought than any of the previous ones, especially in the reflections on the solid virtues of the departed with which it closes.

In the second letter, Jane's interest in practical affairs comes to the surface in her concern over mourning and the disposal of Edward's orphan sons. But she shows what might almost be called pure curiosity as to how the members of the family are taking their bereavement. "Edward's loss is terrible and must be felt as such. . . .but soon we may hope that our dear Fanny's sense of duty to that beloved father will rouse her to exertion. For his sake, and as the most acceptable proof of love to the spirit of her departed mother, she will try to be tranquil and resigned. Does she feel you to be a comfort to her, or is she too much overpowered for anything but solitude?"

"Your account of Lizzy is very interesting. Poor child! One must hope the impression *will* be strong, and yet one's heart aches for a dejected mind of eight years old.

"I suppose you see the corpse? How does it appear? We are anxious to be assured that Edward will not attend the funeral, but when it comes to the point I think he must feel it impossible."

Here we see the dissecting spirit of the novelist, in a strange combination of sorrow and pity for the survivors, and very definite ideas as to how they should behave. Toward the end of the letter there is a description in one sentence of the scene at Godmersham as Jane imagined it. "I see your mournful party in my mind's eye under every varying circum-

stance of the day; and in the evening especially figure to myself its sad gloom: the effort to talk, the frequent summons to melancholy orders and cares, and poor Edward, restless in misery, going from one room to another, and perhaps not seldom upstairs, to see all that remains of his Elizabeth."

The next letter describes the arrival of the little boys at Southampton. "*They behave extremely* well in every respect, showing quite as much feeling as one wishes to see, and on every occasion speaking of their father with the liveliest affection. His letter was read over by each of them yesterday, and with many tears; George sobbed aloud, Edward's tears do not flow so easily; but as far as I can judge they are both very properly impressed by what has happened. Miss Lloyd, who is a more impartial judge than I can be, is exceedingly pleased with them."

It is almost impossible to comment on that passage or on the change of tone following it, in the description of the games with which the poor children were amused, and practical worries about their mourning. The letter goes on with plans for a move to and news of a wedding. Then follows an account of a sermon which had "much affected" the boys, and more descriptions of their games. Some of the remaining matters touched are: a water party with the boys on the Itchen, a pious hope that Cassandra will not suffer a bilious attack from "the bustle of the first week," still more games, accounts of letters of condolence, and the announcement of the receipt of a hamper of apples.

These three letters seem to indicate that Jane, either through training or nature, kept her mind in water tight compartments. The boys must show the proper feeling about their mother, but their clothing and amusement must be seen to, and there is not the slightest reason why Cassandra should not be amused by the report of a marriage notice, or pleased by hearing of apples in the attic. Elizabeth was dead, and that was too bad, Jane Austen was still very much alive. (She hardly ever mentions Elizabeth again.) Perhaps these letters are not unfeeling, but the emotion they exhibit is well under control. Perhaps Jane was not particularly fond of Elizabeth.

The Stricter Mould

In any case she fitted her death into the pattern of her life, with as much precision as she did a new fashion in caps.

In her letters to her niece Fanny six years later, Jane was for once unable to order her thoughts. What could she do with a niece who found it impossible to decide whether or no she wished to marry an intelligent young gentleman of good family, whose only fault was a leaning toward Evangelicism which led to a stern disapproval of dancing and such mundane pleasures? There were two proper attitudes into which she could try to twist Fanny, and in the first letter she recommends now one and now the other. There is the convention of making a good marriage and the convention of marrying for love, both of which she accepts, and she finds them difficult to reconcile in this case.

"I was certainly a good deal surprised *at first*, as I had no suspicion of any change in your feelings, and I have no scruple in saying that you cannot be in Love. My dear Fanny—I am ready to laugh at the idea—and yet it is no laughing matter to have had you so mistaken as to your own feelings.—And with all my heart I wish I had cautioned you on that point when first you spoke to me;—but though I did not *then* think you so much in love as you thought yourself, I did consider you as being attached in a degree—quite sufficiently for happiness, as I had no doubt it would increase with opportunity.—And from the time of our being in London together, I thought you really very much in love.—But you certainly are not, at all—there is no use concealing it.... Poor dear Mr. J. P.!—Oh, dear Fanny, your mistake has been one that thousands of women fall into. He was the *first* young man who attached himself to you....—Oh! my dear Fanny, the more I write about him, the warmer my feelings become, the more strongly I feel the sterling worth of such a young Man & the desirableness of your growing in love with him again. I recommend this most thoroughly.—There *are* such beings in the World perhaps, one in a Thousand, as the Creature You and I should think perfection, Where Grace and Spirit are united to Worth, where the Manners are equal to the heart and understanding, but such a person may not come in your way, or if he does,

he may not be the eldest son of a Man of Fortune, the Brother of your particular friend, & belonging to your own County."

After more in this vein, and after entreating Fanny not to commit herself, Jane turns to other matters, but returns to the subject in a postscript which Lord Bradbourne, Fanny's son, saw fit to suppress in his edition of the letters. "Your trying to excite your own feelings by a visit to his room amused me excessively—The dirty Shaving Rag was exquisite. Such a circumstance ought to be in print. Much too good to be lost." Here, after the almost priggish, although obviously genuinely concerned discussion of the letter itself, is a flash of humor belying in reality all of her worthy and contradictory advice. For once Jane's humor was not directed against the person who broke the convention, as it was when she spoke of light waistcoats, and too much rouge on a silly face, but was definitely sympathetic.

In the next letter to Fanny Jane has decided on her last and sticks to it. Fanny does not love Mr. J. P. and she is not to marry him. When, three years later, another suitor appears on the horizon, Jane is very ready to condemn him, and to hope that Fanny's friends "remonstrate and reason" with her when she dreads the future marriage to another of 'Mr. J. P. Nothing breaks through on these occasions.

It is in a group of letters to her niece Anna that Jane's ideas on the subject of novel-writing are clearly expressed. Anna had written a novel to while away the time of her engagement, and sent it to her aunt for criticism. We have it on Lord Bradbourne's authority that she burned it after Jane's death. The chief criteria which Jane chooses to apply to her niece's work are probability and resemblance to real life. "...I have scratched out Sir Tho. from walking to the stables with the other Men etc. the very day after his breaking his arm—for though I find your Papa *did* walk out immediately after *his* arm was set, I think it can be so little usual as to *appear* unnatural in a book—& it does not seem material that Sir Tho: should go with them.—Lyme will not do. Lyme is towards 40 miles distance from Dawlish and would not be talked of there."

The Stricter Mould

It is in this letter that Jane makes the remark that sums up her theory and practice of style. "Here and there, we have thought the same matter might be expressed in fewer words." This brings us to a consideration of the style of the letters, which is, if course, the supreme example of Jane's feeling for form. Few words and those the right ones, are what make her letters a pleasure to read, even when, as with many of them, the actual content is as fascinating as some one else's smoking room description of a total stranger's coming out party.

I may seem to have laid undue emphasis on Jane Austen's respect of, and desire for form. But it seems to me especially significant that she should have shown it quite so markedly in the limits of family correspondence. She had apparently learned, and, what is more, learned to practise, the principle that, the greater the part of a life which is set and crystallized, the more easily can that part of it not so crystallized, move and have its existence. She reached, toward the end of her life, a point at which she could snub the librarian of the Prince Regent with the most exquisite delicacy, by means of two separate sentences in an otherwise conventional letter. That is perhaps trivial, but it is also perhaps an indication of her acceptance of life as it was, accepting its conventions for the greater part but cutting or stretching them ruthlessly when they did not fit her particular canon.

The Day

JEANNE MORRISON

THE car dropped down over the dark hill into a long, undulating valley, radiant with the pallid sunshine of March. Nora loosened her coat and turned again to Hardie.

"People can never know one another, even instinctively," she said. "You are wrong, I think—for there are subtle depths of character too elusive for any definitive understanding. There is even no self-knowledge which is not deceptive."

Hardie realized the emotional tumult behind her careful words and smiled.

"I shan't speak to you of experience as a guide to interpreting character. My argument would be trite—but this I shall say, that even an immature intelligence can sometimes feel another personality so strongly as to understand each remote recess of that other past. But you do not agree with me."

To Nora their conversation revealed dangerous undercurrents. She was afraid for herself, for her integrity, and for that personal control over destiny which she believed essential to herself. Always she had avoided mental intimacy with any other, as shattering her own illusion of loneliness. And accordingly her resort was to a seeming frankness.

"You are a bit of a sentimentalist, Hardie. It's an idealistic quality and rather becoming to a man."

"Not at all," he replied. "I am a person of sentiment, but not that other, please. There is a marked distinction."

"Of course," she was relieved now, "yet you seem so sure, and at your age only idealists remain so."

They were approaching Yarmouth now, and the road was a glistening purple line between the solemn elms. The sun had retreated and a light rain fell.

"There's a Tea Shop here on the left—let's stop," Nora suggested. She felt more in possession of herself when a part of alien people, aware of other lives ticking away their minutes in close proximity. They walked up a graveled path and entered a low room, where candles cast wavering shadows against the walls and over the faces. Hardie guided her through this room and into another and smaller one, with a fireplace, in which burnished copper kettles shone. By the window was a small table, and beyond a pale green lawn, the inconstant dunes, and sad gray ocean. Again she had lost, for they were alone together. Nora lit a cigarette.

"How strange it is to be here in this country, which belongs to the sea, with someone who is an inlander." She broke the silence with her intense young voice.

"Yes—in my years abroad, too, I was always in the great river cities: Munich on the yellow Isar, Paris on her Seine, London—and even Leningrad when spring broke the ice of winter on the Neva. Life there has a rapid continuity but not depth, Nora; here there is something of eternity."

Nora stirred restlessly, her mind filled with foreboding. A sense of relentless fate driving her beyond her endurance, beyond all those artificial barriers of conduct which she had so laboriously built, overcame her.

"There are many more beautiful days to choose from for the Cape," she said slowly, "and yet it is perhaps most familiar in the rain—the sea is more restless, the land itself more subtle. I am glad we came on such a day. I could not have you return to remember it as brilliant or distinct, for truly drabness is its own peculiar quality."

Hardie leaned back in his chair and watched her as she spoke. He was conscious of her words only as a moving

current bearing him within the impregnable depths of her personality. He felt strangely rested, as if all the conflicting movement of his life had ceased and time itself were at an end. Almost he did not care what followed.

They rose as by a common instinct and walked out through that other room filled with people, the low murmur of whose voices had been a constant background for their talk. Outside there was an exquisite quiver of young sunshine in the air. Nora turned toward him suddenly, her eyes aflame.

"I know of a beach," she said, "where we can walk."

"Take me there," answered Hardie as if all this were indeed inevitable.

They were silent during the drive. Nora knew again that urgent alien pressure which released her from responsibility; the swift pulse of the hour alone she recognized. She could not think except in meaningless irradiations. Now and again she glanced at Hardie, only to tremble involuntarily. He seemed unconscious of her presence, absorbed in his driving.

The country had changed now. Out from the road the moor advanced toward the barrier line of the dunes. The sea pressed close in a deep inlet; ahead the road turned again, retreating to the land. A steep little lane dropped away from the curve down to the shore of the inlet and rose again to follow the moor to the far horizon.

"We turn here." Nora's voice was toneless. The car swerved from the road and disappeared into the hollow. They passed a sandy beach and through a thicket of beach plum straggling along the hillside. A weatherbeaten signboard read, "To the Lighthouse." Again they turned—scrub pine flashed past, then the open moor again, and in the distance the lighthouse, like a derisive thumb raised into the sky. The way became narrow and then ended abruptly in a wide circle at the back of a low white house.

They got out of the car. The sun struggled feebly with rain and everywhere there was a queer radiance. Nora took Hardie's arm and together they walked to the edge of the

dune and looked out toward Spain. A rope ladder led to the beach below.

"Shall we?" asked Hardie with a gesture toward the great gaunt miles of sand.

"Of course," answered Nora.

They climbed awkwardly down and walked swiftly up the beach away from the lighthouse. Nora walked with long, free steps, her head up, her face dark and yet aware. Hardie looked down at the faint trace of their shadows which accompanied them.

"We are almost of a height, Nora."

"Yes—I'm very tall." She smiled.

The beach grew wider now, the dunes a serried line, broken by the pounding winter seas. The ribs of a foundered dory lay rotting on the sand. Nora stopped and looked out over the water, a tramp steamer was passing the horizon line, trailing a banner of soiled smoke against the sky.

"This Nanset isn't like other beaches," she said. "It's the loveliest place in the world."

"Yes, perhaps it is," Hardie answered. "At least it has a quality of utter desolation, and a primeval vitality, too. It is a very moving place, Nora."

She turned abruptly and walked on. In a moment Hardie followed.

"There's a house farther up which I must show you," Nora called over her shoulder.

A gull screamed past them, rose high in the air, and dropped like a plummet into the sea. In the distance the house appeared—a weatherbeaten shanty set upon the crest of a low dune. They walked more slowly now, the loose sand clung to their ankles. Ahead in a sheltered valley of the dunes lay a heavy beam of wood, whitened by exposure.

"Shall we rest here for a moment?" suggested Nora, her voice strained with fatigue. Hardie nodded his assent, and they sat down upon the log.

Nora felt awed, even insignificant. She opened and closed her hands nervously, although her face remained impassive. Somehow the beach possessed the same blank dearth

of emotion—or perhaps its white intensity was the presence of all emotion. She did not know.

Hardie lit a cigarette. The rain began again, blowing in little gusts, then dying away before the dim sun. But they had forgotten the rain.

“Shall we go back?” asked Nora, wearily, at last.

“No.” Hardie’s voice was imploring. “You must know——”

“Yes, I know——”

“That I love you.” His voice was now queer and relieved.

Nora stared on at the sea and the faint wisp of smoke which spread on the sky where the steamer had gone. Then she turned to him very slowly.

“And I you,” she answered quietly.

He leaned toward her and his face became a dark immensity, blotting out the cold sea and the pale sky where the sun beat down the rain.

My Prince

EVERLYN THOMPSON

MY prince comes over the water, taking great strides,
Blowing his cape in the wind, swinging his sides.
He comes like a spreading hand over the sun,
Man without wife, man without son.

A song rises up in my heart to his step as he comes,
A song of the world, of the spring, that my being hums;
A song of my birth, of my span, of my love, of my death,
Song of my deepest beating breath.

My prince comes and goes like the glance of a bird’s wing at dawn.

I stand reaching up to the void: I’m only his pawn,
Stinging with vigour and love till the end of day,
Knowing he’s gone a trackless way.

Geneva

PAULINE READ

ON the quiet shore of Lake Geneva, among the hills which rise up toward the Alps, there is a small earnest school. The expansive palace of the League of Nations reflects itself in the low waters of the left bank of the lake, opposite which lies the residential part of the city, with only an infrequent house seen through the trees. When the families of the International delegates stop in Geneva, many of their children are sent to the Ecole Internationale, so that in it unconsciously a small Youth-League has grown up.

To reach the school, you leave the Palace of the League, and driving down the quai along the lake, you finally cross the bridge and reach the "Jardin Anglais" on the other side. Your motor car would probably be halted momentarily by the one red and green traffic signal-light in Geneva. Then leaving the broad streets which circle the lake, you would wind your way, up in to the "Vieille Ville," up the steep cobbles past a fountain and the Cathedral, past another fountain and Calvin's College, on to the hills where among many ivy grown villas is the Ecole Internationale. The name of the grounds is "La Grand Boissiere" or vineyard. As you enter the gate, at the end of the vista of the drive are the old and new school buildings. Madame Bader, the concierge, I hope, is still at the lodge to greet you with her apple colored complexion and her cheery smile.

In the spacious new building twenty-five nationalities assemble every morning to hear some word of the day. All hundred and fifty of the school do not gather at the same time, for the primary departments are separate. When I entered the Secondary school my youngest sister was just entering the first class, and when four years later I received my diploma, my younger brother was at an age to enter our American High School. So the classes have a wide range.

Perhaps as you arrive at the school, M. Dupuy may be walking briskly along, a slight figure in a dark cape and angular black hat. A sparkle lights up his wrinkled countenance; there is much sincerity in his elaborate greetings. He was a professor at the University in Paris, but now his white beard and his long hair have dictated that he should limit his classes to younger children. He taught us "International Culture" and there was always a spell of great learning about his lecture rooms. The walls were paneled with huge blackboards, upon which were drawn intricate colored maps and chalk reproductions of Michel Angelo's frescoes. From my seat, in the very last row of the class, I could think of no greater pleasure than to be asked to sit in the front row and from there to listen to the booming of Victor Hugo's "Djinns" or the music of some love poem. But best of all were the days when M. Dupuy, bustling around in a white smock and black artist's tie, helped to put the finishing touches on our maps. Every so often, when some critical current event or League question was at hand, we were given blank pages upon which to build a map to scale. It was mathematical and complicated but once the geography was laid in, we could mark historical, economical and social problems on the country or region. We could visualize from our map such events as Byrd's trip to the North Pole and Russian wheat dumping.

During the four years I attended the school, many changes took place in the League. The Conference of Disarmament was planned, held and failed; China put up her passive resistance to Japan; Briand's death seemed to silence the last cry for peace. For our part, however, we could not understand why there should be such dispute and disagreement in the halls

across the lake. German, Russian, Slav or Swede, they were all the same to us. Each person was valued for himself first, his country came only second. If there was a dispute between Bulgaria and Holland, with the United States as referee; he who was the quicker was judged our best man. But we were all *another* playmates; we loved each other as school children always do. There was no distinction because of nationality. There was one who was the largest, the biggest, best and bravest; it did not matter what language he spoke. There was one who was the smallest, the darkest, the fastest; his nationality did not matter; we knew his thoughts and feelings. Jean Drummond prepared for her English Matriculation examinations, Kazou Sugimura practiced her talent as an actress; and the two Maderiaga girls spoke English and French beautifully. Representatives from many countries worked on their particular problems, but all lived harmoniously together.

So, as big, dark-eyed Suzanne d'Elzingre would say, with not a trace of a Russian accent: "It is a school which changes as the League of Nations changes, but it is always good and peaceful. If you like it, we bid you farewell as you leave. Come again—bring us luck, bring us peace and security."

All For One

SALLIE JONES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIMON, Henry VII's head cook.

LAMBERT SIMNELL, a potato peeler.

TATE, a kitchen boy.

THOMAS BOURCHIER, L.P.R. administrator.

ROBERT MARTON, Archbishop of Canterbury.

KING HENRY VII.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, wife of Henry VII.

WILLIAM FAXHALL, Great Baron of Exchequer.

EARL KILDARE, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal.

Seven members of the Privy Council.

The scene is the kitchen in the palace of King Henry VII in the year 1488, one year after the crushing of the revolt of Lambert Simnell against Henry. It is a fairly large room, with heavy and cumbrous beams across the ceiling, bare stone walls, and a dirt floor. There are one or two very low windows, which open onto underground sills, indicating that the room is a cellar. There is an enormous open fire stove that is only half fired up along stage right—in the center of the room is a big table surrounded by benches, and on it are piled all sorts of kitchen utensils, all murderous axes, cleavers, forks, etc.—mostly dirty. The back of the room is piled high with wood, on top of which sits a bedraggled rooster calmly. Stage left has a huge cupboard, made of boards placed one over another, and piled up with food—a bit of raw meat, etc. There are several large dogs

All For One

asleep under the center table. The one and only entrance is down right.

There is a simply enormous pile of potatoes up front by the big table, at which Lambert Simnell sits peeling them. He is completely surrounded on all three sides and seems a little saddened by it, and peels on dolefully, tossing the peeled potatoes onto the floor beyond the pile. He is a little creature, about twenty, with a sad face, melancholy physique, and gives a general impression of ill health and misery. All fingers on both hands, with the exception of one on his right, are bandaged up clumsily, and keep ravelling into the potatoes. He really looks much like Roland Young reduced to twenty. The cook is a huge, blustering animal, with an unshaven face, and muscles to frighten an entire army. He is puttering around the stove, while Tate, a dirty, nondescript youth, is carrying wood over and piling it up by the stove.

SIMON (*snarling as he crosses to LAMBERT from stove*)—

Where are those potatoes? His Highness is hungry—

LAMBERT (*still peeling*)—I'm sorry, but I'm not quite through.

Just a moment—

SIMON (*surveying pile and waving large cleaver dangerously*)

—Do you want to get fed to His Highness yourself—you good-for-nothing.

TATE (*coming over from log pile with armful of wood*)—

What's the matter, your Highness? Can't you take it?

LAMBERT—Please, don't call me that—you promised—you did, you know you did. (*Sadly*)—I never thought I was, anyway.

SIMON—Then why did you kick up such a hell of a row?

As if Henry wasn't in a tight enough spot with his wife without you—hurry up with those potatoes—saying you were Edward, the little prince?

TATE—A hot king you'd make. You're just a damned play-boy—the people would sure go for you—

LAMBERT (*tossing potato carefully around Simon's towering hulk to his pile*)—It wasn't my idea in the first place—I liked being a baker's boy. (*Wistfully*) I wish I were one now.

SIMON—You're lucky you're not dead. If the dog hadn't got Arnold you would be.

TATE—The little prince in Arnold's job—did we feel big?—never thought I'd be pals with a real king. (*He sneers*)

LAMBERT—Well, everybody's forgotten about it now, I hope.

It was a mistake. (*Thoughtfully*) Yes, definitely a mistake.

(Puts chin in hand which still holds knife and turns peeled potato between his fingers. Simon turns from the stove where he has been stirring the soup with one hand and petting a large mastiff with the other, and comes charging over, knocks potato out of Lambert's hand, and begins to choke him vigorously.)

SIMON—You lazy bastard. I'll teach you to peel Hal's potatoes—you——

TATE (*again rushes over*)—Call in your army, Lambert, and give the traitor hell.

(The shaking is still going on, with potatoes being sent spinning in every direction, when the door opens, and enter Archbishop of Canterbury and Thomas Bouchier of the L.P.R. The former is elderly, grey-haired, a little bent—dressed in a scarlet robe, with a hood down his back and a bishop's hat. Thomas Bouchier is a very business-like individual of about thirty, simply dressed, and carries a large brief-case. As soon as Simon sees him he stops shaking Lambert, who immediately goes back to his peeling.)

SIMON (*respectfully*)—Good-day, your Grace. I hope your Grace is well——

ARCHBISHOP—Not very—bad heart-burn all day——

SIMON—Would your Grace like some soda? Best thing in the world——

ARCHBISHOP—No, thank you, Simon, but I'm a little hungry.

You haven't an extra duck around anywhere, have you?

LAMBERT (*offering a potato*)—You wouldn't like a potato?

SIMON (*takes a poke at him*—LAMBERT *ducks*)—Shut up! Certainly, your Grace.

(Crosses to cupboard and extracts a huge cooked duck. Meanwhile Bouchier has laid his brief-case down and opened it, spreading papers all over the floor, and is crawling around on his hands and knees peering at them. He finally finds what he wants and stands up.)

BOURCHIER (*efficiency itself*)—Here we are, your Grace—the Kitchen Code. (*To Simon*) Now if you'll please answer a few questions.

(Simon gives duck to Archbishop, who picks his way through the potatoes to the bench by the table, sits down, and starts to eat.)

ARCHBISHOP (*through the first bite*)—Just tell the gentleman what he wants to know—it's Thomas Bouchier, D.V.M.,

D.D., LL.D., D.D.S. Innocent VIII sent him to enforce the L.P.R.—Latest Papal Racket.

BOURCHIER—You see, with unemployment and low wages, the Pope isn't getting much of a cut of the profits over here—

ARCHBISHOP—So he's launched the L.P.R. There's a code for everyone—sort of a National Recovery campaign, you know.

BOURCHIER—Shorter hours, more jobs, higher wages, and then the Church gets more (*Papal righteousness comes to the fore*) with which to spread the Gospel and lead humanity.

SIMON—Well, I'm pretty broke—it might help—

BOURCHIER—How many in the kitchen?

SIMON—Three—me and the boy (*points to Tate*) and this (*points to Lambert*).

BOURCHIER—What's his status?

LAMBERT (*sadly*)—An ex-rebel, but it was all a mistake. I'm really a baker—

ARCHBISHOP (*with his mouth full*)—What are you getting paid?

LAMBERT—I'm not. You see, I'm working out the bill for my revolt—

SIMON—The king was going to cut his throat, but I took him off his hands—

BOURCHIER—Now see here, let me get this right—you aren't being paid at all?

LAMBERT (*shaking his head*)—Un-unh.

ARCHBISHOP—How many hours a day do you work?

LAMBERT (*indicating potatoes*)—Till I finish these. His Majesty eats an awful lot—

TATE—Rate he goes—takes him all day and half the night to finish.

BOURCHIER—That's not the point—Under the Code no one works more than forty hours a week.

ARCHBISHOP—And it's a five-day week.

SIMON—That's a hell of an idea—what's Henry going to do for potatoes on Saturday and Sunday?

LAMBERT—I really don't mind—

ARCHBISHOP—That's not the point. We're interested in the principle of the thing.

BOURCHIER—With the Papacy in this condition, we've got to organize.

SIMON—Well, it's not my concern what you do. The Queen bosses this show.

ARCHBISHOP—We can't have the Papacy going off the gold standard, now can we?

TATE—Oh, Lord, no!

SIMON—You mean we've got to pay Lambert and give him two days off?

BOURCHIER—It will be worth while. We're going to give every code signer a miniature of Peter's toe——

ARCHBISHOP—With my special blessing.

SIMON—Say, that's not so bad!

TATE—Why not make it more useful—like a fancy indulgence? I could use one.

LAMBERT—Just so it's not potatoes—we've an over-supply now.

BOURCHIER—Oh, we've got over-production solved—we're just going to produce less.

ARCHBISHOP—It's drastic—but Innocent's Candid Cardinal Trust worked it out.

TATE—Sounds fishy to me—but how about us getting more dough?

SIMON—Ain't there nothing in this here code stuff about us executives?

BOURCHIER—Oh, my, yes. You're to serve on special committees, to keep you amused.

LAMBERT—Personally, I'm pleased with what His Majesty has done for me.

BOURCHIER—Say! About your wages—you're on the payroll from now on. Forty shillings a week and forty hours.

ARCHBISHOP—You fix it up, Simon. We appoint you Administrator of Appropriations for the Royal Kitchen.

SIMON—That'll just get me in dutch with my boss, Queen Elizabeth. I'm on an expense account.

TATE—She'd raise hell, too, about paying His Highness.

LAMBERT (*pitifully*)—Please—— (*As he looks up the knif slips and he cuts his only remaining finger*) Ouch, shucks! (*He drops the knife and starts to suck the finger, mumbling out of the corner of his mouth*) They've got me all wrong—I'm only the baker's son.

BOURCHIER (*rubbing his hands*)—Listen, I'm in a hurry. Where's the Queen?

TATE—I'll call her. (*Exit, calling loudly for Queen Elizabeth.*)

ARCHBISHOP (*calls after him*)—She's having tea with my wife. (*Realizes his mistake and laughs heartily*) That's what we call our roommates at Canterbury.

BOURCHIER—Now, Simon, about you—no raised wages because you're a junior executive, but the committees——

SIMON (*eagerly*)—Committees?

ARCHBISHOP—We pick them out of a hat, but we'll throw your name in.

SIMON—Say, will you? That'd be great. I don't have to do anything——

BOURCHIER—Heavens, no. We'll fix that up.

(*Enter Elizabeth in full regalia, all except crown, with a big bunch of keys at her belt. She is about thirty-five and good-looking. All bow obsequiously.*)

ELIZABETH—Good afternoon, gentlemen. What seems to be the matter? (*Sees Archbishop, who is behind table, still eating*) Robert, you here! Hungry, I suppose.

ARCHBISHOP (*beams over vanishing duck*)—No, on business. Look here, Elizabeth, Lambert tells us you don't pay him.

ELIZABETH—And what of it? Eat your duck, Robert, and leave the servants to me.

BOURCHIER (*politely but firmly*)—Allow me to present myself, Thomas Bourchier, of the L.P.R.

ARCHBISHOP—You know him, my dear. He's the man Bishop Empson wrote the hymn about.

ELIZABETH—Oh, "Marching Along with General Bourchier." You're not *the* General Bourchier—how positively thrilling!

BOURCHIER (*modestly*)—Oh, I wouldn't call it that, but (*with pardonable pride*) we try to do our duty.

ELIZABETH—I'm sure of it; but, General Bourchier, I can't pay Lambert——

LAMBERT—That's all right, your Majesty. I like the work and I'd be glad——

SIMON—Shut up, you! You don't matter except as a representation of a class. (*Turns to Archbishop*)—That's all right, isn't it?

ARCHBISHOP—Fine, fine. Couldn't be better.

ELIZABETH (*beams at him—he beams back*)—I really can't do anything about Lambert, because Henry has reduced my budget.

SIMON—Listen, General, do you know what we spent for necessities alone last month?

BOURCHIER—We'll get around to the cost of living later.

ELIZABETH—But people have such an exaggerated idea of Henry's income.

ARCHBISHOP—I know, my dear, but after all, he's king——

ELIZABETH—I simply can't afford it. You know I would be glad to. You'd better ask Henry.

BOURCHIER—Is His Highness around at present?

ARCHBISHOP—He's upstairs playing poker with the Privy Council. They're waiting for Parliament to dissolve so they can go to work.

ELIZABETH—That's splendid. Tate, go ask His Majesty to come down for a moment. (*Exit Tate.*)

ARCHBISHOP (*calls*)—Tell him to bring the Council, too!

ELIZABETH—Simon, we'd better make a few sandwiches for them. (*To Archbishop*) They must be starved after playing all afternoon. (*She and Simon start bustling about.*)

BOURCHIER—You don't suppose I might have a cup of tea? And can't I make myself useful?

ARCHBISHOP (*affecting surprise*)—Tea? Why, my dear General——

SIMON (*laughing heartily*)—That's all right, your Grace. We keep some on hand for the meetings of the Ladies' League to End War on Sunday.

BOURCHIER (*hastily*)—Oh, it isn't at all important——

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ELIZABETH—Of course it is, of course it is. We'll have it in just a jiffy. Simon, where is the tea?

SIMON (*from table, where he is sharpening knives*)—On the top shelf. I'll get it.

ELIZABETH (*the perfect housewife*)—Don't bother. I see it. (*Crosses to shelves*) Oh, Robert, come and reach it. General, would you mind handing me a large spoon out of the lower drawer?

(Archbishop crosses to shelf, can't reach the tea, so he pulls up a box, puts another on top of it, pulls up his skirts, and climbs up. Bouchier begins searching through first one drawer and then another. Elizabeth props up the Archbishop.)

Careful, Robert. Don't lurch.

BOURCHIER (*holding up a small spoon*)—This do?

ELIZABETH (*turns while still holding Archbishop*)—No, no! The next drawer. (*Bouchier gets it*) That's it. Thank you so much, General. There just isn't anything you can't do, is there?

(At this point there is a loud uproar in the hall, and Henry comes in while the room continues to bustle. There are seven Councillors and the Great Baron of the Exchequer in the party. The Archbishop gets down hastily, almost falling, and Elizabeth goes on bustling.)

FIRST COUNCILLOR—Listen, three of a kind isn't—

SECOND COUNCILLOR—Nuts. You haven't any sense. Now look here—

(They quiet down, realizing they are being a bit maudlin. Henry is greeted properly by all and acknowledges it.)

HENRY—Hullo, Robert, eating again? And how's the fishing in the Cathedral pond?

ARCHBISHOP—Couldn't be better. Just the other day Bishop Dudley and I—

BOURCHIER (*all business*)—I beg your pardon, your Highness, but I've only a few minutes left, and could—I mean, we must get on.

ELIZABETH (*from sandwich tray*)—Gentlemen, do sit down. (*Indicates main table*) Just push those things on the floor. (*They do and sit*) I'll have you a bite to eat in a wink. (*They all mumble thanks and look at her like hungry dogs.*)

HENRY (*obviously in a hurry*)—Yes, yes. What is it? (*To Councillors*) You deal the hand and I'll be there in a second. (*They deal and chatter happily.*)

ARCHBISHOP—It's about Lambert. You're not paying him and it violates the L.P.R.

ELIZABETH—They insist on forty shillings a week—it's a hold-up.

HENRY—Forty a week! Why, my God! it didn't cost that to put down his whole revolt.

LAMBERT (*humiliated*)—It was pretty feeble, wasn't it? But it was all so very hard——

BOURCHIER—The Code says forty shillings and a forty hour week.

HENRY (*pacing the floor*)—Yes, I know, but I'm king, and my machine promised me when they put me in——

ARCHBISHOP (*placating him*)—I know we did, Henry! But the public is getting restless——

BOURCHIER—If you don't conform, the whole country will rebel.

ELIZABETH (*passing sandwiches*)—That would be horrid. (*To Baron of Exchequer*) Do take two—these are so small. (*He does.*)

ARCHBISHOP—Henry, you don't realize—the people all want equality—everyone in one big happy code.

BOURCHIER—If you refuse, the Pope will excommunicate you, the country will rise——

HENRY (*unhappily*)—Oh, damn! (*Bellows at table*) Where is the Baron of the Exchequer?

BARON (*leaping up*)—Here your Highness.

HENRY—Have we forty shillings in the Treasury?

BARON (*in embarrassment*)—No, we haven't, just now. You see, we are reorganizing——

HENRY (*to Bouchier*)—You see, we can't do it.

ARCHBISHOP—You'll have to, Henry. How about selling Wales?

THIRD COUNCILLOR (*leaps up*)—I object. I live there.

HENRY—Sit down! Who'll buy the damned dump?

COUNCIL (*chorus*)—No one!

All For One

BOURCHIER (*to Baron*)—How much money have you got?

BARON—Seven and six, counting all assets!

HENRY—Where'd we get it?

BARON—The Earl of Dudley threw a brick in the House of Lords, and we fined him.

ARCHBISHOP—Henry, you're in a tough spot.

HENRY—Don't I know it? And I was saving up for a new crown.

ELIZABETH—Well, I simply can't cut a cent off the budget. Why, even now I owe the butcher——

HENRY (*to Council*)—Just a minute—the realm is in another mess. You've heard the story. What'll we do?

FOURTH COUNCILLOR—How about a tax——

BARON—Can't collect any of our taxes now.

LAMBERT (*stands up*)—I wish you, gentlemen——

ARCHBISHOP—Shut up! (*Lambert shakes his head, and goes back to peeling*) You've been enough of a nuisance.

FIRST COUNCILLOR—First you revolt and cost us money, and now this—damned inconsiderate.

SECOND COUNCILLOR—Why not behead him?

HENRY—Can't—there's a Code for executioners—their prices are way up.

BARON—Say! you know, his revolt only cost us two and six.

HENRY—What was that for? I thought——

PRIVY SEAL (*leaps up*)—We spent it for publicity.

FIRST COUNCILLOR—Well, that saves us—let's see—where's some paper? (*Gets paper and figures rapidly.*)

BARON (*a human adding-machine*)—Thirty-seven and six on the deal.

HENRY—You mean if he revolts we don't have to pay him a salary—would that be O. K., General?

BOURCHIER—Sure. There's no code for rebels—yet. He can set his own figure.

ARCHBISHOP—Henry, it's your best bet.

HENRY (*looks around*)—Hey, Lambert, c'mon over, will you? (*Lambert looks up, nods, puts down potatoes and knife, and clambers over pile.*) Lambert, we're in a spot. You've got to revolt——

LAMBERT (*terrified*)—No, no, no! (*Stamps*) I won't! I absolutely won't!

CHORUS FROM EVERYONE—You won't? (*An uproar while Lambert stands miserably self-conscious.*)

ARCHBISHOP—You've got to—it's your duty to your king.

LAMBERT—Please don't put it that way. I really don't want to. I hated the last one.

ELIZABETH (*pleading*)—Please, Lambert—for me.

BARON—We'll give you the highest decoration of the realm.

FIRST COUNCILLOR—You can be Chancellor.

SECOND COUNCILLOR—And Admiral of Henry's new navy.

SIMON—I'll put you on my Appropriations Committee.

LAMBERT (*with dignity*)—I'm more than touched, gentlemen, and believe me, I would do anything in my power for my king (*deep bow, acknowledged by Henry*), but conditions are such at this time that I don't feel able to swing a revolt.

HENRY—You've got to. I command you.

ARCHBISHOP—Are you going back on your king at this point?

ELIZABETH—Please, Lambert, you'll ruin us.

LAMBERT—I can't. I haven't any army, and that makes it out of the question.

FIRST COUNCILLOR—Listen, I've got an idea. We can't do anything till Parliament dissolves. Why don't we form his army?

SECOND COUNCILLOR—Sure—a swell plan. I need some exercise. My wife says I've put on twenty pounds.

LAMBERT—Wonderful. Then I don't have to revolt?

HENRY—You've got to lead it, stupid!

ELIZABETH—Henry will help you, won't you, dear?

LAMBERT—Oh, please—it was awful before. Your Majesty was terribly disagreeable.

HENRY—Sorry, Lambert. I didn't understand. But we'll pull together.

BOURCHIER—And you can't fail. Let's all sing a verse of Bishop Empson's hymn to General Simnell.

(All rise amid much shouting of congratulations and form a semi-circle around the sorrowful Lambert and sing "Marching Along Together." At the conclusion of the verse they all grasp Lambert's hand. He yells "Ouch!" and jerks it out, and regards his bandaged fingers soulfully.)

All For One

ARCHBISHOP (*extending hand in Archiepiscopal blessing*)—

God bless you and keep you, great-hearted gentlemen.

May you fight well for your king.

HENRY (*slaps Lambert on the shoulder*)—Good luck, old man.

Let me know when you've got a good start.

LAMBERT—But I don't—

CHORUS OF COUNCILLORS—Let's get going. C'mon, General!

We'll show 'em.

(They all seize any kitchen utensil they can find and start out.
Lambert looks around nervously.)

BARON—What's wrong, Lambert? (*He is digging in potato pile, finds knife and waves it happily.*)

LAMBERT (*leaving at the head of Council, getting into the spirit of the thing*)—Good-bye, Henry. Never say I never did anything for you!

(Exeunt all.)

CURTAIN

Editorial

RAVENS AND WRITING DESKS

“**A**LICE sighed wearily. ‘I think you might do something better with your time than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.’”

Alice’s Wonderland was a curious place, almost as curious as we find this real world to be. Everything is going round so fast and so queerly that we are always stopping to ask questions. Yet when our questions are answered we are the more puzzled. We try to recall the solid formulas of a few generations, or even a few years ago, only to have them come from our lips and minds distorted and inapplicable to our problems. So, that solace failing us, we turn to our contemporaries for some philosophy, science, or art through or in which we can crystalize our impressions into complete ideas. If our conceptions of the world are chaotic, we want something to qualify them so that they may have form and being in our minds. And whether we wish to escape or to purge our emotions with an illusion of reality, we want solidarity in that illusion. Thus alone can our needs be satisfied and our questions be answered.

It is a grave disappointment and disillusionment to find no answer, no satisfaction. For either explanations are couched in a looking-glass jargon of technical terms, or ideas are obscured by words incoherent and frequently meaningless. Of course, a science must be systematized, and since it is so

rigid a system of thought, its terminology must have a rigorous planning foreign to our ordinary, everyday English. That is to be expected, and only a very few of us are presuming to ask for Einstein in translation.

We do, however, look to current literature—to the literature of the humanities as differentiated from that of the sciences—to satisfy either our emotional or our intellectual needs. And when we open a book we expect to find an idea therein, even if it be only a small idea, with which our minds may trifle pleasantly. But what is irksome is the eternal “You’re too young to know” of modern writers. Of course, we are all too young to know: so are those same writers along with us. World changes, even, are so unpredictable that there is no use in pretending knowledge. We ask only for thoughtful discussion, and we too often are answered either with inarticulate thinking or with ideas deliberately obscured in language.

There is as much of a literary hoax in the use of a novel, if singularly inadequate artistic form to catch the eye by the typography and not by any freshness of content or by any new and beautiful rhythm, as in misstatement of facts. C. C. Cummings, for example, may have contributed much to the science of punctuation, but that is the greatest of his triumphs. His meaning is so obscured by his revolutionary typography that the eager reader’s only alternative is to turn to examine his experimental forms with greater care. And in doing so, the reader is quite likely to observe that two of his finest pieces—the last two poems in *Is 5*—are perfect Italian sonnets. So Mr. Cummings has, by strange circumvention, reached at least the place from which he started, if not the starting point of poets that wrote four centuries ago. To be incomprehensible has become a fad even among the greater writers and thinkers of our day; and among the lesser its results are definitely insidious, for there is no use in reading them at all.

If a writer thinks, but cannot express himself, there is no excuse for his writing: the alibi is outworn, and if no one else will claim the distinction of having outworn it, we shall!

On the other hand, we feel sincerely that we are just in objecting to being deliberately fooled. Our response may be one of two reactions: either we admire with gasping, club-woman "ahs!" or we suspect a trick. We suspect that the author has no idea to present, and we eventually conclude that it does not matter in the least whether he did have an idea or not. He has failed artistically in not conveying his thought all the more beautifully and clearly through an artistic medium. If his work is to matter at all to the world, it must give something. The writer must not only think, but he must make the world think in his terms. And if, between us and his work, comes the sense that he is murmuring either an apathetic or an apologetic, "I don't think"—then we are justly ready with the Mad Hatter's reply: "Then you shouldn't talk!"

GERALDINE RHODES, '35.

Reviews

Manet-Renoir Exhibition at the Pennsylvania Museum of Art in Philadelphia

NO Manet or Renoir enthusiast can afford to miss this exhibition of paintings by two masters of the Impressionist School. The progress of Manet, a pioneer of Impressionism, is well illustrated. The finest work of his early period, before his technique became loose and his palette bright, is exemplified by "The Boy with the Sword," jaunty, with his gay sash and white collar. Only the face and the hands stand out from the warm browns, blacks and gray greens of which the picture is composed. These soft and subtle colors were Manet's inheritance from the Dutch and Spanish. It is essentially a picture in two dimensions.—flat, not only because of its denial of space, but also because of the simple treatment of tones. It is, moreover, a fine portrait in the Hals tradition. The brush work is extremely fine and carefully done, and bears witness to Manet's love of painting for painting's sake. The handling of oils was his vocation, and the objects and scenes which he chose from everyday life in the new Impressionistic desire of realism and objectivity were interesting to him only as they had potentialities for unusual treatment in color, light and shade.

In a similar manner is done "Le Saumon," a still-life of a plate of fish, lemons and sparkling glasses set on a white table cloth. If it were not for the difference in the use of

oils, and for the difference in the artist's relation to his subject matter, one might mistake this for a work by Chardin. In the "Portrait of Emelie Ambre as Carmen," there is the beginning of Manet's Impressionistic "brush" technique. The background and the larger areas of the jacket and skirt are still executed with painstaking care, but in the creamy lace of the mantilla, in the red flowers, and in the face, especially around the eyes, are the short, splashy strokes which deny the existence of contour lines, as lines, and show that Manet was regarding his model as a study in light and shade, that he was seeing with the vision of the camera. "Le Bon Bock," a portrait of a fat, and jovial, elderly gentleman, drinking and smoking, dates from this same period, around 1862, and shows the same tendencies. A sketch in oils of a "Woman Dressed as a Toreador" gives the impression of snap-shot, and illustrates the effect on Manet of the instantaneous poses caught by the camera. This sketch also shows his use of Spanish material and his affinities to Velasquez.

The most impressionistic picture of Manet's at this exhibition, entitled, "In a Boat," shows a girl and a man sailing on a clear blue sea. The boat cuts across the lower portion of the canvas at an angle which makes the sea form the entire background—another photographic stunt of composition. The general effect of the picture is that of bright yellow sunlight shining on bright blue water. The lovely grayed tones of the early paintings are abandoned. All is light, and the impressionist's spectrum palette of primary colors. Color is even used in the shadows, a feat unheard of since the days of the Italian Quattrocento primitives. Still, the brush-strokes are not very sketchy even here, except on the girl's dress, which is painted in long, narrow, ribboning strokes, which are similar to those used later by Pissaro. In the treatment of the subject matter, in the use of color, and the technique employed, "In a Boat" is not only the most impressionistic painting of Manet's on exhibition, but also the one which most closely resembles the surrounding works of Renoir.

Renoir, the great colorist among the early Impressionists, is likewise well represented in this exhibition. The paintings

chosen express, on the one hand, his gaiety and sensuousness, and on the other his delicate lyricism. They also illustrate fully his inheritance from the past. For instance, a picture entitled, "Au Piano," shows Renoir's indebtedness to the French masters of the eighteenth century. The young girl in a fluffy dress, seated in profile at the piano, embodies the dainty, fairy-tale world of Boucher and Watteau, and is done with their pale, pastel colors. A "Still-life" of a bowl of fruit shows the effect of Renoir's trip to Algiers, in that the colors of his palette rose to a higher pitch of brilliance in the strong sunlight of this country. He began to understand how color and light could be put together to make color. "Breakfast by the River," in which two men and a woman in sport clothes are seated at a table in an arbour, through the lattice of which boats may be seen on the river, shows the Manet-Courbet influence which upheld the use of everyday scenes as material for painting. Similar to this is the "Moulin de La Galette," which is a picture of a beer garden crowded with dancing couples. It is a typical Renoir of the period when gay people full of life and laughter interested him most. It is also a splendid example of his most violently Impressionistic technique. Here he is actually drawing in color—color worthy of Rubens and the Venetians, and he has eliminated all contours as lines. By loose drawing and modelling, and by very fluid color, he has reached a "suffusion," in which, upon a close examination, one will find nothing but short, sharp, brush-strokes which radiate light.

His brush-strokes at first were broad, like Manet's, later they were short and sketchy as in "Moulin de La Galette." Finally they became less individual and fused into patches of considerable area, after the manner of Cezanne, who was also a great colorist, but a colorist with aims opposed to Impressionism, in that he wished to paint architectonic form through color. Perhaps it was the unconscious influence of Cezanne, perhaps an unconscious absorption of the first germs of Cubism, or perhaps Renoir's trip to Italy, during which he studied the painting and sculpture of the Renaissance, which made him determined to tighten up his drawing, to bring

back line, and through it to reach an architectural "building-up" of a painting. "Les Baigneuses," although it was painted many years after this decision of his, is a good example of this complete change in style. The treatment of the three bathing nudes is essentially linear, and the bodies have a sculptural quality. The artificial poses, which show a disregard for the suitability to subject matter, are arranged to form a pattern. The brush-strokes are even and neat, and although the Impressionistic light palette has been used, and the shadows painted into lights, the coloring is soft almost to pastel. Lavender is predominant in the flesh tints. These pastel colors and the suggestion of fresco which the picture gives, reminds one of the classicism of Ingre. The mother-of-pearl effects in the treatment of the skin recall the eighteenth century masters again, Boucher in particular, who painted a "Diana Arising from the Bath," which has a strong resemblance to "Les Baigneuse."

There are besides a number of "Reclining Nudes," which show how Renoir carried on the "Reclining Venus" tradition started by Titian and continued by Velasquez and Manet. Renoir's use of the human body was healthy and passionless. To him it was merely another form upon which to exercise his painter's talents; that of a porpoise or a seal might have done as well. Renoir was a born painter, who drew at first upon his environment and made full use of all artistic influences which came his way. He was eclectic by nature, but he did not degenerate into an imitator. He used his resources as a means to an end, which was to discover his own glowing artistic personality, and a way of expressing it with oils on canvas.

CONSTANCE ROBINSON.

The Undergraduate is Dramatized

S*he Loves Me Not*, Howard Lindsay's dramatization of Edward Hope's novel of the same title, produced by Dwight Deere Wiman and Tom Weatherly, and now filling the Forty-sixth Street Theatre (New York) to capacity, is an uproarious farce whose thirty-five scenes make the most of a rather thin plot. It is the story of a young night-club dancer, Curly Flagg, who flees from Philadelphia in her dancing costume and a coat, to avoid being jailed as a material witness of a gang murder committed at the "Hilarity Club" while she was doing her number. She has only enough money to reach Princeton by bus, and after wandering about for a day she comes into the room of Paul Lawton, a senior, to beg from him some of the cake she had seen him eating (his window is on the ground floor of Anderson Hall). He and three of his friends decide to dress her in boy's clothes and keep her there until they can get her a job. Buz Jones, who lends her the clothes in which to pose as his thirteen-year-old cousin, is the son of a Movie magnate whose latest release threatens to be a complete collapse, until his head publicity-man jumps at the story Buz tells about Curly, and turns it over to the newspapers as a means of getting free advance publicity that will put the new star—Curly—before the public.

But Paul's uncle's reaction is very different. He wires the Dean to inquire how his nephew managed to get mixed up with a night-club dancer, and threatens to come down to see about it. Meanwhile, Paul's fiancée, with whom he has quarreled, but to whom he appeals to help Curly, arrives at Princeton with her mother, and the New York debutante is nearly "taken for a ride" by the gang-murderer, who comes to put Curly "on the spot" to keep her from squealing on him. The Dean's daughter saves Paul by destroying his uncle's telegram, and his ex-fiancée falls in love with the gangster.

Meanwhile, one of Paul's three pals who is a Communist wires Communist headquarters in New York, asking them to help Curly as a victim of Capitalism, and the Red Comrades stage a grand demonstration on the Princeton campus.

The climax comes when the newspaper men establish

themselves in Buz's room, knock out and tie up the Dean, under the delusion that he is one of the gangsters who are trying to "get" Curly, and take a whole series of pictures of "Mug" (the murderer), the Communist leader, the Dean, and Curly. The Dean finally breaks loose, and is expostulating with everyone involved, when Curly's theatre sense comes to the fore, and she gives the camera-men the opportunity of taking five or six pictures of her in her extremely meager dancing costume, in poses with the Dean that give that harassed scholastic a large-sized headache, when they appear in the next day's tabloids.

All four boys involved are kicked out, but Buz's father gives the affair nation-wide publicity; Paul's uncle wires the New York Senator; and the Communists make it out to be an example of Capitalistic tyranny, until Princeton, in self-defence, decides to take them back.

Curly becomes a famous Movie star, and Paul and the Dean's daughter fall in love with each other. Paul writes for her the song that gives the play its name.

Though the appeal of the comedy is general (especially as much of the satire is directed at Communism, the U. S. Government, and the gullibility of the publicity-fed American public), it is particularly strong to an undergraduate audience. The cast, though it contains no outstanding names, is uniformly above average. The production is splendid, and the continuous use of six separate stages (on two levels, each divided in three) cuts out all "waits" between scenes, and keeps the action at the high pitch of intensity created by the terrifically speedy tempo (which does high credit to the director), sustained throughout, and needed by this type of sophisticated farce-melodrama. The use of a Movie sequence—a news reel, which is part of the Jones Movie Company's publicity stunt—is extremely effective.

On the whole, *She Loves Me Not* deserves to be the smash hit it has turned out to be. But one wonders how England will accept the company that is being sent over in the near future. Average English notions of American college life are already rather strange, owing to such Movies as *College Humour*. *She Loves Me Not* certainly will not improve them.

M. M. COXE.



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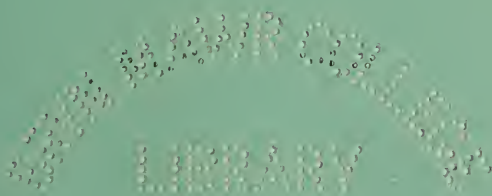
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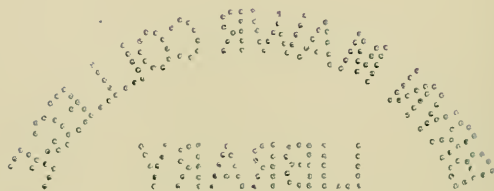
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Jerusalem

ELIZABETH V. R. KENT

AUNT DEBBIE BENJAMIN sat on the door-step of her small brown house smoking a corn-cob pipe. Before and behind her rose sharply sloping hills—Lord's Hill, Niggerhead, Pigeon, Maple and Spruce Mountain—all deeply purple and green under the swift mid-afternoon sun; and in the upland hollow they encircled lay the hamlet of Jerusalem. Towards the north was a break in the chain where the land fell away through pasture, swamp and wood-lot to the river, rising again to more hills, and finally to the dim blue haze of the Worcester Mountains. To Aunt Debbie, however, one hill was much like another, whether thirty miles away or near at hand, and she sat looking straight before her into the cool green depths of her little stand of sugar maples, her dark eyes unusually quiet in her brown wrinkled face.

As she waited for her nephew to bring in the Guernsey cow from pasture, she thought of him with a pride and affection which she rarely put into words. She and little Benjamin—in spite of his twenty years he was as thin and slight as a boy of fifteen—had lived together in Jerusalem ever since the death of her sister Rachel. His father, Simon Carter, had been an outsider: that is, he was born not in Jerusalem but in the village six miles away down the valley. Everyone knew that no good could come of Rachel's marrying a man from away, even if she did go on living in Jerusalem; and

no one was much surprised when the plague carried off first him and then her shortly after Benjamin was born. Now they lay together on the open pasture slope, their graves running north and south instead of east and west, like those of people who died in the ordinary ways—dropping axes on their feet, or being hit by falling trees—and little Benjamin lived with his aunt. Both of them were, the neighbors said with a significant gesture, a little queer. If queerness consisted in minding one's own business and not that of others, in keeping one's house and farm scrupulously clean and neat, then Aunt Debbie was certainly queer. If it were queer to spend long hours alone in the woods, watching the birds and striped chipmunks, to know the names of all the flowers and where the wild orchis and fringed gentian might be found, then Benjamin was beyond dispute helplessly queer.

Jerusalem itself might well have been similarly classified. It was a self-sufficient community of a hundred or so souls, most of whom had never penetrated farther into the outer world than the village from which Simon Carter had come; some, among them Benjamin, not even so far as that. Shortly after the Revolution a band of horse-thieves settled in the valley, and in many respects it had changed extraordinarily little since then. The houses were all of them old, some of logs with the bark still on, the rest of boards, unpainted and weather-beaten to a silvery gray or a rich brown. Ostensibly, the men of Jerusalem were farmers, but the chief crop of the soil they so painfully tilled was stones, and the fields lay at angles almost impossible for man and beast to traverse with a plow. Many, like Aunt Debbie, were content to depend on the vegetable garden and the creatures of the woods for food, to spin and weave their clothes from the wool of their sheep; and thus to rely not at all on intercourse with civilization for the necessities of life. In other families the blood of marauding ancestors seemed not to have entirely died out, and many hens whose loss was blamed on fox or weasel might have been traced to a Jerusalem kitchen.

On this quiet August afternoon Aunt Debbie's musings

were interrupted by the sound of noisy hooves on the dust-laden road, and turning her head she saw a tall figure swing off his horse and bend down to drink from her spring under the rock about fifty yards away. He was a stranger, evidently, but rare as unknown visitors were in Jerusalem, she evinced no surprise other than to remove the pipe from her mouth. The man straightened himself wearily, jerked the horse's head from the grass it was cropping, and came forward.

"Nice day," he began. Aunt Debbie had meanwhile re-inserted her pipe. She puffed once or twice and nodded; beyond that she would not commit herself to a stranger, not even on so uncontroversial a subject as the weather. The intruder, however, seemed inclined to conversation.

"Heard the latest about this here war they're a-fighting at?" he queried. "Seems there was a big battle last month or so down there in the south; Bull Run, I think they called it. Killed off a powerful lot of our men, one way and another. Reckon the President is going to need a few more." He paused and pulled an untidy-looking document from his cap.

"This here's kind of a proclamation from him. Looks like Jerusalem men are going to take a good long journey. Would myself 'cept for this." He exhibited a stumpy right hand from which three fingers were missing. "Catamount chawed me a mite, trapping over to Mt. Hunger last spring. Don't do so good at pulling triggers and such-like." He grinned suddenly and turned to go. "Would you do me the goodness to point the way to the school? It's hoping your men-folks ain't got into knee-breeches yet."

Aunt Debbie gestured toward the building which served as a center for all the community activities there were. Dazedly she watched him approach it, fasten the paper he carried to the door, then turn and speak to the crowd which had gathered, with amazing swiftness from every house. Her mind was a jumble of things too chaotic to be called thoughts. She had heard her parents and grandparents tell of war, of the Allen brothers, the Green Mountain Boys and Catamount Tavern, of Hubbardton and Ticonderoga and the sea-fight on

Lake Champlain, but this struggle was as far removed from her present life as though it concerned a crusade against the Saracens or the Tartar Horde. Faint echoes of the strife had found their way into Jerusalem, but not until now had any one realized that he might be called upon to take an active part in it. For Aunt Debbie the continuity of her peaceful existence was rudely shattered. The stranger's last remark left a deep impression on her mind: it could mean only one thing—little Benjamin. In her concentration she was hardly aware that more strangers were coming up the road, two riding and several more in a large wagon, but as they passed on and joined the group in front of the school-house the significance of their arrival seemed to come home to her. She rose almost agitatedly, wholly uncertain what to do, yet convinced that something must be done. Where was Benjamin? He should have been home half an hour ago. Perhaps he had stopped back in the pasture woods to look for a tiny warbler's nest, or to pick raspberries for supper. Some innate fatalism told her, however, that the worst had already happened. Mechanically she turned into the house, took her sun-bonnet from its accustomed nail and was about to set out for the school-house with an ill-defined idea of pleading with the men to let her nephew go when she heard voices outside.

"Come on, Sonny, don't be a-feared—we don't aim to hurt you none. So you hain't been out of Jerusalem in all your born days. Looks like here's your chance. Burlington's a fine place to start off a-seeing the world, I can tell you." Benjamin's reply was a low hesitant murmur. As his aunt hurried out onto the door-step, he turned to face her, managing a crooked smile, though his face was pale and his eyes bewildered.

"They tell me I have to go, Aunt Debbie, though I don't rightly understand what for. I reckon I might's well. T'ain't no use getting into worser troubles. Don't you fret yourself while I'm gone—and I'll be back just's quick as can be, once they're done with me."

"Sure enough he'll be back," broke in the man. "They all do—'cept of course them that don't. Now get your things

together nice and quiet-like and say good-by. The wagon will be down by pretty quick now, and we're aiming to hit Montpelier tonight." He sat down on the step, spat accurately at the plantains and leaned against the door-jamb. Inside the house Aunt Debbie moved silently about, gathering together Benjamin's few possessions—his best shirt and stockings, his Bible, a loaf of bread for his supper and a "lucky" stone of rose quartz from Spruce Mountain. They made a pathetically small bundle in the blue and copperas checked handkerchief. By the time it was ready the sound of wheels was heard, and a shout from the road reminded the two afresh of the necessity of saying good-by. Neither could find words very easily.

"I'll come back, Aunt Debbie," said Benjamin in a voice tight with feeling. "They can't do anything to me I don't want they should." In answer to a more imperative call he picked up his bundle and started for the door, then turned back, flung his arms about his small aunt and dashed out to climb into the back of the crowded wagon. The driver flapped the reins on the horse's back, and the team moved off down the road. There were perhaps a dozen men from Jerusalem. Fired by no spirit of patriotism or of defence for their homes, they could not understand why they should be forced to go, in the middle of harvest time, all the way to Burlington, to fight people who had never done them any wrong, for the abolition of an institution which was meaningless.

None of these men was more than an acquaintance of Benjamin's—he and his aunt kept so much to themselves that they had little in common with the rest of the settlement—and he rode in silence. As the wagon jolted around the first turn in the road, he caught a last glimpse of his aunt. She was driving the neglected cow into the shed, and soon the warm milk would be splashing into the clean wooden bucket. Benjamin turned toward the hills to hide the quick tears which came unbidden at the thought of what lay behind and before him—the easy, joyous life of the woods and hills, and something terrifying because so strange and unknown. The wagon

began to go down hill: he looked swiftly around him, trying to fix in his mind, perhaps for the last time, the landmarks which constituted his small world. Now they were passing the old hollow log which had been his secret hiding-place since childhood, and beyond it the tall pine in whose top-most branches he had clung for hours on end, tossed to and fro in the high spring winds. Here was the clearing where he found the first wood-violets, and where the thrushes would begin to sing this evening as they had every evening since he could remember. The sun setting behind the Couching Lion outlined it in brave profile against a white-gold sky that deepened into translucent blue where one star shone.

As the road began to enter unfamiliar country, Benjamin set himself to remember every twist and turn. For the most part the men in the wagon were silent, though the strangers now and then made brief comments to one another. The stars began to come out, and by the time the road met the river they were all twinkling reassuredly in their accustomed places. It was hard to concentrate on keeping his sense of direction when he was cramped and sore from sitting so long in one position on the hard floor of the wagon. Once he nearly fell asleep, and when he roused himself, the road was running close to the river, the hills rising steeply on either side, the rush and roar of the falls in his ears. By the position of the stars he judged that they must have been on the road for something more than three hours. In a little while they were rumbling over the cobble-stones of Montpelier. Along Main Street and State Street a few lanterns still swung. The wagon drew up in front of the Tavern, where the loafers leaned against the posts and spat methodically into the street. Two of the men swung themselves off and went in. Benjamin caught a glimpse of bright lights, and a hot whirl of sound came pouring out into the open air. One of the two returned and muttered a few words to the driver. Benjamin caught the phrase: "Take good care they don't light out for home on you." The team started up again and continued on down the street, recrossed the river, and stopped where a few tents were pitched in an open field just outside the town. Benja-

Jerusalem

min and five others were given thin blankets and told to go to bed in one of them: in a short time all were either fast asleep or sullenly silent.

For Benjamin sleep was impossible. The physical discomfort of the ride had combined with his mental agitation at leaving home to strengthen his resolve to return to Jerusalem, not in the near future but at once. The air in the tent was growing steadily more stifling, and he longed for the clear night wind on his hot cheeks. He thought of cool things that he had known: of the light wind that even on the hottest of nights comes just before dawn, of the gurgle of the pasture brook as it fell from pool to pool, all edged with forget-me-nots and blue flag, of the swift flutter of the swallows' wings as they raced after insects in the summer twilight. But every picture that he called up out of his memories of happy days only intensified his longing for the sheltered peace of Jerusalem. At the moment it represented to him all that was most lovely and desirable in the world; it seemed to be almost Paradise, and a wave of homesickness swept over him. A desire for little things—the tin cup swimming in the spring, the smell of spearmint crushed by the feet of cattle, the crackling sweetness of maple syrup spun on snow—a thousand feelings and smells and tastes flooded over him as he lay, and once again his eyelids burned with the tears that he could not restrain. Just then he caught the low sad notes of the whippoorwill from the woods across the river; the familiar call made him feel not quite so lost, and he tried to think more rationally. Somehow he was going to get home—there was no doubt of that in his mind. The only problem was: how could his escape be best accomplished.

In the tent the rhythmic breathing of his companions drowned any sound from outside. Very carefully he lifted the edge and peered out. Fortunately there was no moon, and the mist slowly rising from the river was obscuring the stars. The space between the tent pags was small, but so was Benjamin. He pushed his bundle out and followed it in stealthy silence. The thumping of the blood in his head sounded so loud that he wondered the men did not rush at

once to drag him back. As he lay for a moment trying to get his bearings, his eye caught the faint flicker of the camp-fire, and his ear the sound of his guardians' voices blending with the noise of the river into a steady murmur, broken by an occasional burst of laughter. He pulled himself to his knees and began to move slowly through the long grass. The dew had already begun to fall, and he was soon drenched from head to foot. The welcome shelter of a choke-cherry tree gave him a chance to plan his route according to the stars and his still vivid memory of the journey in the wagon. By cutting across the flat meadow land close to the river he could avoid the town and strike the road just before it turned to cross the stream. He looked back at the place where the tents made a dark patch on the grass, and the camp-fire a tiny pinpoint of flame, and shivered—not from the dew but the relief of being safely started on the way home.

The Big Dipper was swinging up and over from its position parallel to the horizon, and the North star was blazing coldly, but the mist was rising rapidly now and would soon fill the whole valley. Benjamin shouldered his bundle and set off once again in the direction of Jerusalem. Not for an instant did the thought cross his mind that he might not get there—he was confident with the confidence of a child who has not lost the feeling that home is the haven where all difficulties are solved. The road, when he came to it, lay dimly grey and straight; the dust beneath felt soft to his moccasined feet, and it was good to be able to stretch his legs once more. He started at a steady, brisk pace, almost a trot; no amount of walking could ever tire him. For about ten miles the way ran along beside the river—he could hear it gently lapping its banks and foaming over rocks—then at the second village he must leave the stream and turn up into the hills. Walking in the mist as he now was he seemed to lose all sense of time and space, to be enclosed in a world no larger than he could embrace with his two arms. It was like moving in a dream. From time to time he would cross a brook, or the river itself, his footsteps echoing strangely on the boards, and the water singing wetly underneath; but for

the most part his way lay between shadowy trees and bushes that seemed to have lost all contact with the ground. Some inner sense was guiding—some inherent feeling for the right path, like the homing instinct in birds, or the element in a cat's make-up which will send it unerringly back along a road only once before traversed. He was not frightened—no child of the woods is afraid of the dark—but he longed for some landmark which would tell him that he was almost home.

The mist was lifting now, or he was climbing above it. It was queer how the limited range of vision distorted things and made the hills something to be noticed only through the necessity of lengthening one's stride and bending forward to meet the increased angle. His mind seemed suddenly to have emptied itself of thoughts, to be swimming in a haze, yet his whole being was concentrated on the effort to reach Jerusalem. Now he was definitely climbing, and the houses he passed were less shadowy and sinister. In the lightening sky the stars were fading, and far to the northeast a thin band of yellow lay along the horizon. He stopped for a moment at a point where he could look back down the valley: the mist lay white and thick along the river-bottom, and in the many hollows where ponds were scattered through the hills. The outlines of the mountains were gradually taking on a profile that he knew, and he felt a sudden surge of joy at the thought that his journey was so nearly over.

"They can't catch me now," he thought calmly. The morning light had been increasing steadily as he watched, and the clouds lying low upon the eastern hills were tinged with red and lavender over their smooth grey. The world was cool and fresh and full of promise. Forgetful for the moment of his desire to reach home, Benjamin lingered to watch, as he had done so often before, yet each time with new wonder and delight, the rising of the sun. Between him and the horizon lay wave on wave of hills darkly and duskily blue, outlined by wisps of mist from the valleys between, the air was clear and silent, yet intently expectant. Just as the sun, a small fiery disc in a crimson setting, struggled into sight, a sparrow-hawk sprang straight into the air from the

hemlocks near to where he stood. For a moment it soared alone—then its mate joined it, and together they swung and turned and glided on sharp, graceful wings, cleaving the bright air with a swift beauty that was almost a song.

By now the landscape was all in focus: the color had returned to the white houses and the red barns, and the trees cast long light shadows across the stubbly fields. The sight of the two birds brought Benjamin back to earth and to the immediate necessity of getting back to Jerusalem. Once there he knew that he could hide safely in the woods until all possible danger of pursuit was past. Before him were the well-known outlines of his hills—the round dome of Niggerhead and the twin cones of Lord's and Pigeon Hill; the realization that he was so nearly within reach of all that was most precious to him sent him flying up the road. All at once he turned to listen: his unusually acute ears had caught the sound of hooves—in the morning stillness their echo came clearly to him from the valley below. It could mean but one thing—the men had discovered his escape and were returning to carry him away again. The thought that he was about to relinquish his hardily-won freedom unnerved him, and in his desperation he could scarcely put his mind on the necessity of concealing himself.

The country round about him he knew intimately; the open pasture land that stretched away on either side offered no possible refuge. There was only—yes, he could do it. He turned and ran for the point where the road made its last turn before entering the valley of Jerusalem. There it was, the old hollow log which had sheltered him so often in the past and that was to do so again if his luck should hold. He slid himself down into the opening at the far end and wriggled his way, feet first, as far in as he could get, pulling his bundle in after him and rearranging the grasses he had trampled on in his haste to hide. He could smell the same odor of rotting wood that used to make him a little ill as a child. The sharp rattle of horses' feet was very loud now—soon they went by with a quiver of the ground, and the fine dust sifted down into Benjamin's face. He lay with his eyes shut, exhausted

more by the exertions of the last few minutes than by his long night's walk.

For what seemed like a small eternity he waited for the return of the hoof-beats, and even after they had come and gone again in another whirl of dust he did not dare to believe for almost an hour that they would not be back. At last, however, he dragged himself painfully out of the log, and in a daze of fatigue and relief walked the little distance that still separated him from his house. There it was, brown and sturdy as always, the tall golden-glow clustered at the woodshed, a thin curl of smoke rising in sharp pattern against the sky. The Guernsey was grazing in the door-yard, and on the step sat Aunt Debbie. Everything looked just as he had always known it, and suddenly all the terrors of the night fell away from his mind, leaving only a sensation of inexpressible joy at being home again. Softly he climbed the slope, and it was not until he stood beside her that she seemed to realize his presence. Inarticulate, he laid a scratched and dusty hand on her shoulder, and as she turned to look up at him there were tears in her eyes as well as in his.

"I knew you'd be back, Bennie," she said, and making room for him on the step, she once more set to smoking her pipe, as together they looked out contentedly into the sun-spattered woods.

The Orb

EVELYN THOMPSON

THE orb continues every day
To turn and swing.
The orb is filled with light
Like water-drop.
A bird could cut it with his wing.

The orb will hang against the crystal night
For my delight.
Its form has all the loveliness
To light the night.
The orb will catch all shapes and shades as it runs on,
And turns and swings,
But I shall never know the sound it brings
Too soft, too finely-threaded by the night.

The Master Said

GERTRUDE V. V. FRANCHOT

THE master said: There is no God but one.
The trees rose with a silent cry,
And all the firmament was there.
The Devil with his withered hand
Reached out to grasp. There was a time
He might have had the whole—roots, trees and sky—
But I was there; I saw the Lord, so calm serene;
I saw the archfiend choke, and crumple where he lay.

And came a bursting cry as if the earth
Were loosened from a long and stiff embrace,
As hill on hill rolled up against the sun.
This was the dark:

The Lord was there, I saw him strike
The crumpled bones asunder with a mighty spark.
It was a keen-edged dark, so hollow still
That I could hear the breathing of the river;
While all unuttered snakes and worms and toads
Come out to praise the hills. I have endured
No greater sight than this: I saw the Lord.

And in the morning silently
Crept out the ancient dragons from their dens,
Where they had lain since birth, to see the sun:
They saw their shadows and a vital fear

Ate at their marrows, and dissolved them there.
I laughed aloud; the sun had fired the river.
This was the day.

The master said:

There is no Life but one. The hills
Stood upright, lifting trees
Beyond the measure of my greatest hope.
I could not speak, nor tell in any sound
How those trees were, or what glad silent push
The hills gave. I saw Her then, asleep, my love,
Beyond the river; sun was on the leaves.
I called to her and felt the river shake.
She lay like some great bird, with wings hugged close,
A silver bird with tender breath. I wept aloud;
She woke and swayed and melted into light.

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She came at last again and I was tired,
Filled with the dread of Her and all that I had seen;
The river stopped, and monstrous wings spread out between
The sun and earth; all living things expired;
I turned my face away from Her and ran and ran
Back to the rocks and stones where I began—
Sorrow sorrow
And on the wing the ever-melting morrow;
Endless pull of hands forever meeting,
Passion fleeting,
Gone, recurring, trembling, beating.

I could not weep because I knew the pain
Would not be loosed by any tears or any cries;
I could not stay because the hills, the upright, wise,
Were shaking, and the trees without a name
Were bent in pity; and because of pride,
I turned away from Her and ran to hide—
“Come home, come home!” called out the hungry stones;
Crumpled bones

The Master Said

And ever after death the rasping groans,
And "Give me pity" faltering from the ferns—
Writhing, yearns
Dying heart, revives, returns,

For I shall never leave you, said She then;
I looked and saw Her standing where the stream was dry;
Light from a thousand rising suns was in her eye,
And untold histories of anguished men,
As if She knew, had known it all so long,
As if She were immortal. With a song
And dancing with a myriad crystal gleams
Burst forth streams;
Monstrous mist-wings melted into beams
Of sun and firmament and shining dew;
Quickened new,
Withered squeezed heart grew and grew—

O you on the mountain tops!

Can you not see!

O you where the river drops!

Are you not free!

Life was her name, my own true love,

Life was her name, my only love!

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The master said: There is no God but one.

The crumpled bones gave back no word.

They were no more. The Lord had breathed

Into a silver bird across the river,

A shapely bird that rose and swayed and melted into light.

The hills stood upright, lifting trees

Beyond the measure of the greatest hope;

And all the firmament was there.

Inland Sea

MARGARET KIDDER

THE sound of the surf on the shore of this place
Is different from that of the sea,
Less harsh, like the falling of rain or the hiss
Of steadily driven sand.
The combers plunge and shatter unangrily
And the white foam crawls less greedily up the land.

The waves of the ocean crash on the rocks
With an aching, angry sound;
Here, where the folds of a lake stretch out to the end of the
sky,
Pale waters are quiet and firm to the edge of the ground
With thin little waves that flatten and whisper and die.

Here is the distance of water, the bend and the stretch of
the sand.
But the sound of the surf on the shore of this place
Is dulled and strange to me.
Water pouring incessantly up the land,
Tons of water without the salt of the sea.

A Child's Calendar

ELIZABETH M. MACKENZIE

THE calendar of the grown-up world has very little meaning for a child. Inside its prim, boxed squares, December second looks as interesting as December twenty-fifth—schooldays and Saturdays stand next each other in false similarity. But to our minds, when we were small, what a passion there was in the thought: No school today! We lived the week for Saturday. On that morning we were never slow of rising—boots were tied and dresses buttoned in a twinkling. We met our friends as different creatures, when no longer wedged in desks with pages of figures to add or words to spell before us. It was our chief delight to begin the day's adventures by strolling through the huge, empty school playground, picking as we passed a flower-top from a blue lupin bush that poked its head outside the fence of the headmaster's garden. There was no one there to stop us then. Along with Saturdays and the free summer months, the most welcome of reprieves from schoolroom tyranny was the week-day holiday, not the unexpected kind, which was welcome enough, but the kind you knew was coming and could be looked toward and planned for. Some holidays were national; some did not hold in the next village. It was the local celebrations that we loved best of all—the cattle show, the ploughing match, the anniversary of the burning of the Town Hall. Days such as these marked the divisions in the child's calendar.

Spring began with the ploughing match. On the day of that event, we rose early to sit on the garden wall and watch

the country people coming in to town in carts, the horses' manes and tails done up in curls and tassels tied with knots of blue ribbon, the harness tinkling with bells. If the match was in a field near the manse, we were allowed to go. There we stood glueing our eyes on the favourite as he guided his horse along the furrow amid the solemn comment of the old men looking on. The best moment came with the awarding of the prize for the ploughman with the largest family. I cannot forget the first time the prize went to Tom Shearer from Viewfield, when his wife had raised the family census over that of her rival, Mrs. Laurie from the Fendom, by a heaven-sent miracle of twins. All the little Shearer girls were there with their hair out of plaits and white dresses bulging on them as if they had been hastily pulled over their everyday blue serge. The older boys hung about in tight gray jackets and black boots, threatening to disappear any instant that their mother's eye was not upon them. She, red-cheeked and flustered, had enough to do with her young babies, which she carried one on each arm in her elbow-crook, leaving her hands free.

On May first, we regularly had a holiday from school to go and gather gulls' eggs on Tain Hill. Children went in parties led by grown-ups in annual rotation. What a grief it was if we woke that morning to find rain pouring down! But on the right sort of day we were off directly after breakfast, each with a pail lined with rhubarb-leaves to hold the eggs, and a lunch basket between us, which the eldest two took turns in carrying. It was always an anxiety on the Hill until you found your first egg and were reassured that the gulls were laying this year as usual. You came across the eggs singly in little worn-out spots among the heather, and it was a real heartbreak if the egg was missing from the spot, which meant someone had been there before you. O, the joy of the long day on the moor! I never hunted much for eggs, but I generally found enough not to be conspicuous. I can remember how, after I had collected about a dozen, I would stretch out in a sunny spot and dream away the time until a loud *Hallo* from some hillock called us to our lunch. Then in the

evening, Mr. Mackay from Heathmount or old Mr. Ross the baker would appear with a horse and cart, as if by accident, and offer to give us all a lift in the direction of home. I do not think that the gulls' eggs were particularly good to eat; they were stronger even than ducks'. But they appeared on every breakfast table in Tain on May the second, as regularly as Hot Cross buns at Good Friday tea, and in spite of all our plunderings, the gulls showed no signs of dying out.

I remember summer for days at the seaside, always the same and always longed for. The basket packed with bread-and-butter sandwiches, bottles of strawberry sherbet, and yellow gooseberries from the garden in a paper bag. I can still see the four of us straggling along the Low Road to the shore—down the Crickety Steps with nettles everywhere between the cracks, past Denoon's Dyke, throwing a stone behind us at the hornets' nest, by the big trough where they sheared the sheep in summer, jumping from stone to stone in the mud under the Railway Bridge, where it was never dry and water forget-me-nots grew plentifully among the clumps of grass along the side stone walls. Beyond the bridge, we crossed the golf course, with the pleasant excitement of looking out for whizzing balls, which rarely came, taking our turn on every swinging stile, picking our way now and then into a barley field to reach a poppy or a cornflower which had caught our eye. Half a mile from the shore, the ground under our feet turned sandy; the cottages began to have their garden-walks marked out with shells; and the grass grew long and sharp and prickly by the road edge. Soon we were stumbling ahead in the loose white sand, pulling off our shoes and socks, rushing to be the first to get our feet wet in the cold foamy washes that crept up the lower ridges of the beach.

One of the best times of the year came in September, when the harvesting began. There was a field of oats below our Woody Braes which used to be among the earliest in the district to be reaped. There we rushed after supper to climb over the collapsed machine or play hide-and-seek up and down among the rows of stooks. In those weeks, farmers were busy people; their children did not have to stay away from

school as they did for the potato-picking, but they had to keep quiet and remain out of the way. They and we knew all the time, however, that the great barns were filling up with hay, blissfully deep for us to jump in when the cold Saturday afternoons of winter came along.

With winter came Christmas and after that my birthday, on December thirty-first. I always felt a little sad at having just missed being a New Year's baby, but it was while the bells were still sounding the death of the old year that I was born. So the child's calendar ended with that of the grown-ups', and the New Year for each began.

Song at Sixteen

MARGARET KIDDER

I HAVE grown so old and staid,
Sensible and wise,
I regard me quite dismayed
In a strange disguise,
Taken by surprise.

Those wild words and doings by
Which I lived before
Seem such foolishness that I
Seeking after more,
Find myself a bore.

All the wandering thoughts there be
At my footsteps fall.
I am neither I nor me,
Nor what you would call
Anyone at all.

I have grown so old of late,
Cut and cooked and dried,
I can only contemplate
Ways of suicide
Other men have tried.

Two Sonnets

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF

I

LOVELY dead women have a beauty brought
From the cold beauty of their silent heaven.
They walk appareled in men's silver thought.
Into their hands sad offerings are given.
The passionate, the faithless, and the swift
Are made pale goddesses in halls of stone.
Before them living women kneel and lift
White shaking hands, and bow their heads, and groan.
And foolish girls who never saw them living
Tell sombre tales to young bewildered boys.
Their minds are filled with worship and thanksgiving,
Too great a burden for the breaking voice.
Their little foolish lives have pride and power
When they can raise the dead for half an hour.

II

God help the girls whose childish minds are set
On tragedy, God help the gentle boys!
Let them love one another and forget
The driven dead and all their dolorous joys.
The heedless agony that made them great,
The hateful beauty of their famous pain;

Two Sonnets

Keep the poor children from this noble fate,
This high disaster of the burning brain.
Let them love one another in the spring
Merrily, and forget that other love.
Lighting their candles, and not measuring
Their light against the frozen moon above;
White, scarred and bitten, sailing overhead,
The sign, the mourner, of the hapless dead.

Wish

EVELYN THOMPSON

I
I HAVE dropped upon the pool;
I have stirred the cool;
I have made a noise,
In my lack of poise.

II
I would be like a dragon fly,
And I would try
To rest like vibrant glass
Upon a blade of grass.

Editorial

LOOKING FORWARD

IN reading over the comments on our questionnaire, it was a surprise to us to find one which ran something like, "hardly worthy of our literary guardian." It would have been a disagreeable surprise, had it not been for the fact that two soothing conclusions could be drawn from the remark. Either the LANTERN stands in one mind for a particularly high level of excellence, or else the commenter has not even glanced inside our covers sufficiently often to see what we have been striving for. If the latter deduction is true, we need trouble ourselves no further with it. But if the former is true, we should like, in passing, for we are really passing and leaving the magazine in new hands, to take this last opportunity for a few reflections on our position.

It was strange to see, as we looked over the issues of the last three years, that they actually fell into categories. There was one year when they were all permeated with the vagueness of impressionism; again and again ideas or events were presented in fragments, as perceived and coloured by the mind of one person alone. Last year was marked by a revival of the use of tangible plot, of definite, impersonal description. And this year we have had as our purpose no less specific a distinction. We should like to know what the critic of our questionnaire considers the function of a "literary guardian." We have endeavored to convey our idea that literature derives its life from being concerned with what people are interested in. The stream of consciousness interests many, concrete

reality perhaps more. Continuing the pursuit of reality, we have tried to bring attention to some subjects students would think about.

If, guided by this principle, we have succeeded in reflecting the "social mind" (the name given by the critic, Mr. Hazlett, to society's mental state, its tastes and interests existing at a given time) of which we are a part, we feel that an accomplishment to give us a feeling of satisfaction. But there is something more to which we aspire. Mr. Hazlett's notion of the critic is of one who is just a little ahead of the "social mind;" what he selects to bring to general notice will, therefore, be that which stimulates progress toward greater truth than has yet been found—greater, that is, if one may trust the notion of steady advance toward perfection in the world. We ask no greater distinction than to have fulfilled this function of a critic. Still we should not have expressed our aspiration were it not for the inference, drawn from the comment we mentioned, that our predecessors accomplished just the good we have tried to accomplish and kept a high standard for this magazine. We have maintained that standard in the light of our idea of literature already explained. To future boards of editors we wish all success in finding higher excellences. If, on the other hand, both we and our predecessors have been mistaken, if that comment was intended to ridicule false pretences to literary purism, we can only accept the rebuff and hope that it may, none the less, save the situation, as the jester's pail of cold water saved the prince in the fairy story by reviving the last of the princesses contained in oranges.

The Questionnaire on Education

Class..... Major subject.....

1. Do you think education should (a) discover and develop individual aptitudes, or (b) provide a general and fairly prescribed course of study for all without regard for individual inclination?
2. Within the particular field you choose do you think the work should (a) be regulated by discipline, or (b) be guided by preference and the desire for self-expression?
3. Has your college work led to interest in new or previously uninteresting subjects?
Examples
4. Are you majoring in the subject you intended to major in at the time you entered college?
5. If not, why did you change?.....
6. If you intend to take up an active profession, has college work been the basis for what you plan to do?.....
7. Do you intend to teach?
8. Of the required courses you have taken, which do you consider important to your education?.....
Please state why you consider the others unimportant.
9. What other subjects do you think should be required?.....
10. Have you regular extra-curriculum work (such as art, dancing, music, etc.)?.....
11. Did you have such work and give it up because it interfered with college work?

*The Questionnaire
on Education*

12. Do you feel, (a) that there is connection between your courses, or (b) that they are presented as separate units, each centering attention on its own field?.....
13. Do you think that (a) or (b) should be true?.....
14. Do you prefer reports to exams?.....
15. What courses would you like added to the curriculum?
.....
16. Do you feel the worth outside college of what you have studied in college?
17. Remarks:

Summary of Answers Received

1934

1. a) 25 b) 10 a & b) 8 no answer) 4
 2. a) 6 b) 31 a & b) 9 no answer) 2
 3. Yes) 18 No) 15 major changed to subject of
new interest) 14
 4. Yes) 19 No) 18
 5. Dissatisfaction) 9 new interest) 4 conveni-
ence) 2 original major undecided) 3
 6. Yes) 20 No) 19 no answer) 8
 7. Yes) 11 No) 26
- | | <i>Allied Major</i> | <i>Unallied Major</i> |
|--|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 8. Philosophy | 17 | 15 |
| Freshman English | 16 | 6 |
| Sophomore English | 11 | 6 |
| Science | 5 | 12 (7 biology) |
| Latin | 3 | |
| Diction) 2 Hygiene) 1 All) 4 | | |
- Specific objections fell under the two headings of poor presentation (Freshman English, German language course, Diction, Hygiene) or unsuitability of work (Latin Science)
9. Minor History Social Science Psychology (alternatives to Science) Bible
 10. Yes) 11 No) 26
 11. Yes) 20 No) 17 (11 gave up work)
 12. a) 21 b) 11 both) 5
 13. a) 26 b) 6 both) 5
 14. Yes—major a subject suitable for reports) 17
No—major a subject suitable for reports) 10 No) 6
 15. International relations, comparative religions, survey art course, applied art, music as major subject with credit for practical work, advanced courses on modern aspects of architecture, literature, etc.
 16. Yes) 29 No) 4 indirectly) 4

Summary of Answers Received

1935

1. a) 28 b) 1 both) 6
 2. a) 7 b) 20 both) 8
 3. Yes) 14 No) 10 major changed) 10 sub-
ject of new interest) 11
 4. Yes) 17 No) 18
 5. Dissatisfaction) 8 new interest) 4 convenience) 4
original major undecided) 2
- | | <i>Allied Major</i> | <i>Unallied Major</i> |
|------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 8. Philosophy | 17 | 7 |
| Science | | 13 (7 biology) |
| Latin | 3 | 1 |
| Freshman English | 10 | 7 |
| Sophomore English | 8 | 6 |
| Hygiene) 3 All) 3 | | |
- Objections as in 1934 answers
9. History Bible History of Art Economics Psychology
 10. Yes) 11 No) 24
 11. Yes) 8 No) 27
 12. a) 20 b) 15 both) 6
 13. a) 33 b) 2
 14. Yes—major a subject suitable to reports) 14 Yes) 3
No—major a subject suitable to reports) 7 No) 5
No preference) 6
 15. Advanced courses in American art and archaeology,
modern architecture, oriental history, comparative
literature, courses in finance, modern social prob-
lems, comparative religions, international relations,
applied art, music in music as a major with credit
for practical work
 16. Yes) 29 No) 3 indirectly) 3

1936

- | | | | | | | | | |
|----|------|----|-----|----|-------|----|------------|---|
| 1. | a) | 33 | b) | 1 | both) | 10 | no answer) | 2 |
| 2. | a) | 8 | b) | 32 | both) | 5 | no answer) | 1 |
| 3. | Yes) | 23 | No) | 23 | | | | |

Allied Major

Unallied Major

- | | | | |
|----|-------------------|----|---------------|
| 8. | Science | 4 | 9 (8 biology) |
| | Freshman English | 16 | 6 |
| | Sophomore English | 10 | 3 |
| | Philosophy | 6 | 7 |
| | Latin | 2 | |
| | All) | 8 | |

Objections as in 1934 answers

- | | | | | |
|-----|--|---------|-----------|----------------------|
| 9. | Bible | History | Economics | Psychology |
| 10. | Yes) | 15 | No) | 31 |
| 11. | Yes) | 12 | No) | 34 (12 gave up work) |
| 12. | a) | 24 | b) | 22 |
| 13. | a) | 38 | b) | 8 |
| 14. | Yes) | 23 | No) | 23 |
| 15. | Music as major, applied art, elective English courses covering more extensive range, oriental history, comparative religions, international relations, bacteriology, botany, banking and finance | | | |
| 16. | Yes) | 40 | No) | 4 indirectly) 2 |

1937

- | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|------|----|-----|----|----------------|---|------------|---|
| 1. | a) | 43 | b) | 1 | both) | 2 | no answer) | 2 |
| 2. | a) | 12 | b) | 29 | both) | 2 | no answer) | 5 |
| 10. | Yes) | 6 | No) | 42 | | | | |
| 11. | Yes) | 10 | No) | 38 | | | | |
| 12. | a) | 21 | b) | 24 | both) | 3 | | |
| 13. | a) | 40 | b) | 6 | both) | 2 | | |
| 14. | Yes) | 25 | No) | 18 | no preference) | 5 | | |

(Answers omitted are those furnished by classes considered not yet ready to give an opinion)

Results of the Questionnaire

THE purpose of a questionnaire is not necessarily confined to obtaining answers to the set of questions on the paper. The answers for which we were most anxious were to questions which, though not specifically asked, were nevertheless the basis of the others. Naturally our first purpose was to get actual opinions. We are accustomed to hear vehement protests against one phase or other of our system of education, raised by its temporary victims. Thus we may forget that for every objector there will be ten people who completely approve the system and say nothing. These ten have now an opportunity to express their satisfaction if they wish to do so.

But besides this general purpose, the paper had also the particular one of asking the following questions: what is expected from a college education? and, has the expectation been fulfilled? The consistently large majority of the number of those who expect education to discover and develop individual aptitudes does not mean that most of the college is ready to let the faculty do their work for them. The great number of those who prefer reports to examinations shows the presence of plenty of readiness on students' part to do their own work.

Naturally it is impossible—and more so in some subjects than in others—to allow a student's course to be wholly directed by the desire to do original work indicated both by the preference of reports and the answers to the first and

second questions. Sound knowledge of its history and principles is required by students of art even, a subject concerning which everyone is entitled to his own opinion. But most people are ready to accept discipline; there are not many who think all the required courses unprofitable. Criticism was made against courses not because they are required but for one of two other reasons. Either they seemed to her badly presented, or they were so unrelated to the rest of her work and so uncongenial to her abilities as to be not only ineffective, but harmful in rousing undue prejudice against the subjects.

In the fairly rigid system now existing what is generally desired is adaptability, for which in as small a college as this there is every opportunity. Required subjects, or discipline, to use a broad term, should be retained, but should conform to individual needs. History and knowledge of the Bible should be required for art and literature majors. Latin literature is unnecessary for the mathematics and science majors; the time spent in struggling over it might be more profitably spent elsewhere. It is obvious that each mind is better fitted for some fields than for others. The generality of school training shows up limitations to a certain extent. If one shows inability to master a subject as given in school, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that it will be more comprehensible when given with the increased detail of college presentation. Why should not the indications of school education serve as guides in beginning college education? Even under the present conditions students have changed their majors as late as the senior year, so that if mistakes were made from following these indications can always be rectified.

What the answers to question one indicate as desired from education is, in brief, steady progress toward finding the work one is best fitted to do. This progress is achieved, not by forcing on students work in various fields, but by stimulating interest in such work by showing its connection with work already congenial. This may sound idealistic, but figures show how many students feel that showing relations between subjects not only should be, but often really is, the attainment of courses.

Results of the Questionnaire

The analysis of what is wanted from education has somewhat anticipated the discussion of what is received. The noticeable discrepancy between what is expected and what is offered by the present system leads one to forecast a note of dissatisfaction with the result. Of the senior class, the only fair judges of the result (and we must hope that those who answered the questionnaire expressed the opinion of those who did not), only one-third of those intending to adopt an active profession (exclusive of teaching) have been guided by their education to definite plans for what they will do after college. Naturally, education cannot be blamed for the depression and its shortage of jobs. Nor can it be blamed for not outlining the career of every groping mind that comes along asking, "What shall I do?" But it can be blamed for hindering active wills to make places for themselves, as it does by offering only a background of academic knowledge, when there is a general wish for something more practical.

One can see that this wish exists from the list of subjects suggested as additions to the curriculum. There was only a small minority to leave question fifteen unanswered. Science majors want advanced courses leading to premedical or other professional work; one geology major wants a course dealing with economic geology. Art and literature majors want advanced courses dealing with modern work. Courses in international relations, in present economic and social problems, are repeatedly asked for. Yet these are nearly always requested as advanced courses, implying recognized necessity to be acquainted with the past before dealing with the present. But the courses wanted are such as would show—if anything short of experience can show it—to what uses one can turn one's acquired knowledge.

It is not necessary to revolutionize the system we have, but simply to adapt it, as suggested, to the general desire. But the presence of defects is obvious in a routine that causes so many to give up art or music, and in such a large group of people stimulates no new interests. Need for revision is emphasized further by the dissatisfaction with various departments registered as the chief cause for change of majors.

Innumerable suggestions were made for various methods of change. Though it involves a national change in the allotment of time to school and college, perhaps the most intelligent plan was one suggested by the French system, adding a year to school, with more freedom for the last two years than now admitted, and subtracting one from college. An intermediary period is thus provided to prepare one for prompt and intelligent attack of work as presented by colleges. Another plan was the abolition of the necessity for a major and for general requirements, so that those who want a broad education can have it, while those who wish can devote themselves completely to one subject. Let those who want education to give a background of general culture be free to obtain broader knowledge than they now can. But for those who are not so fortunate as to be able to devote their lives to abstract wisdom (and their number is increasing steadily) provision should be made.

Whatever was suggested was, with unusual consistency, tempered by desire to make education of greater practical value. There is almost no one who confesses to feeling no benefit outside college from her work in it. Of course, it is not necessary to scrap the whole educational system. But it should not be allowed to stop progressing. Knowledge is no benefit away from the campus if one does not know how to use it. Education, by adaptation to individual needs, should make an effort to develop minds, not devoted to the pursuit of work for which specialized institutions exist, whose acquired knowledge can be put to specific and more immediate use to society.

FRESHMEN who wish to try out for contributing editors and members of upper classes who wish to try out for editors of THE LANTERN for 1934-35, should submit one piece of creative writing and one piece of criticism to the present board not later than May 1. The subject for the critical paper will be given out later.



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Editorial

WHILE looking through the *Isham Papers* the other day, I came across this interesting bit of information: "Somebody said at Oxford and Cambridge verses were written in Arabic and Syriac. Johnson: 'I would have as many of these as possible. Nobody imagines that an university is to have at once two hundred poets. But it is to show two hundred scholars.'" If we had been there with Mr. Johnson we should have added, "Ah, yes, but if we are only a few poets and a fair proportion of scholars, is there not something that all of us may hope to be?" And without Mr. Johnson we must answer: Surely all of us should acquire from our education good taste and the ability to criticize intelligently our own times.

As critics we find that we are compelled to contemplate the modern arts somewhat differently from the way in which we approach the arts of the past. The classroom gives us a scholarly appreciation of the past. It outlines the history and influences out of which that art has grown and indicates the direction it is pointing. It gives us, moreover, the opinions of the best critics of all time. We are helped, fairly pushed, into the appreciation of a masterpiece with only our final personal response to complete.

In the appreciation of modern art we have no such assistance. We know out of what background a work has arisen, but we do not know where it is leading; nor do we know its relation to other contemporary pieces. If we are brave and wise we do not parrot the critics, but instead judge by our taste. To face a modern work of art as a challenge is more perplexing, more stimulating, than the contemplation of a work of art that is already very familiar to us. We must hold up

this new piece alone in its purest light, apart from all the other things in the universe, and experience it as a new entity in a childlike way.

Painting and poetry are perhaps our greatest challenges. Music, though it seems to be the most startling, has not wandered so far from its old channel as we think. The highest form of music does not mean anything, and our appreciation of it depends entirely upon its pattern, its contour and its tone. We have only to adjust our perceptions to a new type of pattern and tone. Because we are accustomed to find a meaning in painting and poetry, we must make a fundamental change in our approach towards them.

In the past we recognize as beauty realism and the imitation of nature. Now with the new art devoid of that usual realism, we do not know how to estimate it. Both T. S. Eliot and James Stevens told us that a poem need have no prescribed meaning. Instead of explaining their poems, they indicated that the sound, the pattern and association of words formed the essence of a poem. While the significance is one thing to the author, it may be an entirely new thing to the reader and exactly as true and real a one. They believe it is important not that a poem should convey one certain meaning, but that it should convey something to arouse a response.

We call this indefiniteness obscurity, and many of us dislike it because it is difficult. It demands a great deal of us; we must bring to it all the wealth of our experience. But surely obscurity should not be condemned because it is obscurity. *Hamlet* is obscure. Anything about the meaning of which there is controversy is obscure without being necessarily bad. We must learn to discriminate between good and bad obscurities. To do this we must recognize in art the shift of emphasis from realism to the abstract qualities of pattern and tone. If we approach a picture such as the Georges Braque or Jean Lurçat, shown in the Commons Room a few months ago, with an eye peeled for these two qualities, we find a strength and beauty there which at first we were not aware of. If art has taken on the abstractness of music, we must approach it looking for those qualities we seek in music.

Ancestors

ELIZABETH V. R. KENT

AMONG the last year's leaves, the trail was scarcely visible—only the trained eye of the hunter could have followed it, or have noticed the scars of last year's blazes on the oaks and maples. Remember Hill swung through the trees with the easy effortless stride of the woodsman, his flintlock slung across his back, his hunting knife in his belt. After him the great black oxen placed one miry hoof before another in patient succession. Behind them lay two hundred miles of rolling country—the gentle slopes of the Massachusetts hills, tinged with the purple of new twigs or seamed by the spring plowing, the sand and pines of southern New Hampshire, and lastly, across the broad intervale of the Connecticut, the long narrow valleys, clear streams, and steeply wooded hills of Vermont. It was, perhaps, a bleak and colorless landscape—patches of old snow lay in sunless hollows and the sky was a cold sharp blue—yet the frost was out of the ground for good, and, to the sensitive spirits of those who journeyed through the woods, there was a hint of returning life in the air, of inner warmth in the dull brown earth.

Rachel Hill was driving the oxen. Her wide brown skirt covered most of the pine chest on which she sat and even fell upon the cradle beside her which held little Remember. In the chest lay homespun blankets and linen; the load on the rest of the wagon included pots and pans of iron, farming tools, and a syrup kettle; cornmeal, sides of bacon, chunks of salt pork, and molasses for sweetening—enough to last

until the crops they intended to plant this spring should be harvested. They had been three weeks on the road now—weeks of wind and rain and pale spring sunshine. They rose at dawn, saw an unfamiliar sky turn from grey to white to luminous gold, watched the thin shadows contract and lengthen as the sun wheeled overhead; and when twilight overtook them, built a fire wherever they chanced to be and slept again under a silent circle of stars.

On their way they had passed through many towns and villages in Massachusetts, less in New Hampshire, and fewer still in Vermont. Now they found only an occasional isolated cabin in a burnt-over clearing, and felt themselves no longer part of the civilization they had left but pioneers in the truest sense. The stream they were following was a branch of the Onion River that twisted placidly through the terraced hills. The valley began to narrow and the hills to grow steeper, and through a notch they caught the fine saw-tooth outline of a far-away mountain. It was growing colder as they left the flats by the brook and began to climb to the upland. The sun was all but setting when they came in sight of the cabin, standing on the height of land, the brook sweeping around it through the scarred earth of the clearing.

It was a very small house—two rooms on either side of the front door and a long kitchen behind, all built around the big central chimney—but as Rachel moved quietly about, setting their few possessions in place and giving an occasional push with her foot to the cradle, she seemed as much at home as in the great white farmhouse which her father, Abdiel Bliss, had built for his wife in Rehoboth. This was, for the first time, her own kitchen, her own wide-mouthed fire-place with its swinging crane and Dutch oven, and she loved it already. Outside, Remember paused for a moment after staking out the oxen for the night to look about him. The valley up which they had come lay dark in shadow—only the opposite hills were streaked with a last gleam of sunlight. The singing of the brook made a clear friendly sound in the evening stillness.

As he watched the reflection of the afterglow turn the eastern sky a warm pink, the hills a gray-blue, he seemed to

see the landscape undergo a subtle change. The edges of the clearing receded on every side, and the rough ground gave place to smooth fields of summer green and gold. The noise of the brook was augmented by the clatter and splash of a mill-wheel, and he could hear the intermittent tinkle of cow-bells. Instead of a log cabin, a white farm-house stood at the top of the hill, with great barns opposite it. Roads ran up and down the hills, and on them moved carts heavy with hay and oats, while in the fields sounded the rhythmic swish of scythes. With the coming of darkness the vision faded like a mirage, and, suddenly conscious of the cold, Remember turned to go in, already deeply content in his new surroundings and happy in the promise of full rich years to come.

Sonnet

MARGARET KIDDER

WHATEVER comes this moment is secure,
Fashioned in wind and water, sky and shore.
Though I have made vain promisings before,
I always shall remember; this is sure,
The river's changing surface and the wide
Broken horizon bending out of sight,
The winds that streak the waters into light
The little boats that leap against the tide.

There will be time after this year is done
To sorrow for days ended and to find
How much these things are mingled in my mind,
The water flashing underneath the sun,
The troubled water tossing in the rain,
Which now I watch most eagerly as one
Who turns to go and stays and looks again.

Those Caves of Ice

MAYNARD RIGGS

“P ENRITH, Penrith, Penrith. Please answer.” The last words caught the attention of Penrith. It had been riveted on a long, smooth icicle which ended in a rigid point, but now it turned to the prostrate boy. For two days Penrith had listened to the gentle voice of his fellow climber murmuring irrational phrases and calling his name. He looked at him. Varrick had opened his eyes and was smiling.

“Well?”

“Well, how are you at last?”

“Why I feel fine, with the exception of a piercing head-pain,—but where are we?” He lifted his heavy head and looked about. The ground consisted of irregular, opaque ice, with some new snow lying in one corner. The walls were green with white excrescences and pendant icicles. They looked like shallow sea-water with foam and spray, especially where they merged into the roof and wound upward out of sight.

“Oh, we’re at the bottom of a crevasse.”

“How did we get here?”

“Why one of us slipped and the other was a bit slow with the axe, and together we slid down the tortuous chimney and dropped into the chasm.”

“Oh Pen, don’t say it that way. I remember now that ridiculous little snow-bridge which I jumped on, but I didn’t

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suppose it hid a drop of more than five feet. Now look where I have got us."

"It is all my fault Varrick, I am sorry to say. I should have had the ice-axe planted until you were parallel with me and not been cutting those next steps. Besides, I forgot to warn you about the bridge—see, we brought most of it with us; or perhaps it brought us."

He pointed to the lumps of snow beyond them. Varrick reached out and buried his hand in it. He quickly recoiled, and noticed for the first time that he was lying on the only unglacial material in the cave—their knapsacks, the rope, and Pen's sweater.

"You know it's funny, Pen, but I feel as if we had been crossing the glacier years ago, when it is probably only five minutes since we were up there in the sunlight. Time is odd, isn't it?"

Penrith only answered "Yes." It seemed pointless to tell Varrick that they had been there for two whole days and nights, that their food was frozen and inedible, and that the matches were few and useless without fuel. Ice and snow certainly were useless. Of course the snow he had put on Varrick's forehead had perhaps finally revived him, but what was the advantage of being conscious in such a situation?

"You know, Pen, this place reminds me of the igloos we used to make in the garden in winter. I wish Malcolm could see this."

"Well, I am glad he can't."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I am glad he isn't here."

"You say the queerest things, but you had better not begin criticizing my brother just yet."

"Varrick you mistake me entirely. I consider this no place for anyone to be."

"You really are becoming degenerate. Can't you stand a little adversity and discomfort?"

Evidently Varrick had no grasp of their predicament. He looked up.

"Sorry, Pen,.....By the way, speaking of Malcolm

reminds me of a letter I just had from him. He is down on the Cape. How I wish I were young again."

"Really you aren't decrepit yet."

"You know what I mean. The whole family used to migrate from Boston in the summertime and move in an unbroken phalanx to Cape Cod. For four months we played with starfish and hermit crabs, raced in little green dories, and grew sunflowers. The family seemed complete and perfect. Why did Malcolm have to break up everything and get married?"

"Varrick, you know very well that you have grown up yourself beyond sand-castles"—Varrick looked him in the eye for a moment—"or playing one-o-cat with your parents. Malcolm wants to start a family of his own and be on the other side of the picture, a constructive breadwinner instead of an immature parasite."

"Well I resent it. I have to trapse all the way to Austria to study and improve myself. Dad and Mother are left alone, and so stay in Boston waiting for the mail. Why do we all do it?"

Varrick made a feeble attempt at a laughing-yodel, one of those piercing, carrying calls of the alpinists. The cry was curtailed by the firm hand of Penrith on his mouth, and the words:

"Don't do that, the cave might collapse."

"I was just trying to catch the attention of stray passers-by."

"I don't believe hordes are going to be sauntering in these parts just now."

"How far down do you suppose we are?"

"About five hundred feet I should imagine. It really doesn't make much difference."

"Will a relief party be sent from the hut where we were last night?"

"Of course." Penrith said this in a matter of fact tone, implying a conviction he was far from feeling. The mountain huts are not in the habit of caring for their patrons like puppets on strings.

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"Let me see, we left the hut about two, and dropped in here about ten. What time is it now, Pen?"

"I don't know; my watch broke as I ricocheted down the chimney."

"Would they be likely to search for us tomorrow? You know I liked that whole family, the herdsman himself with his bare feet and little gold earrings, his goitered wife, and the sturdy, tow-headed next generation. I didn't suspect then how much I would give now for a blanket and some hot tea."

"Are you very hungry?"

"No, not at all. I am just indulging in freak imaginings." He closed his eyes.

There was silence in the crevasse. Penrith suddenly noticed a thin white line on the ice floor. He crawled over and touched it. It was new snow. He looked up and saw a few flakes fluttering gracefully down. They pirouetted and swirled down on to their precursors—tokens of oblivion. Soon footsteps and a broken snow-bridge would be hidden forever.

Penrith looked again at Varrick. His face was drawn, his hands kept opening and closing, and his breathing was erratic. He must be suffering. Penrith dextrously raised the other's head, refolded the sweater with its large, red H, and lowering the head gently, put more snow on it.

"Thank you, Pen. You certainly guessed right when you decided to be a doctor. You have the hands already. They will just love you as an intern next year."

"You will feel better if you don't try to talk."

"I want to talk."

"Do what the doctor tells you."

"No. A little pain keeps you mortal, but too much makes you egocentric. Conversation is distracting."

"All right, talk away."

"That is the ideal medical attitude! If you are going to stay in Boston, I might progress to your office, when I graduate from Harvard and can no longer shed my troubles in the infirmary. Are you converted to civilization, or are you returning to the great open spaces?"

"St. Louis is hardly a great open space, much less plural."

"Well, dropping technicalities, where are you going to practice?"

"Why, I think probably in Boston. I have had all my training there, and have been educated there for eight years, and——"

"I just can't imagine moving away from my home city, but I suppose Boston is different."

"No it isn't. Naturally I have associations with home and the west, but I have friends and other things in Boston."

"Oh." After a pause he said, "It must be marvellous to know what you want in life. I envy you. Somehow I just drift along. I read books and play squash—and then what? I love life; but I have no aim; even less than usual at this moment."

Varrick's strength suddenly collapsed and he became limp. Penrith slipped his knees beneath the boy's head causing an involuntary start. He grasped one of the hands. It felt as if it were exuding cold, rather than containing it. The pulse stopped.

Penrith slowly stood up. The white face lying there was the kind that should have been shrouded in a bank of flowers—myriads of spring flowers. He took an alpine rose, two days old, from his hat and placed it in the lifeless hand. The crude act hurt. He stooped again and, snatching it up, threw it into the furthest recess of the crevasse.

His thoughts leaped five thousand miles and concentrated on a desolate family in a large old-fashioned house in Boston. Malcolm was all very well, but why was the brilliant and gay one seized away? The routine would continue. His father would go to the court every day and study old maps in the evening; his mother would run the house just as she always had; and no one would guess, who did not know, that the hearts of all were broken.

Penrith sat down and leaned his head against the chilly wall. A week before he had seen two of Napoleon's soldiers which had just come out of a moraine, in Switzerland. Then they had seemed romantic and truly exciting, not pathetic at

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all. What did they seem now? Still romantic, of course. They had been playing cards. Another had been found with a magnificent charger; but he himself had neither horse, nor cards, nor——

He felt like writing a letter, not to his parents, but to his sister, Sally. He had so much to tell her. She might never get it. It seemed odd that time could conquer anything as alive and pretty as Sally, but it would. She might be gone long before the letter arrived. He wondered whether at this moment she was driving merrily out to the country club for a refreshing swim. What time would it be there? Oh, hang it all, he didn't know what time it was anywhere.

He wondered how much Varrick had been hiding, how much he had been acting, how much he had known of the truth. The running conversation had probably been meant more for his sake, than for Varrick's comfort. Typical.

Sleep threatened Penrith, but he stiffened up and resisted. Sleep was the one thing he was assured of in everlasting quantity. He must exist in the present now, and rout the past and the future. He layed wagers with himself on whether the icicles would break before they touched the ground. A large drop of water ran down the nearest one and clung shivering to its point. In a moment, another one followed it.

Unicorn

EVELYN H. THOMPSON

I'LL pave enamel streets with my cold hooves;
I'll break off icicles to pin my hair;
I'll beat against the sky till it resounds;
I'll be invisible as white on snow;
My face will shine with stars like frozen pools.

The Progenitress

JANET BARBER

SHE always sits at the corner table. The gold heurige branch is dusty above the dusty gardenias that spring in constant, kind vivacity from her hat. She is a dowager, a matriarch in discard, surely a commemorative personage; the satin bosom, the heavy yellow lace, the faithful beasts across her shoulders, the clasped claws with heavy rings deep among wrinkles, the thick eyelids,—all proclaim energy and power, in decay perhaps, but in the stubborn decay of reminiscence. Her face is secret: no one dares see it clearly—pulled and wrinkled with peeked eyelids, baldness of eyebrows disguised by an unsure line. Her mouth has turned inward in debauch of determination, leaving a crease like a frog's mouth or a turtle's. It is the face of an old grimacer, an old clown, but the best: through grimaces the face is lost, the person who looks out through eyes like little hard-boiled birds' eggs and shows herself in the erection of the great body, the calm of the secret head.

"Herr Kelner.?"

"Yes, she comes always at eight. I bring her three cognac—every half hour, and then one at ten. She can't speak, you know. She is too deaf."

She cannot speak. She watches the couples enter. She watches the men, the girls who are still excited. She watches the old men intently, the gay old men. She is alert; her eyes are glazed then like a turtle's though they move quickly. She is too deaf.

The Progenitress

"Kelner?"

"Oh, she has always come—ten years, twenty. She is the mother of the Dame mit dem Wespentaille."

Her heavy eyes wander, turning, the rest of her face relaxed, her heavy arms on the table; her back is straight. But her body is misshapen and strange; too tired for more grimaces under her tight corsets. Where is she, alone in that great used body? Her daughter is beautiful as she walks her wolf-hounds through the park in the winter sunset. The women do not see her and she is always alone as she walks.

The mother is going. Vigorous she rises as the waiter lifts back the table smiling. She stands for a moment huge, a hippopotamus staring belligerently at the room through little eyes, pulling dirty beige gloves over rings slowly. She holds the room; they are quiet, they turn about. With vigour she turns and, erect in her corsets, makes her grand exit. The quick tap of her cane goes by the sidewalk tables, the sound comes through the open windows, over the cactus boxes and the little cakes.

"Kelner?"

"Oh, no! She does not live with the Dame mit dem Wespentaille!"

Sonnet

GERTRUDE V. V. FRANCHOT

NOW winter hugs the earth and still the flower
Lies close within the germ ; the storm wind shrills
Importunate all day and night ; no power
Of man can call back thistles to the hills,
Or summon heavy richness to the boughs
That bend with cherished fruit all summer long.
The fields have not received the biting plow ;
And earth is shrunken and bereft of song.
Yet in this time of silence and of fear
Man is not dead though he is numb and cold ;
He sleeps, but he will quicken with the year
When her slow moving infancy grows old.
And all the leaves of spring shall not outnumber
The dreams of spring that deepened winter slumber.

Johnny Appleseed and the Ogre

(Written in 1930)

MYRA LITTLE

JOHNNY APPLESEED went westward through the forest in the early morning listening to the singing of the birds. He wore a sack for a shirt and over one ear was tilted his iron pot, which was his hat. He carried a sack full of apple seeds on his shoulder, and so he fared merrily through the forest.

Soon he came to a hut. It was made of the trunks of trees hewn with an axe and notched at the ends. A man was ploughing near the house. He looked at Johnny Appleseed and said:

"Who are you?"

Johnny Appleseed answered: "My name is Johnny Appleseed. I wear the pot from my hearth as the hat to my head. I bide in no house. By what springs from my foot-prints are my ways known, and I fare westward into Indiana."

Then said the man, "Since you'll bide in no house I give you no welcome, but never did I harm to man nor beast and therefore I tell you to beware of the one that inhabits the forest. He has stolen my daughter to grind his corn. The hides of deer are his clothing, the fingers of men his necklace."

Johnny Appleseed thanked the man and continued on his way. Bye and bye he met the Ogre. The Ogre's face was painted in lines and circles, the feathers of birds were in his hair, the skins of deer were his clothing, and round his neck was a necklace of human fingers. The Ogre said to Johnny Appleseed:

"Who are you?"

Johnny Appleseed replied: "Appleseed John is my name. The pot from my hearth is the hat to my head; I bide in no house. By what springs from my foot-prints are my ways known, and I fare westward into Indiana."

"You would cook well in your own pot," said the Ogre. "I think I will eat you."

Just then a rattlesnake slid between the Ogre's feet and hissed, "I hit him and he did not die. Pennyroyal grows in the woods at his tread. No one can harm him."

"Very well," said the Ogre, "I will not eat you this time, but you must come to my lodge and grind my corn." So Johnny Appleseed went with the Ogre to his lodge.

The lodge stood in the middle of a clearing. It was made of poles and interwoven grasses, and thatched with the bark of trees. Three ravens sat on the roof.

The ploughman's daughter was grinding corn outside. She wore a fine dress of linsey-woolsey, kilted up off her ankles. Her golden hair fell down her back in two long braids, and she was weeping bitterly.

The Ogre said to the girl:

"Here is Johnny Appleseed. He wears the pot from his hearth as the hat to his head. He bides in no house. By what springs from his foot-prints are his ways known. Because he grows healing pennyroyal in the woods I may not harm him, but he must stay here and grind corn with you." Then he went away to war.

Johnny Appleseed said to the girl:

"Why are you crying?"

She answered:

"I am crying because I have to grind corn for the Ogre instead of carding wool and spinning it at my father's house. In the evening the Ogre will return, the corn will not be all ground, and he will beat me."

"Be of good cheer," said Johnny Appleseed. "You shall return to your father's house." Then he sat down and helped the girl grind corn. When it was all ground he walked three times round the Ogre's lodge, scattering seeds from his sack.

Johnny Appleseed and the Ogre

"By pennyroyal and snake-root, little orchard," said Johnny Appleseed, "come up." Immediately little apple trees grew up all round the Ogre's lodge.

That night when the Ogre came home all the corn was ground and he did not beat the girl. He was so pleased that he did not notice the little trees, even though he had to pass under them to get to his lodge.

Next morning the Ogre went away to war again. Johnny Appleseed and the girl ground corn all day. When it was ground Johnny Appleseed walked three times round the lodge and said:

"By pennyroyal and snake-root, little orchard, put forth leaves and blossoms." Green leaves and pink blossoms appeared on the branches of the apple trees. Just then the Ogre returned, but the corn was ground, and he did not notice the leaves and blossoms on the little trees even though he had to pass under them to get to his lodge.

The third day the Ogre went away to war as usual, but Johnny Appleseed and the girl ground no corn while he was gone. Only Johnny Appleseed said to his orchard, "By pennyroyal and snake-root, little orchard, bear fruit." Immediately the trees were covered with luscious red apples.

When the Ogre came home he saw that the corn was not ground. He grew very angry, and he noticed the apple trees about him.

"No pennyroyal can save you now," he said to Johnny Appleseed. "Tomorrow I will eat you and cut down your trees." But Johnny Appleseed said to his orchard:

"By pennyroyal and snake-root, little orchard, let fall your fruit." Straightway all the trees let fall their fruit on the Ogre's head.

"Ouf," said the Ogre, and he fell down and died.

Johnny Appleseed sold the orchard to the people of the forest for a pipe of tobacco, but when the girl wanted to marry him he said, "Go home to your father's house, girl. The pot from my hearth is the hat to my head. I bide in no house. By what springs from my foot-prints are my ways known, and I fare westward into Indiana."

Pilgrimage

EVELYN H. THOMPSON

CHRIST, O Christ, what have you given me?
Baffle my eyes with glory kingdomly;
I hear the voices falling in silver thread,
Calling voices, voices I love and dread.

Tender head dipping in pain to me,
The prongs of my feet are tired with lifting to see
And reach you. Joy bend lower, kiss my eyes.
Let me sink on the floor of the earth. He dies.

A carpet of light spreads before me that I shall tread.
Southward I'll follow where angel's steps have led.
"Whither" will not rest upon my tongue.
"Whither" is forgotten and unsung.

The Karsitch

DIANA TATE-SMITH

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN BOWDOIN.

MARION BOWDOIN, of Bryn Mawr, his wife.

PETER SEDGWICK.

EZRA SNOWDEN.

Scene: *The living room of a farm house in Kansas. The room is barren of any form of comfort, the chairs are straight and wooden, the table in the center of the room is ugly and made of yellow wood, and there are no decorations or pictures anywhere in the room, not even over the mantelpiece in the middle of the back wall. The fireplace is small and in no sense decorative. The room is, however, filled with books: the table is buried beneath them and they stand in great heaps around the room wherever you look.*

As the curtain rises, the three men and Marion are sitting on wooden chairs drawn near together at the left of the table. A small fire is burning in the fireplace; the night is very dark, as may be seen through the windows upstage left, and a heavy rain storm is beating against the panes. The wind is howling outside and the house creaks continually with the wind. Marion is about twenty-two, just graduated from Bryn Mawr, and very Bryn Mawrish in her manner. She

is filled to the brim with facts and cannot be restrained from producing them; she is intense but hideously accurate and filled with zeal for scholarly research. Her husband is a scholarly pedant about thirty, the kind of man who was born with glasses and a desire for factual information of every kind. The other two men are about his age and very like him; a more uninteresting group of people it would be hard to find gathered together.

MARION (*reading from a notebook in her hand*)—The Norkowitches told me.

PETER—The proper pronunciation is Norkocitz.

MARION—When we were reading *War and Peace*, our Freshman English instructor, whose third cousin by marriage had lived in Russia all his life, told us that “citz” was pronounced “vitch” in Russian.

JOHN—If he had lived in Russia all his life, how had he told her how to pronounce it?

MARION—She went to Russia in 1928—or perhaps it was 1927—sorry, I can’t remember which it was, but I think it was ’27—for three and a half months over the summer vacation—it was longer than usual that year, so she had time to stay three and a half months in Russia—and she learned quite a lot about the Russian pronunciation. She took a great interest in me and we used to go out to tea every Wednesday and talk about Russian life.

PETER—Is one ever qualified to talk about Russian life?

JOHN—We will postpone that discussion until ten-thirty. We must get on with the investigation.

MARION—Well, anyhow, the Norkowitches said——

PETER—I would feel better if you called them Norkocitz. It always annoys me to hear a wrong pronunciation.

JOHN—Don’t call them anything. Just tell us what they said.

MARION—Well, they believe in a beast which they call a karsitch——

EZRA—Very similar to the Norwegian warwitch.

JOHN—Make a note of that.

The Karsitch

MARION (*writing it down in her notebook furiously*)—The beast is invoked by magical incantations.

JOHN—Incantations or invocations?

MARION—I think they would technically be called incantations. They consist of walking three times around a lighted fire brandishing switches cut from a pine tree struck by lightning three times at midnight, and muttering "Iskavitch Karsitch" three times first in a whisper and then in a scream.

JOHN—Technically invocations, I think.

MARION—When Dr. Chew described the Faust legend to us, the rites were very similar, except for the omission of the pine branches, and he termed them incantations.

EZRA—A corruption of the Parsifal legend.

JOHN—I think it might better be traced to the Ancient Mother rites originating in Lower Asia Minor and brought to Russia through the fertile crescent by the early Hittites.

EZRA—There was something very similar to it in the legends of the Indo-European parent race as shown in the Zoroaster cosmogony.

PETER—What are the characteristics of the Karsitch?

MARION—He is invisible, being clothed in the cloak of darkness——

EZRA—Egyptian influence.

MARION—And winds himself around his victims with a slow enveloping movement until they are completely engulfed and in his power. He then removes them to a high mountain in the west——

JOHN—A Norwegian touch.

MARION—And no power on earth can stop him.

PETER—We must get this right now. John, push back the table, and get a bucket. I'll go out and get the pine branches——

MARION—We have them already in the wood pile from that old tree that was struck in the storm last week.

PETER—Get them. We must get this right. It will make a most interesting monograph for my appearance before the Society for the Investigation of Popular Superstitions.

Marion, watch us and write an exact description of what we do. I will incorporate it in my monograph and give you full credit for your work. Do you all know exactly what you're to get now?

THE OTHER THREE—Yes.

PETER—Go and get them.

(They leave, he clears the chairs out of the way, except for one, which he places exactly on one side, apparently for Marion. He pushes the center table to the right, scattering books right and left, and pushing them out of the way with his feet. By this time the others are back, Marion and Ezra with the pine branches and John with the bucket.)

JOHN—Here's the bucket.

PETER—Start a fire in it.

JOHN *(goes over to fireplace, puts in a log which is burning into the bucket and brings it back.)*

MARION—Did you put in any ashes?

JOHN—No, do you need to?

MARION—It won't burn without them.

PETER—It doesn't need to burn for very long. Here, the two of you take branches. Give me the bucket. *(He places it in the exact center of the room while talking.)* Marion, sit in that chair and write down exactly what you see. Give me my branch. Light them all.

(John hands it to him as he straightens up. They all light them.)

PETER—Do we join hands as we circle around?

MARION—They didn't say.

(She sits in the chair and gets ready to write.)

PETER—It was very stupid of you not to find out. That's very important. Now, we can't possibly do it if we don't know whether to join hands.

MARION—Do it both ways and I'll find out tomorrow.

The Karsitch

EZRA—Do we skip or only walk?

MARION—They said to walk.

EZRA—In the best invocations they skip.

MARION—Well, you can do that both ways too.

JOHN—Then we will have to do it four times. One skipping with hands joined, one skipping without hands joined, one walking with hands joined, one walking without hands joined.

PETER—All right, we'll do it first skipping with hands joined. Then, remember, we do it first in a whisper, rising to a scream.

(They join hands and begin to skip around, each one holding his pine branch in his right hand. As they skip, they say first in a whisper on the first round, then in a full voice on the second round, then in a scream on the third round: Iskavitch karsitch. Iskavitch karsitch. Iskavitch karsitch! Marion sits watching them, writing as fast as she can. At the end of the third time, there is a terrific crash as of something terribly heavy landing on the roof, and an unearthly whistling cry rises into the night. They all jump.)

PETER—What was that?

(They have all stopped dancing and are looking at each other. Marion has risen uncertainly.)

JOHN—A tree fell on the roof, I guess.

PETER—What was that noise?

JOHN—The whistling of the wind in the tree's branches as it fell.

EZRA—Had we better go up and see?

PETER—No. That can wait till we finish this. The house isn't falling in or anything anyway.

JOHN—This time we skip with hands unjoined.

(They go on with the same procedure. Marion sits down. There is a clanking noise on the stairs; Marion looks anxiously at them, but the others are so intent on

what they are doing they seem not to hear. Suddenly the table in the middle of the room is completely obscured, as though something were either in front or enveloping it.)

MARION—Look. The table's gone.

JOHN (*looking at her and not at the table*)—Pooh! You have smoke in your eyes.

(The burning tree is smoking quite a lot and so are the pine branches they are carrying. As he finishes speaking, his left hand, which is empty, is suddenly snatched back, so that it is held out behind him.)

JOHN—Look! Something has hold of my hand.

PETER—Very interesting. Marion, make a note of it.

EZRA—A psychologically induced phenomenon. Von Herte has written a book on them.

PETER—Funny we can all see it.

EZRA—Mob hypnotism.

JOHN (*suddenly starts to go backward toward the door, as though being dragged against his will*)—Something's dragging me off!

PETER—Don't touch him. It might go away.

JOHN—Make it stop. I feel uncomfortable.

EZRA—Nonsense! Very interesting psychological effect. Make a note, Marion, that one of the members of our party was so affected by the invocations that he became convinced he was being dragged off against his will.

JOHN (*he has almost reached the door now*)—But I *am* being dragged off.

EZRA—Make a note that he insists upon it.

JOHN—Don't you see? It's taking me away. I can feel it behind me.

PETER—Nonsense! What does it feel like?

JOHN—It feels slimy. Like a dragon.

(They all laugh. The door is flung open.)

PETER—Look. The wind blew the door open.

The Karsitch

JOHN (*catching the door*)—Let me go. I'm not going out this door.

(*He is dragged out the door despite his efforts to hold it.*)

EZRA—Curious, the strength of the aberration.

PETER—Helmholtz says in his fifth chapter—or is it his sixth?

MARION—It's the seventh.

PETER—The seventh is about delusions of insanity.

MARION (*getting up*)—I remember distinctly. It is the seventh chapter.

PETER (*nastily to Marion*)—What is the seventh chapter?

MARION—What you are talking about.

(*Ezra is dragged from the room, a hand over his mouth, while they are arguing.*)

PETER—How do you know what I am talking about?

MARION—You were going to say that the strength of the aberration may be such that the subject may tear down pillars and lift automobiles while suffering under the delusion.

PETER—The explanation of Samson.

MARION—That legend has occurred in every fairytale collection of every country.

PETER—But the original source must have been the result of noticing this psychological phenomenon.

MARION (*suddenly looking around*)—Where is Ezra?

PETER (*looking around*)—He must have gone out to see what became of John.

MARION—What do you think has become of John?

PETER—He is undoubtedly wandering in the storm and will come to himself in the morning some miles from here in a state of complete curiosity as to how he got there.

MARION—Hadn't we better follow him? He may get lost.

PETER—Ezra is following him. (*A hand seizes Peter and he begins to go*) Marion, I too am suffering from the delusion.

MARION—Control yourself.

PETER—I seem to have lost control.

MARION—What shall I do?

(She is perfectly cool and rather disgusted with him.)

PETER *(as he goes out the door)*—Hide the record. It will make an interesting psychological monograph for me to read before the Society for the Study of—

(His voice is lost in the distance.)

MARION *(left to herself, she runs around a minute with the record, then buries it in the midst of a large pile of books on the floor. Straightening up, she says, thinking aloud to herself)*—Can it be a case of schizophrenia?

(She turns over a pile of books, finds the one she wants, and is looking up in the index when she begins to be dragged away. She reads as she goes out the door, saying) "Vivid delusions are the first symptom of schizophrenia." *(Curtain.)*

End of the World

GERTRUDE V. V. FRANCHOT

HAIL, damned valley!
 O the proud begetting
 Of the sons of man,
 O the proud forgetting
 Where the race began!

Sing out, old angels! Round you rally
None but spiders in the valley!
Spiders weaving nets of gold,
Ageless, grinning,
Black and spinning—
Sing out, angels, and unfold
Your widest wings, your wide wings old!

Tell us, tell us of the glory
Of that once unending story,
Of the fire that now is done;
Of the glowing,
Of the knowing.
Sing, O angels, of the sun!
Sing out to us, whose race is run.

Hail, damned valley!
 O the mighty singing
 When the race began,
 O the mighty winging
 To the sons of man!
Sing out, old angels! Round you rally
None but spiders in the valley!



Miss Elizabeth Pillsbury

Photograph by Ellis Studios

JACKSON and MOYER

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Miss Pillsbury is wearing a spring afternoon and street dress of black silk, trimmed with white pique. The hat to match is of very stiff felt, edged with patent leather, and has a ribbon of the same material.



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Editorial

BOTH consciously and unconsciously, we are influenced in our writing by our predecessors. Searching for a style, we inevitably show from what soil we grow. While we are influenced by our favorites, which answer to our individual tastes, we are influenced in a less transitory way by the taste of our time. The foremost influence of this score years is, no doubt, James Joyce, whom a newspaper critic describes as the most talked-of and least read author of our age. Among young writers, however, I do not think he is the least read. Though we question where the latest development of his style may lead, we acknowledge at once the fine underlying quality of all stages, virulent, penetrating, unafraid. His writing has grown from lucidity in *The Dubliners* and *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* to the opaque, deeply colored and mottled style of *Ulysses*. But this later style is described better by sound than color: it is close to the vernacular twang of the Irish and sounds not of singing brook but of clamorous torrent. Joyce handles language as a poet does, for its sound, rhythm, association rather than as a simple prosaic medium for putting across ideas. Like Van Gogh's brush marks, Joyce's words are trenchant units, cutting out the pattern of a powerful design. He coins words, uses proper names, sometimes hundreds at a time, to produce the effect of clash and chime.

The sensuous clash and chime is powerful because it is the echo of strife in idea: the spiritual and satirical. The broad expanse of green bay and sea described in the beginning of *Ulysses* is a background for the sordid in life; the beach where the Greek maidens play ball immediately becomes the setting for Buck Mulligan. The constant relation of the main thread of narrative to the sublime in Homer or to the ridiculous in newspaper lingo arises from the nature of Joyce's conception and emphasizes contrast. Like a Greek

Chorus the universal element enters in, first praising then sneering, and this patterned juxtaposition of the beautiful and the ugly carries us into the world of poetry.

This world of poetry expresses sensation rather than exact fact, sensation weighted with many meanings for every reader. We must understand it by something deeper than reason; we must understand it by intuition. For some, this suggestion and challenge is stimulating. Many times what we grasp from a phrase is not at all what Joyce intended, for to know that we should have to know Dublin, Irish history and jargon. But we get something, a definite feeling, that has its identity apart from all others.

Joyce has a great deal to give us. He is not one to be much talked of and little read. On the contrary, he needs to be read and re-read, experienced and wrestled with; and even then we only touch the surface waters of a deep sea. But the mere contact with such depth gives inspiration. We learn from him in poignant modern terms the sublime and the terrible, the prosaic and poetic, the ugly and the beautiful. His daring use of language and his daring contrasts of thought may teach us to dare, too.

An Aesthete I once Knew

GERTRUDE V. V. FRANCHOT, '35

HIS great hulk dragging itself through the door. Slowly the great hulk and finally out of it the head articulating itself finally the flabby head making itself known. The wall the enormous wall of flesh finding it hard to drag itself into the room the flabby head fastened to the hulk the head inevitably having to emerge inevitably to make itself known

The eyes the suspicious eyes the small eyes pathetic in the immense land of the face the eyes saying yes you may hurt me but if you hurt me I shall not be shocked or surprised for if you hurt me it will be with me always the same kind of hurt yes you may hurt me but it will be always the same

The lower lip hanging slightly and the long rough climbing of the nose up the soft hill-land of the face. The slightly hanging lower lip and the cheeks falling fatly away to the ears. The long rough climbing nose in the profile the lower lip always about to mutter the suspicious eyes small in the immense soft land of the face

The muttering from the lower lip. The muttering out of the softness. The bull neck weaving and the long rough nose in the profile. But the bull neck. No chin but the weaving bull neck pushing forward the immense soft face pushing it out but always the head never absolutely free always the head fastened to the body to the great hulk

The clothes not stretched tight over the chest the clothes relaxing slightly to themselves. No chest pulling taut the clothes but the gap between vest and shirt where air or even a very small pillow but below the chest the protuberance the fatness coming too soon the pathetic protuberance

The body saying yes I know I am not strong yes I know

but it is so long that I have been this way and I shall not apologize. The body knowing. The body not minding any more because it has been so long the same.

The great hulk of a man. This head inevitably emerging the hands saying no do not pity I am not the hands of a steel worker but I can deal with myself now it has been so long and though I am not the hands of a steel worker I can deal with myself. The hands drinking tea the hands the round edges of fingers pointing out photographs the hands. The palms conscious of themselves. The palms dealing with the situation the palms no do not pity me I do not want your pity I am doing very well now thank you. This great hulk. This head inevitably emerging inevitably making itself known. These eyes small in the immense soft land of the face these eyes.....

Three Sonnets

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF, '36

THE SUN HAS FALLEN

THE sun has gone, though we remember still
The warmth that lay about us in the morning,
The light that lay along the autumn hill,
The life that left us swiftly, without warning.
The sun has gone, and we are left in cold,
While half our friends have perished with the sun.
They were the strong. They were the straight and bold.
Our lives are nearly over, theirs are done.

Oh bright harsh flame that fell upon our friends,
Where are you now, destroyer of our strength?
So the poor world's mistaken story ends.
The weary tale has finished out its length.
We might have lived some time without the sun,
But when our friends fell, then our time was done.

THE MOON RISES

Beyond all science, still she climbs her stair,
Growth now is ended, but the tides will swing.
Life soon will leave us, but the dead are fair.
She is the mistress where the sun was king.
Her still white light is fairer than his rays,
As our dead friends are fairer far than we.
So she survives the fallen lord of days,
To light the dead, to sway the bitter sea.

We are the sun's last children, and we yield
Before her triumph. This is not our land
Of bending orchard and productive field,
The ice is forming on Sahara's sand.
We have no place in this. Our day is past,
This bright cold night assuredly our last.

THE SURVIVORS ADDRESS THE MOON

Depart, O frozen beauty of the air,
Give us our eyes again and leave us peace.
Your comfort is too cold for our despair.
We want it not. We wait for our release
Leave us the dark once more, most cruel light,
Leave us the heaviness of hidden cloud,
Leave us the nothing of most perfect night.
You are the victor. We are sad and cowed.

Your white dead face is not yourself to us.
It is, in our most desperate belief,
So worn and cold, so bright and dangerous,
So past all life, so far beyond all grief,
To each of us it is another ghost.
To each it is the face that he has lost.

Euclid Alone

ELIZABETH V. R. KENT, '35

CLEAN, hard and shining they lay: twelve crystals on a strip of red felt before the window. They were three-dimensional, between one and three inches in length, widely diverse in size and shape; toys for an infant mathematician. In their flawless planes and angles was implicit the objective beauty of pure form, the quintessential substance of geometry.

At first, they lay chill and passive under a cloud-grey sky. Then as the morning mist burned away, the cool, quiescent facets quickened into brilliance, even a semblance of warmth. In their response to the light that limned their beveled edges with thin flame, they became less sharply symmetrical, less distantly perfect. Yet no blurred outlines disturbed the gleaming harmony of their balanced surfaces.

Each crystal had, according to its nature, a number of reflections on the white wall. Some twinkled with tiny flashes of pure white light; others glowed with miniature rainbows, of intense jewel-like tones. One burned with the blinding, concentrated gold of a tiny sun. On looking through a crystal, three distinct images could be seen: a clear, accurate picture of an object; a reflection, in fainter colors, as in an old mirror, of a scene behind; and a world distorted and unreal, outlined in blue, green and yellow as though enchanted by the prismatic touch of some new King Midas.

Hexatetrahedron, orthorhombic pyramid, monoclinic prism: the very names of the crystals are as inflexible and solid as themselves. They are concrete symbols of the orderly laws and forms essential to the working of an orderly Nature.

The sun slid back again into a cloud, and the crystals lay once more quiet, clear and unresponsive.

To Alphonse (with apologies to Prufrock)

GERTRUDE V. V. FRANCHOT, '35

THE illusion of you
A painted mirror is;
The interfusion of you
A chemical dissolution is;
For me, your image is;
Before, behind that, nothing is.

(O heart cease the long demand,
Hand cease the mime of heart,
Of flesh, Jesu, loose the band,
Relieve the smart.)

Of you the illusion
Makes we aware
Of an interfusion
Beyond repair.
You are this, you are that; nothing, all;
You are legs or hat; grimace or pall;
You are not, you are. My god oh my god
You are turf, you are surf, are mud, are sod

Which in old days
Which in old days
Which in old days
Was a BANG

but

The whimper falls
On castle walls,
The whimper creeps
Along the deeps,
The whimper is a wondrous thing
Pale of hue, swift of wing—

To Alphonse

Lord make me worthy of it
Lord keep me worthy of it
O Lord my god preserve thy child a whimperer!

and so

I shall meet you there some faded afternoon
Among the gilts and plush, among the cupids,
And you shall take my hand in yours, bone to bone,
There will be no more room then for nuance; two stupids,
We shall embrace, in spite of Henry James,
As if we had forgotten all those names
We used to conjure with. While chill
Keen penetrating ghosts
Of our absurdities shall fill
The goblets to the brims to drink our toasts,
And blush
As only ghosts can, from the plush—
You'll say: "It seems our kisses have a dying fall."
And I: "But not at all, at all."

Song

EVELYN H. THOMPSON, '35

I 'LL follow the trail of the dying rain,
I'll follow the sound of the broken heart,
I'll follow beyond the crying pain,
I'll follow beyond the searing dart.

I'll come to a place of brightest glow,
My sorrow will drop, a forgotten toy,
In a land of myrrh and flickering tow,
Lighting me into its morning joy.

The Studio

ELIZABETH D. PUTNAM, '36

THE girl was climbing hurriedly, intently, up the narrow path, over ledges and through sparse grass ripe for hay-ing. In thin-soled shoes she walked fervently through the July morning, as though barefoot but without ease or freedom. The full skirt of her reddish cotton dress did not disguise this gracelessness of motion, nor a slight clumsiness, almost a limp. Her arms were held stiff at her sides, and the fingers of each hand clenched tight over the thumbs, but the severity of her face, bent downward to watch the path, belied this bodily tenseness, showing it to be habitual, involuntary.

She had not far to go up the slope to reach the studio. At its wide door she hesitated, one hand against the jamb, looking within at the stuccoed wall of a partition along whose base were stacks of canvasses, face to the wall. Then she stepped up, and moving on her toes, cat-like, rounded the corner into the white light of a great north window. A squat man was outlined against it, stooping away from her to squeeze water color paints on a palette. She stood on one foot at the corner of a long built-in cupboard, waiting until he should be aware of her. Her arms were relaxed now, her hands clasped loosely behind her. But he was absorbed.

"'Morning. They told me you'd be up here. I hope I'm not late."

He turned at the clear sound of her voice, which was unintentionally anxious, seeking reassurance. His face was square childlike, extending curiously into a bald head ringed with upstanding tufts of dun-colored hair. Shy and solemn, he answered:

"Hullo. No, that's fine; I just got here. It's very good of you to come again. . . ."

She threaded her way quickly among chairs and easels to

the window where the rounded mountains across the valley showed grey-green through the filmy day.

"Not at all. I'm glad to. What a splendid morning!" She turned again and caught sight of a watercolor drawing, set on the dilapidated couch and leaning against the wall. With narrowed eyes she considered the drab mauves and infinite detail of a circus tent interior, drawn in the manner of Cruikshank. "Is that yours?"

"Yes." He considered it too. "I'm trying to do a cover for the *New Yorker*. It's devilish hard. That's too large, of course. I'll have to draw it over to scale when I have it worked out." His wide forehead puckered a little.

"I like it," she said briefly, constrained for lack of immediate words.

He went on, not noticing, "Look at these photographs of acrobats performing." He took two from a paint-bespattered table. "That's what I want to get in my circus picture, that beautiful precision and delicacy of balance. It's all done with balance," he said, as if to himself.

Taller than he, she stood near, holding one picture slantwise to the light. Her eyes narrowed again as she strained to understand and to remember.

"They're fine photographs, aren't they?" she said at length. "Taken that way against the sky."

"They came from a magazine; but they have what I want." He paused a moment. "I suppose we might as well begin."

She went towards the couch and pulled a Windsor chair into exact position before it, while he was seating himself across the room in front of a small easel. The girl arranged herself in the chair, crossing her knees, settling the folds of her skirt, feeling the back of the chair with her shoulders to find the familiar position. He disliked the way her hands lay across her knee; she hastened to shift them, studying them: passive steady hands, long and broad like a peasant's. She turned her head slowly until her eyes rested precisely on the upper edge of a large new canvas, prepared for painting with a peach colored wash and propped against the far wall.

"I've never done this sort of thing before," he said, musing.

"This will be a picture of you at college, to show your children how you looked then. But you probably won't change much. You have a firm face; they generally last."

Then there was silence while he worked. From outside in the faint sunlight came a constant sound of birds and a friendly whirring of crickets. Suddenly there were footsteps, high heels clattered, and around the corner appeared another girl, carelessly dressed except for her intricate red slippers, their laces tied around her bare ankles. She moved badly, awkwardly, as though pushing her limbs before her through the air, but her head was beautiful. She spoke with a slight drawl, wistfully:

"Will I disturb you, Jerry, if I come in?"

"Of course not, Timmy; come along," he smiled at her. "I guess I can manage to paint with my wife in the room."

She lighted a cigarette, and, picking up a bottle of India ink and a pen, went to a tall easel near the cupboard, where she began drawing in silence.

"Those shoes you have, what are they?" Jerry asked the girl. "Isn't that some sort of a dancing shoe?"

"These? They're ballet slippers. I buy them very cheap at a little theatrical goods shop in the slums; and I like them because in them my feet are so free."

"They're good," he said, far away now, caught by some problem of his work. "They don't hide the shape of the foot. By the way," coming back again, "have you posed before? I never had a professional model that sat so still."

"Yes; I."

"Oh, yes," interrupted his wife, "Dad has painted her several times. He likes the peaked shape of her head."

"And I have modelled on occasion for the Art Club at college. They used to pay me for it." She was shaken with laughter at the thought of being paid for modelling, and the laughter pushed her round cheeks so high that her eyes were almost hidden, and showed only as two thin, dark slits.

But the silence of the two at this remark, their withdrawal, made her suddenly grave, and the room was heavy with her discomfiture. Two lines of compression appeared on her face,

running from nostril to mouth on each side. Now, too, she began to show fatigue, in the rigidity of her body, held forcibly against the chair, and in her set, abstracted expression. The north light brought out a homely, fine line between her eyebrows. Looking up from his work on the pattern of her dress to study her face a moment, Jerry said gruffly, "Let's quit awhile. We're no slave-drivers here."

"All right," she answered. "I think my leg's gone to sleep," and gingerly uncrossing her legs, she stood up. Then she walked unsteadily up and down to limber her body, shaking her hands from the wrists, flexing and unflexing her ankle muscles by rising high on her toes and dropping again slowly. She caught a sudden glimpse of herself in a mirror that hung over the couch, and finding her face tight with fatigue, her hair untidy, she jerked her head quickly away, her mouth twisted in disdain.

Meanwhile, Jerry was setting up his circus picture across the room beside the pink empty canvas.

"What do you thing, Timmy? I'm going mad over the thing." He ruffled his bits of hair ruefully.

His wife stood pouting meditatively before it. Then the lines of her face hardened, became decisive, but her voice drawled as before.

"Jerry, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I think it's bad. I don't like your color values; you have used so much of that dull mauve. And there's too much in it, altogether too much. . . ." She launched into a long technical criticism of the picture. The girl watched them, her eyes wide and compassionate; then she turned and retreated behind the partition in her noiseless shoes. She clenched her fists and stood looking at an oil of Timmy as a child in a large straw hat, painted by her father. It said, "FELICIA, 1919," in large letters underneath. The voices in the large room beat upon her ears, Jerry pleading; Timmy as a child in a large straw hat, painted by her father. "You've worked over it too long; it's lost the lovely freshness it had in the beginning." Suddenly they called her. Reluctantly she went back to them. They wanted her opinion. Distressed, she frowned and felt for words.

"Why do you ask me? I don't know anything. And I like your picture, Jerry, as a picture. But it does seem to me that there will be a confusion of details when it's reduced to one-fourth that size, even though everything's clear now."

"But everything isn't," said Timmy, pointing. "What's that? I never have known what that was."

Jerry sat disconsolate, close-knit shoulders humped over, round head between his square fists.

"Perhaps I'd make a first-rate light-house keeper. Or maybe I better take to plumbing." He glanced up at the girl, grinning a little. "It's the first unfavorable criticism she's ever given me; she's sure to be right. I can't paint any more this morning. You better go home."

"All right. When would you like me to come again?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know whether I'll want to do any more on that at all. Anyway, it was really good of you to pose for me this way. when there's absolutely nothing in it for you."

She flushed, stiffened, and cried out, "But there is! I can't create anything. It's a wonderful thing for me to be able to watch you. I should be thanking you for letting me come. Good-bye." She smiled a little, and quickly she was out; a hand up pushing in a hairpin, straightening her hair. She ran down the path, released into the noontime, enriched; her body relaxed now, but her face secret, absorbed, her forehead perplexed.

The Bitter End

G. A. RAYMOND, '38

I 'M shy," said I
 "I'm very shy.
I do not like to 'butterfly'
And what is more, I will not try,
So there, take that," said I.

 "I see," said he,
 "You're very free,
And plainly not the girl for me,
And it will leave you up a tree
Not having me," said he.

Calliope

GERTRUDE V. V. FRANCHOT, '35

BEYOND the bay, beyond the sound,
I saw, I saw a merry-go-round.
You were not there, but would have come,
Had I called you, at a run.
I saw the lions, saw the horses
Move, majestic, on their courses.

Beyond the sound, beyond the bay,
I heard, I heard the music play.
You were singing all the tunes
You had sung for many moons.
I rode a tiger and the bright
Joy went through me like a light.

FRANCES FOX, '38

LET not these rocky fields, with gray rain wet,
And sternly bound with walls of piled-up stone
Restrict my heart so that it shall forget
The velvet lawns that once it called its own.

Let not these daisies, prim and sturdy stemmed,
Staid symbols of smug self sufficiency,
Make me forget my rose trees, ruby gemmed
With thorns' caprice and perfume's piquancy.

These are the symbols of my warring hearts,
A twain that will not join itself as one.
The roses love too well the subtler arts,
The daisies look too staunchly at the sun.

Ajax

EVELYN H. THOMPSON, '35

THE police dog stands lightly on tip-toe, quivering; he pants, closes his jowl, ceases to breathe, and watches intently with quick-glancing head his mistress prepare his supper. His fur, tinged with black, lies flat over his thin back; it shows light where it ripples over the basket of his ribs; the thick fur bristles light around his neck. His face is dark with a black little spot, a mole, near his chops. Fine pen lines draw the tulip ear; another fine line from the dewlap straight down the brisket. He stands still, pasterns back and body drawn lank.

The dish is ready. He prances on his hind legs, taut shank, swift gazelle-paws on the edge of the table; his nose dives savagely into the dish. The mistress sets it on the floor. He lunges from his lean haunches. He pivots, curves upon the plate. Points of shoulders, backbone, hucklebones break the smoothness of the sleek black fur. A long curve sweeps from tail over back, neck, head to nose, and a counter-curve from brisket to thin belly. His body curves till the stifle meets the sharp elbow. He lurches to the other side, nosing the plate. He eats loudly, champing his powerful jaw in its socket. His hocks tremble, his belly trembles; he eats with his belly.

No more? He looks up eagerly, soft tail curving down between, caressing pointed ankles. No more? He bends down slowly and licks the empty plate with his long pink tongue. He lifts his head again, disappointed, and trots gently to his mistress, noses his muzzle into her hand: no more.

"Come, Ajax." He follows into the living room. He will not sit before the fire. He offers his paw, cat foot threaded with delicate bones. His ears fall back, and he smiles. Gradually he sits, sculptured haunches and shanks masculine. He lies, fore paws feminine and prim before. The long head goes down to rest on the paws a little to one side; eyes closed, he relaxes, forgets there was supper, forgets there might have been more. Existence fades into oblivion.

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Les Cloches

S. B. PARK, '36

IT was late afternoon at Les Tourrelles, and rays of a sleepy sun streaming through the nursery windows made three yellow squares on the floor. André crawled into the center patch and paused. The light transformed the child's hair to a curling golden mass and its brilliancy filled the room with color. The boy, crouched on all fours, watched shimmering dust particles vibrating and dancing down the slanting rays to the floor. He stretched out a dimpled hand to touch them, then withdrew it, and solemnly scrutinized the fat palms. "Sale!" he said. "Sale!—André's hand is dirty."

The nurse, sewing by the window glanced in his direction.

"Pick up your blocks, Andrew. It's nearly supper time," she said, and with a sigh began to fold her work and slip it into a sewing bag. After that André knew *Miss* would jump out of her chair, smooth her ruffled apron, take three heavy steps to the bureau, pull open the drawer to put in her bag, then turn and say in surprise, "Well, Andrew, what are you doing sitting there? Hurry along now!" Then he would frisk and hop like a frog on all fours delightedly gathering the scattered toys. This happened every day, and André waited for the next steps in their unvarying routine. But *Miss* had glanced again at her little charge as he crouched motionless watching. The child's bright, eager eyes amused her. He was a solemn four-year-old with those fat cheeks and wide green eyes. She laughed, and holding out a friendly hand, said:

"Come here, Andrew!" The child's disappointment was evident. He frowned, and quickly turning began to pile the blocks.

"'Suis occupé," he mumbled and hurled the wooden cubes into their box.

A few minutes later, however, all troubles forgotten, the boy sat before his own table waiting for supper. His face shone from a recent scrubbing and the square fat hands were now pink and clean. His thick curls were damp and somewhat flattened from brushing. Rosy André wiggled and pounded on the table as *Miss* tied his bib.

"Andrew, be still a moment." There was a knock on the door. *Miss* received the tray from La Bonne Jeanne. The little boy stood up to see better as she set it on the table. "What a lovely supper," she said. André sat down with a thump and rubbed his fat belly.

The nursery was a bare room, high and wide with three tall windows. In one corner stood André's small bed and at its foot hung that favorite familiar picture of a thin half-naked boy—"Le Petit Jésus Christ." In the opposite corner was his white and blue china washstand and near it a tall dark chest of drawers from which mysteriously appeared innumerable fresh clothes for André every morning. Under the windows were low shelves for his toys and in another corner the big black box. The room was pleasant at this hour when the sun flooded it with light, and breezes from the park filled it with sweet odors of dark soil or burning leaves. The food was warm and sweet, and *Miss* so fat and comfortable. André caught a piece of her long skirt in his fist as he gaped like a fish for the next *bouchée*. "Ma Miss! Ma Miss! Ma Miss!" he sang out joyfully in an effort to express his appreciation of the well-being that enveloped him, but his open mouth was filled again and the words ended.

A mile from the château in the drowsy village Monsieur Le Curé was preparing for his vesper service. Old Jean Baptiste had climbed the tower and waited for the turning of the hour to begin to ring the church bells. The village clock struck. The old man reached up and pulled a heavy cord. "Ding, Dang, Dong!" Little bells and big bells in a metallic dissonance spread their vibrant clanging sound far into the quietude of the evening.

André heard them. He stopped chewing, and with astonished eyes turned toward the open window. This familiar interruption of his evening meal seemed entirely different to-night. He was amazed. Distance had softened the sound, and now the chimes filled the air with rhythm and music. Their magic resonance cast a spell on the child. Breathlessly listening he turned toward the nurse and stared at her in amazement, as if seeking in the girl's astonished face an answer to this new wonder.

"It's just the church bells, Andrew. You've heard them before," she said.

In a moment the ringing ended. The child listened, but there was no other sound. "Come along, dearie, eat your supper." *Miss* interrupted the silence. How vile! How terrible! the music was over. André deliberately spat out the food in his mouth and threw the spoon in his hand to the floor. He pushed away the tray, and banged on the floor with his little boots.

"Les Cloches! Les Cloches! You heard them, Miss? Why don't they ring again?" he shouted aloud. Then just as suddenly he was still. "Les Cloches étaient si belles!" he whispered and smiled.

Miss was astonished. "Andrew, whatever is the matter with you?"—disgusting little boy! She picked up the spoon, and rearranged the tray in front of him. "Andrew!" she called out sharply, but the child paid no attention. He was wrapped in silence, staring out the window. The kindly nurse was puzzled. Often this child seemed foreign to her but she tried to understand. *Miss* put out a hand and gently touched his arm.

Mère had come into the nursery so quietly that neither André nor the nurse were aware of her presence and the sound of her deep almost masculine voice startled them. The nurse jumped up and the frightened boy turned around. Mère, gaunt and silent, stood like a tall black shadow behind his chair, and he must look up and up past her strong clasped hands until his eyes met hers. Her lips were red and thin, her nose

sharp and straight, and her eyes! alas, they were two lumps of blue ice under her frowning black brows.

"Eh bien, André? and what have you been doing?" The child, who knew he had been naughty, squirmed under her severe gaze.

"It was nothing, madame, nothing at all!" *Miss* tried to defend the curly-headed culprit. "The child gets so excited when he hears noises,—the bells to-night,—well, madame, to tell the truth, I have thought the child might be musical."

"Musical?" Madame raised her steely eyes and focused them on the nurse, who was suddenly sure that she looked blowsey and untidy. Madame raised her eyebrows. "Ah, but, my dear *Miss*, that is impossible! No one in the family can endure music of any kind! It is suffering to hear it—and besides, music!—it is only for young girls. How foolish!" More cold than ever, she addressed the little boy severely, "Now André, let me hear no more of this silly screaming. You are becoming a man now you know!"

"Oui, Mère."

André slowly picked up his spoon. He began to eat mechanically, and dully stared straight in front of him. To-night he only half heard *Miss*' familiar report of the day to his mother. He gave a little shudder as he noticed that the sun was setting. There were rose squares on the floor and already vague night shadows filled the room.

Extracts from the day-book of a would-be writer

ELIZABETH V. R. KENT, '35

OCTOBER 27. Time, the impenetrable, the elastic, the flowing stern curves that shut us away from God. Clocks are the metronome of time, music its voice; a circle or a part of a circle, complete or yearning to completeness. Time dangles us on a long string—we slip down dark corridors but are always jerked back into bitter sunlight. Time is a white glare along the horizon, rimming with necessity the hollow world. Sometimes it is a small warmth in the heart, a glow in the mind.

To begin, at the age of twenty-one, to sleep without a pillow, is to enter a new circle of existence.

October 29. Last night we had to move, for the enemy was coming. We could see his dust hanging golden-white among the trees on the next hill. We ran to pack. It was hard to know what to take, for there were some things one could not bear to part with. But most of all it hurt to leave the little white house standing in the hollow, innocent, alone, trusting, while the white dust flashed nearer.

October 30. In a long gallery of glass, barred, the pooled sunlight cutting through in fallen glory.

October 31. Black, with a red cord, looped and twisted.

November 2. Boat-ride: barges, smoky red sunset, water marbled green and white; many whistles, Liberty's torch in the grey sky, buildings flecked with yellow, bridges strung with lights, thunderous roar of trolley cars; cold stars, green and red beacons on a black shore, rhythmic surge of water

under the bow ; Boston harbor in chill morning haze, taut ropes from boat to pier, the Cardinal patting his black poodle.

November 7. Driving rain and wet harbor lights, low in the water or strung redly on thin wires.

November 8. Crowds seen by an astigmatic eye: blurred pink faces, a line of moving hands, bright red, green and blue splashes in irregular patterns.

November 12. The sublime walks the knife-edge of experience.

November 15. The large nose of Alice B. Toklas, drooping, drooping, falling, a pale cabbage of a nose between two dead nuts of eyes.

November 19. There is a fine clarity of the mind which accompanies a fine emptiness of the stomach.

November 24. The mind could give forth but it could not take in. At times it swam away from itself with great strokes, or looked down upon the body as it lay in the bed. The ties between the two were loosened and at times seemed not to exist. A noble experiment—forty-three hours without food. There was no gnawing in the vitals, only a slight dizziness. One felt oneself capable of great things, though not especially desirous of consummating them.

November 30. The proper functioning of the digestive system has extraordinary control over the happiness of the mind. How we are bound heart and soul to our bodies. It is infamous, intolerable—and ineluctable. It is only when one ceases entirely to eat that any detachment, however illusory, is achieved. And this, too, is a form of bondage.

December 4. The dragging weariness, aching, trying to remember, wanting to forget—the hands, the face. The dreamy

Extracts from the day-book of a would-be writer

vague sweetness shot with delight, unreal, vanishing, fading, utterly lost except in a far corner of the mind.

December 6. Reddened eyes burn with a small nagging fire behind the lids. No rest.

December 8.—Loose, loose the gold all frantic hangs. Pure form and supple fantasy. Lances sweep across the snow.

December 9.—Grey in the forest, under the thin limbs of trees. Dampness beginning to creep up the valley from the brook-bottom, dampness seeping into the veins, stifling the warm blood. Roaring between the trees, roaring of dragons coming out of dens, lashing the trees with their horny tails; roaring of the sea caught in a narrow gorge. The water is grey. The laced foam swirls and slides. Hurrying, the loosed waters pour down to the lake, flooding the dry moss. Dampness on the ridges now, drifting between the trees: grey water, the white foam roaring over dark grey water, roaring, pouring, flooding; quieter now, slowly ebbing, sighing, dying. Dampness filling the space between the trees, slow, thick, quiet. Quiet.

Artemis

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF, '36

ARTEMIS, best in counsel, listen to me tonight.
To me, who was never your servant, who walked in
your sister's sight,
The grey-eyed stony Athena, whom your youngest sister
betrays,
The laughing light-born Cyprian, darkener of my days.
Pallas defends me no longer, I follow her in vain,
Artemis, best in counsel, let me run in your train.

Make me free of the forest, and clear the cloud of my head,
That has dwelt too long with your sister, hearing the words of
the dead.

Sharpen the eyes that are dulled by your youngest sister's gleam,
Let me run on the mountain, let me dive in the stream.
Save me from thinking and loving. Eager, thoughtless, and
brave,
Artemis, best in counsel, I call on you to save.

Descend in a cloud upon me, and carry me far away
To the land where your followers hunt, who are thoughtless
and young and gay.

Take me away from the paths that I am not fit to tread,
Serving your grey-eyed sister. I grow more faint than the
dead.

Ward off your youngest sister. I call to you in my fright.
Artemis, best in counsel, listen to me tonight.

Viola

ELIZABETH MONROE, '35

BLUE was her color as it is Mary's and as it is the water sprites'. Think of her, perhaps, as a hairbell in the clear half light of a summer evening, when the sky is that color which, if it were yellow, one would call saffron. Think of her as a hairbell, and you will see the slight form, thin hands, and long, delicate face,—and the elastic tenseness which does not break in the wind, but you will not know that she parted her dark hair down the middle and drew it back loosely to a knot behind, nor that a radiance of little crows' feet sprang from the corners of her eyes. But most of all do not forget the half smile, the unembittered amusement of her mouth and the soft blue of her eyes, at once delighting and compassionate. They brimmed with the mute gentleness of suffering; but we did not pity her. One does not pity a saint or an elf; and she, being neither, partook of the nature of both.

They Would Sing

EDITH ROSE, '37

FAILED, those who only uttered incoherent sound,
Meaningless and full of passion as the wind,
All wild and wavering; and those whose muffled voices
Choked upon the surging song within them.
Thwarted, longing souls, who leave with weary steps
And wander aimlessly beneath the stars,
Who only, in their steady silence, understand.

The Billfold

EVELYN H. THOMPSON, '35

THE man stands with the daughter to say good-bye good-bye good-bye little word good-bye. He brings out his old billfold billfold friend and enemy with him always billfold through life. Sweat blood torture toil of head hands stomach feet heart soul in the billfold. Through it toil passes. Through it passes the man. Through it passes his toil. The toil is the man. Through it pass the toil and the man. The man bent the face drawn the steps faltering bound wound round cruelly by the leather folder. Now he draws it plucks it from the inside pocket forgetting in thought of good-bye good-bye forgetting in emotion forgetting in sorrow the toil the torture wanting only to give to give to the daughter all. A limp bill flutters between his fingers. Oh it is nothing. I want to give it. I want I want.....

Labour of Children of Israel travailing in heat without straw for their bricks labour of the pyramid builders the cathedral builders the factory builders the labour of men labour of blind animals labour of the ass toiling at the wine press labour of the horse beaten before the cart labour of the man before the machine labour annulled by abrasion of time by bombs of war by passion of men labour annulled by the fingers plucking from the billfold.

The bill hanging limply dead. The bill dead. And the man now no longer broken and limp broken and limp as he usually is walking down the street when you see him and he not knowing even more brokenly limp. Now he stands straight a twig blown by the wind a twig poised for an instant by invisible gusts.

She has caught him up in the gust. She who has done nothing but be his daughter. She is his daughter and that is all. She has done nothing. She is leaving him now. And the twig will fall again. The labour of the builder the labour of the cathedral builder will be undone. Always beginning and beginning and beginning and building and having no building only a paper bill to give away. Is there a building in the giving away.

He stands in the gust of wind. She hesitates. She does not want. The bill flutters flutters a wounded bird on the gust-blown twig. She takes the bill. The hand meets hand. The giving is the building the keystone of the building the building that will not be destroyed by time or bomb or act of man.

Gertrude Stein

ELIZABETH V. R. KENT, '35

SEEING her they thought strangely enough of Queen Elizabeth or perhaps of a brown-robed friar in flat dusty sandals, or even anybody's grandmother in a heavy blue dress with neat white collar. Now, they said, now we are in the presence of a great person and a little sigh of pleasure ran about the hall as they settled back into the red-plush seats. She mounted the platform. She took papers out of a brown case. She selected some and put others aside. She arranged the light. She began.

The voice and the face were of one piece. What was true of the voice was true of the face. Nothing indefinite or flabby or frayed. They listened fiercely and ate her up with their eyes because this was at last a great person and perhaps they were going to know more than when they started. They listened so hard it hurt to think of so much listening. The words had to be strong words not to bend under the weight of listening.

The words marched relentlessly. Sometimes the listeners lost the trail and had to cast about in a tangle of meanings, but in the end the thought emerged. There could be no doubt about anything. This is so or it is not so. They know or they do not know. It is as clear as the roundness of a circle. If they hold the thread it is as clear as water running down hill. Some laughed in the wrong places because it was not at all clear. Others rebuked them sternly for letting go the thread. That face, they said, how strong. This is exciting, this is even important. So that is what she meant, nodding their heads earnestly. To-morrow they will read, to-night even, and the whole thing will be very clear to them.

Everyone was happy. Everyone was happy to be listening to a great person. Everyone was happy to be knowing what she meant and why she did what she did. She was happy to be a great person telling them what she meant.

John Donne and T. S. Eliot

MARGARET S. KIDDER, '36

IT is dangerous to make comparisons between John Donne and T. S. Elliot. They are separated by two centuries. We cannot attain a real understanding of Donne's time because we did not live in it, and we cannot make a fair estimate of our own because it is too near to us. The twentieth century may have some of the quality of struggle and unrest of the seventeenth, but it is necessarily a different struggle, and the expression of it in verse must be different also.

John Donne lived to be nearly sixty years old. We can read poetry which he wrote at various periods in his life. Mr. Eliot, on the other hand, is a contemporary and a living poet; he may in the next few years write a new series of poems refuting his earlier work. A discussion of the two men must take these facts into consideration.

T. S. Eliot is among those critics who recently have found a beauty and a satisfaction in the seventeenth century metaphysical poetry. The metaphysical poets, who were in no sense a school, and of whom John Donne is the first and greatest, have been eagerly discovered and acclaimed in our time, after having been condemned and passed over in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Contemporary poetry shows the influence of this appreciation and the relation of T. S. Eliot to John Donne is taken as illustrating the power of this influence. They have been considered and compared as leaders of a new movement in poetry and as artists of similar intellectual outlook. I shall try to consider them both as thinkers and as metaphysical poets.

The fullest meaning of the term metaphysical as applied to poetry is given by Professor Grierson: "A metaphysical poet in the full sense of the word is a poet who finds his

inspiration in learning; not in the world as his own and common sense reveal it, but in the world as science and philosophy report of it."

Mr. Eliot gives a definition which is even more limiting:

"Donne I suppose was such another
Who found no substitute for sense;
To seize and clutch and penetrate,
Expert beyond experience.

He knew the anguish of the marrow,
The ague of the skeleton;
No contact possible to flesh
Allayed the fever of the bone."

The metaphysical poet is, thus, trying to justify the ways of God to man by the evidence of his own learning and knowing, not by that of his instincts and sense. He is the most courageous of poets because he is trying to achieve the impossible, to find "a substitute for sense," to feel thought and to explain feeling. Donne struggled to achieve this and to express the result in poetry; but it is a question whether Mr. Eliot has the same object, whether he is like Donne in being a metaphysical poet. The answer to this question can be looked for in his poetry and in its relation to that of John Donne.

Donne and Eliot have been condemned alike for the terms in which they express themselves, by people who did not understand the quality of their poetry. Ben Jonson, Donne's friend and companion, regretted that Donne would not be remembered after his death. He was too subtle and full of learning to live. Dr. Johnson, some decades later, condemned his kind of poetry in his essay on *Cowley*:

"The metaphysical poets were men of learning and to show their learning was their whole endeavor. . . . The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together: nature and art

are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, allusions; their learning instructs and their subtilty surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his instruction dearly bought, and though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased."

Mr. J. C. Squire reviews Eliot's collected *Poems* in the *London Mercury*, March, 1926:

"Mr. Eliot observes closely and has a vocabulary which will do anything he wants, a vocabulary which might perhaps be richer if it were poorer, for it is stuffed with terms drawn from the obscure penitralia of learning which are no assistance to his toiling reader. Unhappily Mr. Eliot has very little regard for his reader."

Dr. Johnson goes on to say of the metaphysicals: "As the authors of this race were perhaps more desirous of being admired than undertood, they sometimes drew their conceits from recesses of learning not very much frequented by the common readers of poetry."

Mr. Squire condemns the *Waste Land* in the *Mercury* for October, 1923:

"Passages might easily be extracted from it which would make it look like one of those so wantonly affected productions which are written by persons whose one hope of imposing on the credulous lies in the cultivation of a deliberate singularity..... Why on earth he bothers to write at all it is difficult to conceive. Why, since he must write, he writes page after page from which no human being could derive any more meaning (much less edification and pleasure) than if they were written in double Dutch (which parts of them possibly are), is to me beyond conception."

In the nineteenth century an article on Donne in Ward's *English Poets* reads: "This misspent learning, this excessive ingenuity, this laborious wit, seriously mars the whole of Donne's work..... We long for something simply thought and simply said."

Donne and Eliot are both granted an individuality and a

singularity. Edmund Gosse speaks of Donne as "that crabbed and eccentric genius, John Donne." Both are alone and apart from most of their fellows, John Donne among George Herbert, Vaughan, Lovelace, Ben Jonson and Herrick. T. S. Eliot among Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robert Frost, John Masefield, A. E. Housman and many others. Their singularity is called affectation. They are both accused of insincerity and sensationalism in their media of expression, and of that serious literary crime, lack of consideration for the reader.

These criticisms are equally wrong for both men. One characteristic which Donne and Eliot have in common is an uncompromising honesty. They say what they passionately feel to be true. Their use of learning in poetry is not affected but is their inevitable method of expression. Their individual learning and subtlety is very different, as is the way in which it is employed. The emotions and thoughts which they wish to communicate are not the same; but they are both men who think passionately and honestly, and they regard their reader as some one who wants to share in their thinking and is capable of comprehending their imagery. They never rationalise or try to avoid a situation. Their poetry is not a means of escape from this sick world, but an analysis of the disease and an attempt to prescribe a cure.

In these respects Donne and Eliot are alike; but I believe that their various ways of treating learning and philosophy separate them unquestionably as poets. Eliot is not a metaphysical poet according to Professor Grierson's interpretation of the word. The use of learning as a part of poetry in which Eliot takes most delight is that of introducing literary allusions, phrases, sentences and verses, in order to contribute atmosphere and an intenser meaning to a poem. He is preoccupied with this device as Donne is with the terminology of science and medicine. His use of it is subtle, and below the surface:

"At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor from the sea,
The typist home at tea time, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins."

The introduction of the lines of Sappho against the sharp picture of the typist at tea-time makes a contrast which is painful and arresting. The typist's evening hour is a familiar and real horror of today:

"On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles and stays."

One recognizes that disorganized and lonely life, with its lack of unity and order, of any affection or tradition holding it together. It is made terrible and unnecessary by the realization of what the evening hour should mean, the reuniting of the fragments of the day into a peaceful whole. Eliot gains the force of contrast, not by a long description of the peace of evening, but by leading the reader's mind to Sappho's *Hesperus*:

"Hesperus, thou that bringest all that bright morning scattered, thou bringest the sheep, the goat, and back to his mother the child."

This use of literary allusion, however, is far removed from the metaphysical device. It works upon the knowledge of the poet and of the reader but does not demand an explaining or reasoning knowledge. It gains its effect by memory, association and the emotions that follow them. It does not demand that the reader should think, figure out, and then feel; he should rather remember and recover a personal impression. It does not necessitate the use of the terms of science and philosophy, nor does it eliminate the use of sense impressions.

Donne is forever seeking faithfully for a "substitute for sense." He is strongly sensual and preoccupied with the mystery of the body, but sense impressions such as pictures, color, form, taste, and smell are almost entirely lacking in his poetry. He never finds beauty or peace in the visible surface of nature. Natural objects are symbols to him. He thinks them instead of observing them. Two people, "one another's best," are sitting on a bank in the woods or in a garden. It is

spring time. Violets are in bloom. One would expect it to be a scene such as Andrew Marvell's *Garden*, but instead:

"Where like a pillow on a bed
A pregnant bank swelled up to rest
The violet's reclining head."

The simile of the pillow on the bed takes one immediately away from the country to a setting indoors. The bank on which they are sitting is not enamelled green, mossy or fragrant. It is pregnant, a vigorous adjective which the reader has difficulty in applying to the bank. The words used in description of this setting have more in common with Donne's "right true end of love" than the two still figures in *The Extasie*. The natural beauty around them has no significance for their negotiating souls.

Donne's conception of beauty is almost geometrical. It is expressed as thought and knowledge:

"For the world's beauty is decayed and gone,
Beauty that's colour and proportion."

Beauty is proportion and relation of parts to the whole. Donne describes Mistress Elizabeth Drury, the quintessence of physical and spiritual beauty:

"She whose complexion was so even made
That which of her ingredients should invade
The other three, no Fear or Art could guess.
To whose proportions if we would compare
Cubes, they're unstable; circles angular."

Beauty's other element, colour, is almost entirely symbolic to Donne. He is not sensitive to shades and contrasts of colour. White is for innocence of spirit or purpose:

"How shall my mind's white truth by thee be tried?"

Grass is green. Blood is red. Red and white are beauty's ingredients. The golden age is golden. Donne sees these like

mediæval illumination, flat and clear. He does not work with colours, modulate and turn his imagination upon them. They have no poetic appeal for him as they have for T. S. Eliot.

Eliot works in different tones of colour, blending and shading. He makes use of symbolic colours but arranges and enhances them with his imagination. He chooses them to induce a mood. The beginning of section IV in *Ash Wednesday* is like a stained-glass window with light coming through:

“Who walked between the violet and the violet
Who walked between
The various ranks of varied green
Going in white blue, in Mary’s colour.....”

The pagan figure in section 111 is done in colour:

“The broadbacked figure drest in blue and green
Enchanted the maytime with an antique flute.
Blown hair is sweet, brown hair over the mouth blown,
Lilac and brown hair.....”

Eliot uses the symbolism of white pictorially, making the reader see a vision rather than reflect upon a symbol:

“White light folded, sheathed about her, folded.”

Eliot makes no attempt to find a substitute for sense. Sense impressions are necessary to him. Experience is real. It has form, colour, taste and smell. Smell is a real and poignant experience to him. There are smells all through his poetry, the hyacinth smell, the smell of steaks in passageways, the feline smell of Grishkin in the drawing room, chestnuts in the street.

Smell is most reminiscent and thus the most moving of the senses. In the last part of *Ash Wednesday* the weak, dried-up senses are quickened into conflict by the memory of smells. Eliot’s senses will force him back into the struggle again to

consider physical life beautiful and valuable, and to start the argument afresh. Eliot's words which describe this are strong and alive, words which might have been used by Rupert Brooke or Rudyard Kipling:

"And the lost heart stiffens and rejoices
In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices
And the weak spirit quickens to rebel
For the bent goldenrod and the lost sea smell.
And smell renews the salt savor of the sandy earth."

If a metaphysical poet is one who tries honestly to find inspiration and meaning in the world other than by the contact possible to flesh, T. S. Eliot is not such a poet, and John Donne is the only true metaphysical poet I know. He is trying sincerely to go beyond experience. He is striving to think sensation, while Eliot uses the impressions of his senses mixed with scholarship and learning to communicate his thought.

The thought of Donne and Eliot is as different as is their expression of it. They both describe a waste land, and have a sense of the disintegration of man and society. These waste lands are, however, dissimilar scenes of desolation. Both poets feel the loss of form and meaning in life which comes from man's analysis of the universe and his place therein:

"What will the spider do,
Suspend his operations, will the weevil
Delay? De Bailhache, Fresca, Mrs. Cammel whirled
Beyond the shelter of the shuddering bear
In fractured atoms."

T. S. Eliot, Geronlius.

"And freely men confess that this world's spent
When in the Planets and the Firmament
They see so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out again to his atomies."

John Donne, First Anniversary.

Donne's complaint is against a new learning which has destroyed proportion, color and harmony in the world. His desolation is a real and terrible one:

"The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm that carkasse bred."

"We seem ambitious God's whole work to undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too
To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can to do 't as soon as he."

Donne's world has been taken sick fatally and horribly; but it is a new and sudden stroke which has done the evil, and he is interested in the details of the illness. I feel Donne's interest in the new philosophy even while he is most vigorously preaching against it. It appeals strongly to his imagination and his type of argumentative, analytical mind. He condemns scientific inquiry and discovery and, as he does so, uses its phenomena, terminology and laws in his poetry:

"So of the stars which boast that they do run
In circle still, none ends where he began.
All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells.
For of meridians and parallels,
Man hath weaved out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the heavens, and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labor thus
To go to heaven, we make heaven come to us."

Donne is declaiming against the new astronomy but, it seems to me, with a keen interest in its details. He uses an astronomical figure to describe man's span of life in that golden age:

"When if a slow paced star had stolen away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see it again
And then make up his observation plain."

He has the point of view of a scientist, a relentless searcher after knowledge, real and practical knowledge, not pedantry:

“Know’st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladder’s cave and never break the skin?
Know’st thou how blood which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th’ other go?”

T. S. Eliot is not fascinated by new discoveries in the sciences. He feels that they are useless, that science has failed to give any significance or purpose to living. He does not take delight in the technical language of human knowledge as does Donne. He uses scientific terms sparingly, usually to point an unpleasant implication:

“In the beginning was the Word,
Superfetation of *to hen*,
And at the mensual turn of time
Produced enervate Origen.”

“Uncorseted her friendly bust
Gives promise of pneumatic bliss.”

Eliot is criticizing, satirizing and despairing of a solution to the problem of living which he feels to be no solution, the search for the knowledge of how the world is made:

“Curl up the small soul in the window seat
Behind the Encyclopedia Britannica.
Issues from the hand of time the simple soul
Irresolute and selfish, misshapen, lame.
Shadow in its own shadow, spectre in its own gloom,
Leaving disordered papers in a dusty room;
Living first in silence after the viaticum.”

“Endless invention, endless experiment,
Brings knowledge of motion but not of stillness;
Knowledge of speech but not of silence;
Knowledge of words but ignorance of the word.”

Donne's waste land exists in the present and is the result of a contemporary disaster. The corruption that was present at the beginning of the world has only begun to manifest itself.

Eliot's waste land is the desolation of long years of slow decay. It is the product of the new learning introduced in the time of Donne. It is a tired, burned-over land. Eliot has no more curiosity to know how things are made. He is tired of that research. His people can no longer feel enthusiasm. Desire has failed:

"We who were living are now dying
With a little patience."

Donne prescribes for the sickness of the world:

"And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, Religion,
Thy better growth grows withered and scant."

The supernatural food and antidote for evil was present and ready in Donne's time. Religion was an important and vital part of people's lives. In our time the force has gone out of religion. It is no longer a sufficiently powerful antidote. Eliot cannot make use of it as it is, but must prepare it again for himself. Religion is the remedy, but it can only be a personal one. He cannot prescribe it for the characters in his waste land. There is nothing for them:

"What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say or guess, for you only know
A heap of broken images where the sun beat,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief
And the dry rock no sound of water."

Eliot can only invoke the vision which he has found for himself in favor of "those who walk in darkness":

".....Will the veiled sister pray
For the children at the gate
Who will not go away and cannot pray:
Pray for those who choose and oppose
O my people, what have I done unto thee."

Donne's and Eliot's waste lands are different because of the difference of time, and because of the difference between the two men. Eliot has found or created a solution to his problem. Donne never solved his. The struggle between the new philosophy and the established forms of religion and life went on inside his mind and ended only at his death.

Donne's God was a creation of his intellect. He could not realize God directly and mystically.. He could not address him as a person, but only as an image or a symbol:

"Batter my heart, three person'd God....."

He prays to a conception of Christ, not to the Son of Man:

"Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether that countenance can thee affight."

Donne finds no refuge in God until his *Hymn to God the Father*, written just before his death.

Eliot, who is now more than a decade younger than Donne when he died, has found an oasis in the waste land. He has temporarily given up the struggle with himself. As he ceases from doubting and inquiring he has less connection and sympathy with Donne. *Ash Wednesday* is an almost mystical poem and Donne could never reach or understand mysticism. Eliot seems to me never to have adopted the metaphysical way of thinking in terms of reason and knowledge. His likenesses to Donne are surface influences only. He has become the enemy of analysis and explanation and is approaching the regions of mysticism. His advice is to accept faith without inquiry, not to "doubt wisely in strange way," but to

"Pray to God to have mercy upon us
And pray that we may forget
Those matters which we with ourselves too much discuss
Too much explain."

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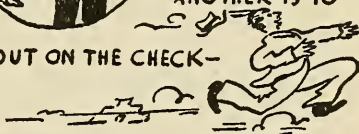
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